0 2007 0181068 7
California State Library

RNIA
STATE LIBRARY.

Accessions No. 128203 Received DEC 1904

Class c 979.4 C153p
v.4

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY

C. W. CRAIG

DELIVERED AT

BISHOP, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE

FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR OF AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT, No. 18,

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

OCTOBER 3d, 1891.

INYO INDEX PRINT:
1891.

128203

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY

C. W. CRAIG

DELIVERED AT

BISHOP, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE

FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR OF AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT, No 18,

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

OCTOBER 3d, 1891.

INYO INDEX PRINT:
1891.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Fifth Annual Fair of Agricultural District No. 18, State of California, closes with this day. Time-honored custom decrees the announcement that the Fair has been a grand success, but rarely indeed has the speaker been able to make the assertion with so much of truth as on this occasion. During the past four years two Fairs have been held annually in Inyo County, each successful in a moderate way, but no one of them to be compared in point of interest, attendance and exhibits with that now held. I venture to say there is no person present, nor yet any of the many who have visited this Fair, who does not rejoice in that past local differences are settled and petty local jealousies dissipated. Henceforth all sections of the county can work in harmony, and that they may do so is our fervent prayer. Fraternal unity has been long in coming, but it has come at last, and let us hope it will remain always. With Longfellow, we will

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"

And for the future join heart and hand in united efforts for the success of each succeeding Fair which, wherever held, shall be the one and only Annual Fair in the Eighteenth District.

This long-neglected, because little-known, section of California is now steadily advancing, and is destined in the near future to go forward with rapid strides. These Annual Fairs, when all work in harmony, will do much to hasten an era of great prosperity. They bring together, in a pleasant way, our own people, inviting new and cementing old acquaintances and friendship. The liberal premiums offered create a generous rivalry and incite to greater effort. A real and lasting benefit results from a comparison of products and free interchange of opinion as to the methods employed in their production. Our isolation from the great centers of population by present routes of travel prevents the attendance of many who might otherwise come to know the great resources of this section; but to those who do attend, these exhibitions speak volumes in praise of our

soil, climate and production. It is largely due to the Fairs already held that many latent resources of the Eastern Slope have become known, even to dwellers here, and by means of future exhibitions they are sure to be better understood and more appreciated. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," for certain it is that we are very far from occupying that high position among our sister counties of California to which we are entitled by right of our many and varied natural advantages. When these are as well known abroad as they now are at home, thousands of home-seekers will flock to this favored clime. They will come from the barren hills of New England, from the crowded cities of the Middle States, from the fever-stricken swamps and everglades of the South, from the ice-bound lakes of the North, and from the cyclone-swept plains west of the Mississippi. They will be glad to come and dwell in this land of plenty, and under these cloudless skies assist in building up prosperous communities, thriving villages and even busy cities, such as we know can here be maintained. They will come for health; they will come for wealth; and they will secure both. Far less inviting fields have been densely settled in a few hours—as witness Oklahoma and other recent booms—and it is only because this fruitful region is little known beyond its own confines that it is not now teeming with an industrious and thrifty population, one hundred times greater than what now finds sustenance and comparative ease amid its boundless resources. The day of prosperity is near at hand, for we are showing to the world what has been and can be done.

Traveling through the one hundred miles in length of Owens' River Valley, and looking over its average width of ten miles, reaching from the foot-hills of the high Sierras on the west to the base of the scarcely less lofty Inyo Range at the east, the monotony of sagebrush and sand is only here and there broken by a green field of alfalfa or growing grain, and an occasional small orchard or vineyard. In an aggregate of not less than 600,000 acres of arable land in this great valley, there is to-day, after a settlement of more than thirty years, not to exceed 15,000 acres under actual cultivation, or an average of one acre in forty. And yet, there is no single spot in all this vast territory, where the sagebrush has been broken, the virgin soil upturned, and the

thirsty sands moistened by the ever-flowing waters born of the eternal snows of bordering mountains, that has not, as if by magic, been transformed into a veritable oasis; verdant spots upon which the eye rests with a pleasant sense of relief, and each of which tells the truthful tale of nature that here only labor and irrigation are required to build thousands upon thousands of prosperous, healthful and happy homes; that here are all the natural elements for a great inland State. That this is doubly true has been demonstrated to all who have visited this pavilion during the past few days and gazed in wonder and admiration upon the inviting and very excellent display of home products drawn by the thrifty husbandmen of Inyo from these same widely-scattered spots of erstwhile desert land.

Remembering what here *has been*, knowing what *is*, and reflecting upon what *might be*, how forcibly comes to mind the contemplation of the poet:

> "Look 'round the habitable world! how few
> Know their own good, or knowing it pursue!"

Water we have in abundance and to spare, with natural storage in the everlasting snow-banks and chain of mountain lakes which lie high above and parallel the entire length of the valley. No other part of favored California is so bountifully provided with this most useful element. The water supply is here equal to all possible demands, always certain and practically inexhaustible. The desert soil responds with eager proof of its capability, even to the lone touch of water. At a number of places in this valley, which a year or two ago were bare and barren, may now be seen splendid meadows, in some instances covering a section or more of land, and these have been made by the overflow of surplus irrigating water and nothing more. Wherever the plow and harrow are used and seed sown, abundant harvests result. In the third of a century of residence in California I have traveled the State from Oregon mist to Arizona desert—or, as has been more poetically said, "from Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierra to the sea,"—but it was not until the high Sierras were crossed and this almost unknown Eastern Slope Valley reached, that a land was found where you do the planting, and water, soil and climate do all the rest. The assertion may appear a broad one—and doubtless will to many—yet

I believe it to be true that in no place on earth are equal crops raised with so little labor and attention as here in Owens' Valley.

The history of California up to about twenty years ago has a parallel on a smaller scale in the history of Inyo County to the present day. We of the Eastern Slope are nearly that far behind our sister counties beyond the mountains in the Sunset State. As men came to the Pacific Coast in the days of '49, at the maddening cry of GOLD! so men came at a later day to Inyo in search for that and its kindred precious metal, SILVER, as well as those of lesser value but equal or greater utility, with which these hills and mountains are now known to abound. Those men, when

> "Climbing o'er the mountains' pathless steep,
> Threading their ways thro' canyons dark and deep,"

Overlooked a source of agricultural wealth in the valleys of the Golden State far greater than all the mines they found, far more extensive, and such as can never be worked out. They came for mineral wealth, for that alone, and could not or would not see aught else.

Far be it from me, even by remote inference, to reflect unkindly on the Pioneer prospectors and miners of California. While not among the first to come, it was my lot to reach the Golden State near the close of the first decade of its settlement, while yet the men who found and made the State held full sway. From childhood I was with them, and in a measure, of them. A hardier, better, nobler class of men never trod God's earth. They are almost gone; those who came from Eastern homes in the early days, in the full pride of strength and young manhood, are now few and far between; like the sands of the glass, they are passing away; and those who reached the promised land in childhood's happy hour, are reminded by bare brows and frosted beards that we, too, must soon totter away to make room for yet another generation—a generation that will find in this fair State greater riches in the soil of its valleys than was ever found in the rocks of its mountains; a generation that will enjoy more peace, plenty and content by the farm fireside, surrounded by wife and children, than was possible in the old log cabin 'neath the soughing pines, with its bachelor occupants, merry though their

life appeared to be. Pardon the digression; it is due to the old Pioneers, whose memory must never be permitted to fade.

Drifting with the tide of thought that follows remembrance of the long ago, comes a comparison of the present condition of agriculture here with the mining era of earlier days. As the hardy prospector with his pick and shovel climbed the mountain high and procuring a sample of auriferous gravel returned to the stream or water-hole to "pan for a prospect," or, as with pole-pick he broke the croppings of a lode, and selecting his samples took them to camp to make an assay, so have we gathered here with sample productions from the valleys of the counties comprising Agricultural District No. 18. They have been panned out; they have been assayed; all here know that we have struck it, and struck it rich. What does the prospecting and assay show? First, that we have horses—not porphyry—but thoroughbreds, and standards, and excellent grades; that that interest is developing and improving as the years go by; that we are establishing a reputation abroad as a great horse country, our high altitude and rare atmosphere giving great lung power, and our dry, sandy soil insuring good feet. The day is not far distant when Owens' Valley will gain renown as one of the leading horse-breeding sections of the United States. The stock parade and races at this Fair have clearly shown the prediction to be well founded. Our cattle, hogs, sheep and fowls pan out first-class, and will compare favorably with those of other counties of the State.

But these are only croppings on surface indications. Let us get down to water-level and see if we have anything permanent. The order is reversed, and the water is brought down to the level of the land. What is the result? A showing of corn, wheat, oats, barley and other grains that are most creditable, and of vegetables and all farm products such as cannot be excelled in any county or district of this or any other State or county. So much for the panning out and the yellow streak of fortune in the bottom of our pan which, small as it may look, is a certain indication of the great wealth that will surely follow an extensive working of our claim.

And now to the assay of the great ledges. It is a longer and more tedious process, but the returns come to him who has the

patience and can afford to wait. The exhibits of vine products are splendid. Grapes of every variety, equaling in size, flavor and quantity produced those of much older sections and under the care of more experienced vineyardists. Our raisins outrival the best imported from foreign lands, and our wines give great promise for the future. There is certainly much encouragement in this direction, and good pay awaits further development.

We try again this fruitful vein and find the various side-drifts of peaches, pears, nectarines, plums, prunes and kindred fruits—both fresh and dried—to be of high grade, and know that each carload shipped will net handsome profit. Of Fall and Winter Apples—a fruit that as here grown cannot be surpassed, and the market for which can never be overstocked—we have a big bonanza. They are of prime quality, the crop is always certain, and they will stand shipment to far distant points. Rich stringers have also been discovered in walnuts, peanuts, almonds, figs and other things which as yet are only grown as experiments, and which are confidently relied upon to early develop into paying ore bodies. And so with many other things. In fact, we know that everything here grows to perfection if it be planted, watered, and reasonably well cared for.

To follow the simile to its legitimate conclusion, I will say to you people of the Eighteenth District in general, and to those of Inyo in particular (for the reason that this is the great valley county of the Eastern Slope), do not think because this Fifth Annual Fair is a great success that you are done, or even more than well begun. The exhibit and display here made is a grand one; it is one that would do honor to any land and any people; you may well feel proud over the large measure of success attained. Yet it is all only a prospect. It shows what *can be done* here in Owens' Valley. It proves the richness of these wonderful stock-raising, agricultural, viticultural and horticultural lodes of which you are the discoverers, and in which, by right of discovery, you are entitled to the first locations. Their fame will go abroad; it has already done so; it has attracted some, and will attract many more to this favored field; extensions have been located and will be located far and near; new veins will be discovered and worked, and made to pay. You must not be content, as too many have been in the past, to simply do the assessment work required to

hold your claims, or you will surely get left in the race for wealth and competence. Push your own developments and get out all the pay ore you can, always improving and enlarging your works, and aiding your neighbors.

When a stranger comes into camp, welcome him among you, and say to him, what you know to be true, that this is a great and glorious country, and there is here room enough for many thousands. Assist the new-comer to get land in your vicinity; sell or give him some water, for most of you have much more than you require, and will be better off with less. This country needs intelligent irrigation, not flooding.

When the tender-foot has settled upon and improved the sage-brush land, and increased its value from the Government price of $1.25 to $10.00 per acre, your $10.00 land will be worth $50.00, and so will all land about you, and throughout the valley raise and continue to raise in like proportion.

During the past third of a century we have seen California pass from an almost exclusively mining region through the transitory stages of a stock-raising and ranching country, to become a great farming, orchard and vine-growing State—the greatest in all the land—possessing a prosperity and permanence which only attaches to a commonwealth whose life-blood is drawn from the soil by the sweat of the brow. Inyo to-day is in that transitive stage. Fortunes are to be made and comfort in declining years insured to those who keep step with the march of improvement. It is not for them who idly sit upon the banks of the beautiful river, and lazily watch "the golden waters of opportunity flow by." The mines of Inyo are yet worked, and will be worked, for many years to come, at a good profit and affording an excellent market for much of our home produce, but mining is no longer its only or even its leading industry. The days when vasts herds of cattle roamed these valleys without let or hindrance, are fast drawing to a close; fences and fields and irrigating canals and ditches bar their way. Cosy, comfortable farm-houses spring up in the valley, and the cold and cheerless cabin on the mountain falls into disuse and decay. The cow-boy goes hence to make place for the sturdy farmer lad with his merry song. The absence of woman is of the long past, as is here proven by the outnumbering bevy of female beauty before

us, and the many evidences of her taste and handiwork which have contributed in no small degree to the success of this exhibition. The whistle of the locomotive drowns the *carraho!* of the packer; the rushing of the train over bands of steels outflies the heavy-laden *burro* as he plods along the winding trail; churches and school-houses have arisen in the land, and they have come to stay. A new and better day is dawning. Let us be glad that we are here at its opening, and let us feel that the united efforts of this occasion have not been misspent, but that they will have a gladsome, cheerful and beneficial influence upon the future of our county, our district, and our State.

ADDRESS

AT THE

MECHANICS' PAVILION,

ON THE

OPENING OF THE FAIR,

NOVEMBER 15th, 1887,

FOR THE ERECTION OF

The Roman Catholic Cathedral,

ON VAN NESS AVENUE,

BY

PHILIP A. [illegible]DACH.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

SAN FRANCISCO:
JAMES H. BARRY, PRINTER, 429 MONTGOMERY STREET
1887.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

ADDRESS

AT THE

MECHANICS' PAVILION,

ON THE

OPENING OF THE FAIR,

NOVEMBER 15th, 1887,

FOR THE ERECTION OF

The Roman Catholic Cathedral,

ON VAN NESS AVENUE,

BY

PHILIP A. ROACH.

SAN FRANCISCO:
JAMES H. BARRY, PRINTER, 429 MONTGOMERY STREET.
1887.

ADDRESS.

Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Deeply impressed with the honor conferred on me by the request of our Most Reverend Archbishop that I should address this vast assemblage on this momentous occasion, I shall briefly refer to some of the events illustrating the Catholic chapter of the history of California.

Before doing so, however, a short prelude of only a few minutes is needed, to speak of the great events which led to the discovery of this great continent, and to do honor to the memory of Isabella the Catholic, and to the sublime courage of Columbus, whose fortitude, piety, and faith in God gave a new world to the Christian faith.

THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

in 1453, which insured the downfall of the remains of the great empire founded in 323 by Constantine the Great, who proclaimed Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, struck the Christian world with terror and despondency. The Turks soon prepared for other conquests. In the East the standard of Mahomet had everywhere been victorious, and the Sultan, at the head of immense armies, was preparing to invade the

countries of Eastern Europe, while his formidable fleets were all-powerful in the Mediterranean.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

In the West at this time Spain was engaged in deadly conflict with the Moors. For nearly nine hundred years the Spaniard had incessantly fought for his faith with unflinching courage. The eyes of the world were now centered upon the Spanish people engaged in the fierce contest against the Crescent on the plains of Granada. In the campaigns Isabella was often at the head of the troops animating them. Dressed in armor, waving her sword, she infused into her army the wildest enthusiasm. At last the Moorish sovereign, in January, 1492, surrendered Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella. The conquest of Granada was a compensation to the Christian world far the fall of Constantinople. The Church of St. Sophia, which became a Turkish mosque, was compensated by the acquisition and dedication of the Alhambra, the marvellous construction of Moorish caliphs and kings, to the Catholic religion.

The subversion of the Moorish power in Spain was soon followed by an event of far greater importance to the Christian world. Columbus, who during many years of sufferings and privations had solicited kings and republics to aid him in bringing to a successful issue his long cherished convictions that by sailing westward he could find a

NEW ROUTE TO INDIA,

at last obtained another hearing from the Castilian

sovereigns. The first person in Spain who sympathized in his sublime ideas, and the noble impulses that gave them birth, was Juan Perez, the Prior of the convent of *La Rabida.* When the careworn and hungry man knocked at the gate, leading his son by the hand, the good Prior, impressed by the noble and majestic figure of Columbus, invited him to enter and remain his guest as long as he desired. The Prior became an enthusiastic believer in the theories of the distinguished stranger, and exerted his influence to have his friend obtain a hearing from his superiors, and this was after several royal commissions had pronounced against his theories. The Prior, a man of learning and ability, had been Father Confessor of Isabella, and after a visit to her, secured an invitation asking Columbus to come to Court, which after the downfall of Granada was in the best of spirits.

His plans had been submitted during the Moorish wars, in which he had been an active participant, to various learned bodies, and rejected as vain and frivolous. Columbus, supported by the Prior of *La Rabida,* secured a final hearing from his sovereigns. Isabella was impressed by his earnestness of assertion, that if aided by the Crown his discoveries would give vast regions to Spain, and would bring into the Catholic fold millions of the human family who had never heard the sublime doctrines of the Christian religion. Objections were made by the ministers that the Royal Treasury was empty, and that the sum required

could not be given. On this statement, Isabella said with enthusiasm, prompted by her fervent piety, that she would pledge her crown and her jewels to procure the amount needed for sending forth the expedition. But this heroic sacrifice was not needed. The Controller of the Revenue said that he would advance the sum required. Columbus left the court of his sovereigns on the 12th day of May to carry out his long-cherished plans

AT PALOS.

Overjoyed at his success, Columbus returned to Palos, and such was his energy that he succeeded in obtaining three small vessels—the *Santa Maria*, of one hundred tons; the *Pinta* and *Nina* each of fifty tons, but undecked. They left Palos, Friday, August 3d, 1492. The good Prior of *La Rabida* gave them the parting benediction. The company consisted of one hundred and twenty persons, with provisions for one year. The voyage severely taxed the powers of the Admiral; the crews were often on the verge of mutiny and were only prevented from revolt by his firmness. On Friday, October 12th, land was made, and San Salvador was taken possession of for Spain. Thus in seventy days the problem which had perplexed the geographers and philosophers for centuries was solved. This great achievement was due to the fervent piety which animated the heart of Columbus, and the enthusiasm of Isabella in the belief that millions of heathens might be brought to the knowledge of

the Christian faith. Thus she made Columbus the greatest of all missionaries. If asked what religion has ever done for science, we can point to the discovery of the new world as the answer. And next in scientific greatness was the discovery by the Polish priest Copernicus of the system of planetary revolutions. The earth, the oceans, and the heavens, bear witness to the services to science of these devoted sons of the Catholic Church.

The return voyage was fraught with greater perils than the outward one. The vessels were old and leaky; the crews were often terror-stricken. Terrific storms were encountered amid heavy thunder and lightning, and the vessels were frequently on the verge of sinking.

The Azores were made on February 17th, 1493. On March 4th, after a tempestuous voyage, they reached the Tagus. John II. received the discoverer kindly, although astounded at the brilliant results of the project he had rejected. On March 15, Columbus landed at Palos. Thus in seven months and twelve days he had accomplished the grandest of all enterprises. His sovereigns received him with the warmest demonstrations of joy, and granted him extraordinary honors. Isabella was an attentive listener to his narrations, but what impressed her most was the Indians brought to her court—representatives of the millions who would be brought within the Catholic Church. This period was the happiest of the discoverer's life. Honors were showered on

him, titles were given him and grand plans were projected for the future. But the seeds of

ENVY AND CALUMNY

were sown against him in the very moment of his triumph. His enemies pursued him with unrelenting persecutions and finally succeeded in sending him back to Spain in chains. His claims for redress were unheeded. Ferdinand regretted the concessions he had granted the discoverer; Isabella was dead and he soon followed her.

The Catholic Church has long contemplated paying the highest honor in her gift to Columbus. Under her authority investigations have taken place to disprove the calumnies uttered against him by enemies who coveted the titles and possessions which descended to his children. We are now nearing the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the New World. All civilized nations are preparing to do honor to

THAT GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT,

so fraught with benefits to the human race. Our ocean-bound Republic, with sixty millions of people, with the national capital called after him, will do honor to his memory. California will do her part. This vast audience will do its share. Its assemblage here this evening, at the call of our Most Reverend Archbishop, will erect a cathedral in which will be held, only a few years hence, one of the most imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and on that occasion, may our Archbishop, from the pulpit of the new cathedral, dwell

on the virtues and achievements of Columbus, who not only gave a new world to Castile and Leon, but gave it to the Catholic faith.

We now turn to

CALIFORNIA

to glance at the missionary establishments. Viscayno discovered the port of Monterey in December, 1602, and named it in honor of the Count of Monterey, then Viceroy of Mexico. The party landed, erected a chapel under a wide-spreading oak tree, celebrated High Mass and planted the cross.

The harbor was good, and of easy entrance; but notwithstanding, many vessels intent on entering, passed it, and it was not rediscovered until 1770, when expeditions by sea and land reached it. The place was easily recognized from Viscayno's description, and caused intense excitement and joy in Mexico. On June 3d, 1770, the cross was planted in the gulch where, 168 years before, Viscayno had planted the first one, but which had been destroyed by the Indians. Father Serra at once commenced his missionary labors.

The valley of Carmel was selected as the site of a church, and from that point the presidents of the missions directed the establishments which dotted California from San Diego to Sonoma.

The first mission founded after that of Carmel was San Antonio, in 1771, in the Santa Lucia ange, about 60 miles south of Monterey. San

Francisco was founded in 1776. Several expeditions had been made by sea and land to discover a suitable port at which a mission could be established. Father Serra wrote to the Marquis De la Croix, Viceroy of Mexico, that it was a shame that there was no mission dedicated to Saint Francis. It is said that the Viceroy answered, that if St. Francis wanted a mission, let him find a good port north of Monterey, and he would build him one. Father Serra went earnestly to work to find a site for a mission dedicated to the founder of his order.

In 1772 and 1774, land expeditions from Montrery established the existence of the Bay of San Francisco; but after placing crosses—one at Point Lobos—to indicate their locations, they went back to Monterey. In 1875 Captain Ayala entered

THE GOLDEN GATE

on the San Carlos, and remained forty days exploring the bay in all directions. He was the first navigator who did so. On June 17, 1776, the expedition of soldiers and colonists left Monterey and arrived at Dolores with cattle. On the 28th of June, a chapel of branches, an arbor, was erected and Mass celebrated. On August 18th the San Carlos arrived the second time after a long delay. Time meanwhile was spent erecting buildings and barracks. On October 8th, 1776, the mission was dedicated with the solemn services of the Church. Up to the time of his death,

Father Serra had established nine missions, which were increased by his successors to twenty-three, the last being San Francisco, Solano, in 1823. There are few events in the history of the

MISSION OF CARMEL

that unite the past with the present. In 1786 La Perouse, a distinguished French navigator, who served with great distinction under Count Rochambeau in the American revolution, visited Carmel, and sent to France an interesting account of this establishment. He was in charge of the French exploring expedition, composed of the frigates *Astrolabe* and *Boussole.* His voyage was across the Pacific; but after leaving Monterey and reaching Botany Bay nothing was heard of him or his companions, 275 in number. Before leaving Carmel he gave the Fathers various kinds of seed and the potato, which flourished well and contributed to the health and happiness of the early settlers; it cured scurvy. During his stay a large oil painting of the interview of La Perouse and the missionaries was made by some of the able artists of the expedition, and kept at the mission. It was afterwards stolen or destroyed, for the large reward offered by the French Government for its recovery failed to obtain it. The remains of several of the Fathers and of the Governors of California repose in this interesting church.

In 1870 the Town of Monterey celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. The

Pioneer Society of California chartered the Steamer *Senator*, fitted up as a floating palace, and amply provided with stores, went to Monterey with a large number of our citizens, your speaker of this meeting being the president of the expedition, which was saluted by the forts and shipping in the harbor. The town was beautifully decorated with evergreens; the walls of the houses had been whitewashed. Thousands came to the old capital from all parts of the State to see one of the really loveliest places in it, and were received with a welcome never to be forgotten.

THE CROSS PLANTED BY FATHER SERRA

in 1770 had been cut down to make a military road to the fort in 1848, but in 1870 a new one had been erected on the same site; the landmarks of Viscayno of 1602, of Serra in 1770, clearly marking the spot to those of 1870. The mission of Carmel was subsequently restored by the untiring exertions of Father Casanova, and on the 28th of August, 1884, the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the Reverend Father Serra, our most Reverend Archbishop preached in English on that occasion a most eloquent sermon on the life and labors of the great missionary, and Father Adam, of Santa Cruz, preached in Spanish.

In June, 1850, in conformity with an order of Court, in company with Isaac B. Wall, then County Treasurer, and afterwards Speaker of the

Assembly of California, who in 1857 was ambushed and murdered at a place where we camped in 1850, we started to visit the missions of the jurisdiction of Monterey. The weather was intensely hot, and we had to carry barley for our horses and rations for ourselves as the ranches were deserted. After three days' journey, sleeping at night on our saddles in the dry beds of the creeks, as we could hear more easily the approach of bears or coyotes, we reached the mission of San Antonio in the Santa Lucia range. Father Ambriz, the priest in charge, who had come to Alta California with the first bishop Father Garcia y Moreno in 1840, gave us a most hospitable reception. On the following day we carefully examined the mission. The church was in fine order, bright and clear, the orchard was inclosed by a high adobe wall well tiled; grounds cultivated by the Indians were about fifty thousand acres, divided into small fields; the irrigation works were in good order. The Indians were in number over one hundred, old and young; many of the former had been baptized by Father Serra himself. On the next day Father Ambriz in compliment to our coming celebrated High Mass; the band consisted of about twenty Indians, who played remarkably well. Fourteen years later I revisited that mission; the Indians had nearly all disappeared; the few left were very old, and the band, with the exception of the old flute player, had disappeared. While at this mission at that time a call came for Padre Ambriz to visit a dying

man in the Santa Lucia Mountains, distant about 30 miles. Off he went, leaving the mission in my charge. I improved the opportunity by observing the surroundings and reading the pious works in the library until the return of the Padre. But I will frankly say that while I had the most enthusiastic admiration for the efforts of the Fathers—their sacrifices to benefit their fellow-men—I thought that I had not the qualifications to fill their holy mission. In 1834 the

MISSIONS WERE SECULARIZED.

The grand system fell. Their condition was then, although in the decline, in the aggregate as follows: Missions, 23; cattle, 250,000; horses, 32,000; mules, 2,900; sheep, 160,000; grain production per annum 125,000 bushels. "Carmel being the mission nearest the seat of government, was the first to be despoiled."—*De Mofras.*

A new tide in the onward march of progress had set in. The welfare of thirty thousand Indians, who on many occasions had manifested the basest ingratitude to the Fathers by insurrection, murder, and deeds of violence, could not be allowed to stand in the way of the thousands who were ready to immigrate to this fertile region. In the interests of the Catholic faith the colonization of California by families was a necessity. It was the original design of the founders of the missions that such should be the case. In 1776 San Francisco received over twenty families from Sonora. The other missions had additions to their popula-

tion by the same element. The just cause of complaint on the part of the Fathers is that they were unjustly treated; that they were expelled in old age and poverty from the homes they had erected; that the income of the Pious Fund had been diverted from its purposes; and that the civil and military authorities were hostile to them. All honor to the grand old self-sacrificing missionaries of the early days! They left an example to challenge the emulation of their successors, who have come to continue the grand work. We have the Jesuits, the Franciscans and Dominicans among us.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD

brought forth a new era. Men came from every clime, all languages were spoken, and for a time it seemed that men had made gold their idol—then their god. But soon came other missionaries. In San Francisco the tinkling bell of a small wooden church, on Vallejo street, 1849, called the faithful to prayer, and the street in front of it was often densely crowded with kneeling men in the summer and fall of that year. Later it was replaced by a larger wooden building, *lined with cheap muslin*, used as the cathedral. There Archbishop Alemany often preached in English and Spanish. On its site now stands St. Francis' Church, of which, for an age, Father Harrington has been the pastor. In 1851 came the Sisters of Charity, under Sister Frances, who after twenty-five years of labor left the orphan homes of her jurisdiction

in a condition to challenge the admiration of the world. She was ably aided by many ladies who are now in this hall, and who are aiding this present movement. There was also a gentlemen's society working for the same purposes. In 1851 came Father McGinniss, who in Happy Valley, now Market street, started St. Patrick's Church, which has been replaced by the splendid structure of St. Patrick's Church on Mission street. Rev. Father Alemany, the first Bishop of Alta California, arrived at Monterey in 1851. He had been consecrated in November, 1850. In 1853 he became the first Archbishop of San Francisco, and during a period of thirty-one years ably and zealously discharged his duties in the arch-diocese and left his name impressed in the memory of our hearts. St. Mary's Cathedral was

DEDICATED DECEMBER 25, 1854.

The population of San Francisco at that time was 34,000. The census was made by the State in 1853 as a basis for political representation, and every name on the tombstones was placed upon the list by the political agents who had charge of the matter. At that time everything in California was booming; the deposits at the mint for coinage during several years averaged fifty-five million dollars per annum. Every one was flush in money, and when appealed to for charity the early settlers met the demand with great liberality. Several of the churches erected in 1854 and 1855 might be constructed now at much less cost than then,

but it would be harder to collect the smaller sum now than it was the larger at that period. Many articles used in asylums were very high priced, and it taxed the business talent of the organizations to find the means of support. It would seem strange to think that the fertile soil of California could not supply bread for its people, but such was the case. We were depending in the early years upon Chile for flour, and when contrary winds, or the manipulations of a flour ring, got up a corner, flour went up to 40 and 50 dollars per barrel. I paid such prices while honored with a position in the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society of San Francisco.

ARCH-DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It was long settled beyond all doubt that the Missionary Fathers of the Order of St. Francis were the discoverers of the Golden Gate, and that the name it bears is deservedly that of the founder of their order. But two prelates have been in charge of this diocese, and the work they have accomplished is truly wonderful. There are churches in which the sermon is preached in the language suiting their respective congregations—English, French, Spanish, Italian or German. There are schools and institutions in which the teachers are qualified to speak the languages of the various inmates. In the hospitals, under the benevolent organizations, the sisters are composed of members who can reach the hearts of their patients by addressing them in the language of their childhood.

We have institutions of learning of the highest class, known as the College of Santa Clara, and in this city, College of St. Ignatius. We have here also the zealous Order of the Christian Brothers, whose methods meet general favor, and who, by their system of practical education, have the grandest field of usefulness before them.

An orphan asylum for boys has been maintained near San Rafael since 1855, on a large tract of land, the munificent gift of the late Timothy Murphy. I cannot now state the number of inmates who have received within that happy home support and education, and a training in principles to enable them to lead happy and useful lives when they leave its portals. During many years Rev. Father James Croke has been the director of the institution, the surroundings of which form a good-sized village. His able management is well attested by the great number of his wards, who largely find employment in various occupations on leaving his care and guidance. The number of boys in the Asylum in January, 1887, was 500.

The sisters of the various educational orders, by their teachings, have spread broadcast throughout the State in thousands of homes the principles of the Catholic faith, qualifying their pupils for their responsible duties as wives and mothers. These teachings have proved a bulwark against the evil tendencies of the age. They uphold the sacred institution of marriage in a community where the law of divorce is invoked oftener than any other chapter of the Civil Code. There is a firm basis for

the support of the entire system. The Catholic population is fairly represented in commerce, banking, medical, legal, literary, and scientific professions.

Many of the leading members are engaged in the great enterprises of the times, and then the great multitude who are earnest members of the fold are a most important element in sustaining by their faith the social and moral influences of the Church, whose doctrines are equally for the poor and the wealthy.

The corner-stone of the second cathedral of San Francisco was laid Sunday, May 1st, 1887, thirty-two years after the laying of the first. The increase of the Catholic population has rendered a new one in a more central location necessary. In the corner-stone, which may be removed and opened, perhaps after the lapse of centuries, the following statistics will be found in the copper casket :

STATISTICS OF THE ARCH-DIOCESE.

Churches and Chapels	133
Academies	22
Colleges	5
Hospitals	4
Asylums	5
Pupils in the Parochial Schools	9,000
Priests, Regular and Secular	156
Students studying for the Priesthood	30

The Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of the Presentation, the Sisters of St. Dominic, and the Sisters of Mercy, have educated over one hundred and forty

thousand children since their arrival here among us; while the Sisters of Notre Dame have afforded a superior education to the children of the wealthy classes equal to the highest grade of European establishments.

The Catholic population of the Arch-diocese is now about two hundred thousand. The ratio of increase in the past will be largely exceeded in the future. The Central Pacific Railroad was completed in May, 1869. During the preceding twenty years we were depending on ocean travel, often at very exorbitant rates, and frequently checked by cholera and other epidemics on the Isthmus, or the overland route. Immigration is now pouring in upon us, owing to our having many railways, more steamers, cheap fares, and accelerated speed upon all the various lines of travel. In the near future there will be two inter-oceanic canals centering the commerce of the Occident and Orient in the grand and spacious harbor of San Francisco. On the bay there will be soon a naval arsenal and national armory for the protection of our maritime interests on the Pacific. With such works will come largely increased settlement of our sunset land.

We are on the eve of

ENTERING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Many in this vast audience will pass many of its decades. It is now distant in time but little over twelve years. To many of us that period will appear less than twelve months did when we were much younger than we are now. Let the

grand work of building the new cathedral, which overlooks the placid sea on the shores of which earnest missionaries planted the cross, go on. Let all vie in zeal in securing its early completion. Every measure is in active operation to make this effort a grand success. The various parishes of the city willl be represented in the fair. Many Catholic organizations will take an active part in assisting the good work. United exertions will enable our beloved Archbishop to erect one of the grandest cathedrals of our country. It will be a structure that, fifty years hence, will be a monument to the piety and zeal of the Catholics of the present time. It will be a temple adequate to the wants of the immense population which in half a century will occupy this peninsula. There is sufficient wealth and liberality among our people to assist our Archbishop in the great work he has undertaken; it behooves us all, to the utmost of our ability, to provide the means of securing, at an early day, the dedication of the new cathedral to the service of Almighty God.

THE FAIR,

which opens to-night, will prove one of the greatest social reunions ever held in California. The youth, the beauty, the talent and the literary ability of the Catholic laity will assemble nightly for a period of two weeks, to assist in the advancement of a cause dear to our hearts. From all parts of the State will come visitors to assist a movement inspired by morality and benevolence.

A daily newspaper will be issued under the title of the "Cathedral Chimes." It will be under the management of a talented lady, fearless in the cause of truth, and her assistants will be ladies of well-known literary ability. The reporters will be young ladies and young gentlemen. In the language of the day we may say the "Chimes" will be a "spicy paper." Its columns will contain the proceedings of the Fair, and it will prove a valuable mirror of our times, to be kept for future reference.

May this Fair realize our fondest hopes, and may God grant those who assist in its success the blessings of long life, health, happiness and prosperity.

NOTE IN REFERENCE TO FATHER SERRA'S SERVICES TO OUR COUNTRY.

The report made to the Society of California Pioneers at the monthly meeting, Monday, September 1, 1884, by the marshal of the delegation sent to Monterey, contains the following:

Prompted by his zeal for the conversion of the Indians, Father Serra urged the government of Spain to make explorations further north. In 1773, an exploring expedition was fitted out under Captain Perez in charge of the ship Santiago, with Fathers Crespi and Pena appointed chaplains by Serra. They explored up to latitude 55 degrees.

In 1775, another expedition, consisting of the flagship Santiago, Capt. Hecete, and the schooner Sonora, Capt. Bodega y Quadra, was fitted out. Supplies for a year's cruise were taken, and the force of both vessels numbered one hundred and six men, with Padres Campa and B. Serra as chaplains. In this expedition several landings were made, masses celebrated, and all the solemnities of taking possession of the territory carried out according to their instructions. Thus the whole extent of the northern coast from latitude 42 degrees to 55 degrees became the possession of Spain by right of discovery and exploration in 1775. On this trip Quadra discovered the spacious port of Sitka.—[Hittell's History of Cal.]

The Rev. Father Harrington, of St. Francis Church, Vallejo street, has recently published a communication in the Monitor and other papers, showing from diplomatic corespondence of our Secretaries of State how Serra's foresight saved a vast territory, now American soil, from occupancy by Russia or England, by having, by prior possession, acquired the region for Spain, whose title passed to the United States in 1819, by the purchase of Florida under the Administration of President Monroe.—[See President Polk's Message on the Oregon Boundary—"54-40 or fight."]

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Centennial was celebrated October 8th, 1876. High Mass was celebrated. Archbishop Alemany made an address in English and Spanish. The late John W. Dwinelle and Gen. M. G. Vallejo were the orators of the day. The concourse was immense.—[P. J. Thomas' "Centennial Memoir."]

NOTES TO SECOND EDITION.

Events at Monterey.

The illustration shows the Mission Church of Carmel, as restored, Aug. 28th, 1884—the centennial of Father Serra's death.

His Grace P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, delivered the eulogy in English, on the Life and Labors of the Great Missionary. Very Rev. Father Adam, Vicar General of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, delivered the eulogy in Spanish, on the same subject. Hon. R. I. Del Valle of Los Angeles, was the Orator of the Day.

Archbishop Alemany, the first Bishop of Monterey, and Bishop O'Connell and Bishop Manogue were present.

The Church, on this interesting occasion, was filled to its utmost capacity, there being no pews—the number in attendance was fully 2,500. The regular and secular clergy were present in large numbers. The Pioneer Society, honoring the services of the Great Missionary, sent a delegation with an ex-president acting as marshal, to do honor to the self-sacrificing man whom they justly regard as the first and greatest of all the pioneers.

The citizens of Monterey provided in the most hospitable manner for the immense concourse of visitors, who came from all parts of the State to witness the services.

The illustration is made by the artotype process, by Messrs. Britton & Rey, from a photograph taken on the ground by Mr. Taber, of San Francisco.

The late Gov. Bartlett, Col. Peter Donahue and Marquis D. J. Oliver, were among the Pioneer group.

THE

ALASKA

Traders' Protective Association

SAN FRANCISCO:

E. Bosqui & Co., Printers, Leidesdorff Street, cor. Clay.

1869.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

THE

ALASKA

Traders' Protective Association

SAN FRANCISCO:

E. Bosqui & Co., Printers, Leidesdorff Street, cor. Clay.

1869.

OFFICERS.

President.

C. J. JANSEN.

Vice-President.

ADOLPH MÜLLER.

Secretary.

A. HONCHARENKO.

The Alaska Traders' Protective Association.

Whereas, for more than a year past, the commerce of Alaska, with its great natural wealth and resources, has been monopolized by one firm, to the prejudice of the public interests, and in manifest disregard and violation of the legal rights of the citizens of the United States, and especially of the merchants of San Francisco.

And whereas: The revenue officers of the Federal Government in Alaska have persistently used, and still continue to use their power, authority, and influence to assist a monopoly, and to crush out, and drive away from that territory all other traders.

And whereas: The said firm, possessing a monopoly, favored by the Revenue officers, has been allowed to control the trade of Alaska, to the exclusion of all other traders.

And whereas: Treasury and Custom House regulations, and military orders have been made, and

enforced, to destroy the public trade with Alaska, by burdening it with erroneous restrictions, impossible of observance, which said firm has been permitted, and is still allowed to utterly disregard.

And whereas: The ships and steamers sent by merchants of San Francisco to Alaska, for the purposes of trade, have been repeatedly seized, and their cargoes confiscated, without due process of law, and in violation of law.

And whereas: Merchants in Alaska engaged in trade, have been illegally seized, imprisoned, and their property taken from them, for the purpose of expelling them from the said territory, thereby to leave the same under the control of said monopoly.

And whereas: The corruption of Government officers in Alaska, and the ignorance of the Government at Washington in reference to affairs in that territory, are such that redress or protection from these quarters now seems hopeless.

And whereas: It seems impossible by individual action to exert any influence with the Government, to secure justice, and break down and destroy said monoply.

Therefore: We, merchants and citizens of San Francisco interested in the trade of Alaska, have formed and united ourselves into an association, to

be called "The Alaska Traders' Protective Association," for the protection and enforcement of our rights in and to the trade of said territory.

Adopted, San Francisco, May 3rd, 1869.

CONSTITUTION.

This association shall be known as the "Alaska Traders' Protective Association."

The officers shall be, a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be elected on April 27th of each year, and hold their offices for the term of one year, or until their successors are appointed, and perform the duties usually incumbent upon such officers.

Members may be admitted into this association by ballot; the name of every candidate being first submitted for two weeks before being acted upon. All members shall sign the Roll of Membership.

The funds of the Association shall consist of such dues as may be hereafter agreed upon.

Such committees may be appointed at any meeting of the Association, as may be deemed necessary for such purposes and with such powers as the association may direct at the time of appointment.

Special meetings of this association may be called by the President, or, in his absence the Vice-Presi-

dent, upon one day's notice to members, whenever he may deem the same necessary.

The association shall have power at any meeting, either regular or called, to raise and appropriate monies, and take all necessary action for carrying out the purposes of the association.

Seven members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting for the transaction of business.

This constitution may be altered or amended at any meeting of this association, after notice given at some previous meeting of the intended amendment.

Adopted, San Francisco, May 3rd, 1869.

CALIFORNIA DRIED FRUITS,

AND

HOW TO USE THEM.

By PROF. CHAS. H. ALLEN, of San José,
Secretary of Committee.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

CALIFORNIA DRIED FRUITS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

By Prof. C. H. Allen, of San José, Secretary of Committee.

During the past fifteen or twenty years California has, in many localities, and over large areas, become one continuous fruit orchard. The output of the orchards already in bearing is enormous, and in a few years, when the recently planted trees come into full bearing, this State will be ready to furnish fruits for the markets of the world.

Our great diversity of soil and climate enables us to produce all varieties of sub-tropical fruits, as well as those raised in colder climates. It is unquestionably true that we bring to perfection a greater variety of fruits than any other country in the world; and while the distribution of fresh fruits may be limited by their perishability and by the means and cost of transportation, no such limitations apply to dried fruits, for these, if properly cared for, will keep for years, and they can be easily and cheaply transported to almost any part of the civilized world. The day cannot be far distant when an intelligent people, recognizing the healthfulness of fruit as a diet and its economic value, will eat fruit, fresh and canned, and especially dried fruit, making it an indispensable article of diet. The methods of preparing and cooking herein given are from a practical standpoint, and many of them are so well established that every housewife understands them; nevertheless there are others that are new and will prove of great interest.

KINDS OF FRUIT, AND PREPARATION FOR MARKET.

Our fruit for drying, with the exception of pears, is allowed to ripen on the trees. It is gathered at successive pickings as it ripens.

The principal fruits dried in California for market are apricots, cherries, figs, grapes, nectarines, peaches, pears, and plums. Below is given a brief description of these, with some of their peculiar properties:

Apricots.—Of these there are many varieties, differing in size and quality, especially when fresh; when properly cured they differ mainly in color, size, and thickness of the meaty portion, their flavor not varying materially. They are of an orange-yellow color, and should be soft and flexible, if not allowed to become too dry.

Cherries.—Until quite recently California cherries have been either canned or marketed fresh; but the increasing output of the last two or three years has furnished cherries to dry. Some are pitted, but this requires a great amount of labor, adding much to the cost of production. Unpitted cherries retain the cherry flavor much better than pitted.

Unpitted dried cherries are soaked until fairly soft—from one to five hours, depending on kind and how dry they are. They can be used as follows: Drain them a half hour, then put them on a cutting-board and roll them with a common rolling-pin hard enough to flatten them on both sides, but not hard enough to crack the pits. They can now be readily pitted, making a fruit in some respects better than the cherry pitted before drying.

Figs.—Figs are allowed to thoroughly ripen on the tree. They are then clipped from the stem. After gathering they are dipped in a solution of salt water, and cured.

Grapes.—California sends to market both raisins and dried grapes. When other than raisin grapes are dried they are classed as dried grapes. These and wine grapes are sometimes used to produce a low grade of wine, but they are more extensively used as a very cheap article of food.

Nectarines.—These are prepared in much the same manner as apricots, and are highly esteemed for their peculiar peach flavor.

Peaches.—Peeled peaches are not popular with the trade, hence the greater part of the product is dried unpeeled. California peaches are of superior quality. The skin is thin, the down or fuzz is all or nearly all removed in the process of curing, and consumers prefer the flavor of the unpeeled peach.

Pears.—Pears are prepared in three different ways. When well ripened they are halved and cured. Some are cured unpeeled in quarters, while others are peeled, sliced, and cured like sliced apples.

Plums.—The introduction of many kinds of plums and the production of several choice seedlings have given California a great variety of plums. Whatever the flavor may be when fresh, they all (like the apricot) dry and cook sour. Plums are also largely used as blends, to give flavor to other fruits. They are dried either pitted or unpitted.

Prunes.—Nine tenths of our prunes are from the old stock introduced here from France as the Petite d'Agen. It has been so long raised here, and in such quantities, that the State Horticultural Society, by resolution, designated it the California Prune. Closely allied to this are the Prune d'Ente, the Pyramidal, the Robe de Sergent, the Wangenheim, and the St. Catherine. These all differ from the first by being not quite so sweet, or more accurately, by having a little more acid in their composition. Lying in the same direction, yet differing more widely, are the Fallenberg, or German prune, the Tragedy, and the Italian, all being dark prunes; and the Gros d'Agen, or Hungarian prune, which is light red and grows very large, and differs from the others; dries very sour. The Robe de Sergent has attracted much attention; its mild, sub-acid flavor, requiring a little sugar, which enriches the juice very much, makes it a favorite with many to whom the California prune is not piquant enough. There are two light-colored prunes, the Silver and the St. Martin, both of which dry sweet, though the former has a mild, sub-acid flavor like the Robe de Sergent. The Silver prune is large and meaty, and was in good demand until unscrupulous dealers palmed off the Egg plum, or Egg prune, for it. It is to be hoped that fair dealing may again restore it to its proper place, for as fruit food it stands at the head of the prune family.

BLENDS.

By putting together different kinds of fruit it is possible to secure almost any desired flavor—as the quince has long been used to flavor apple sauce.

Taking the full range of our fruits, there is a wide field for selection. The California prune is very sweet, with little other flavor. The Robe de Sergent has a distinct trace of acid. Either of these will be improved for most tastes by adding to them, when cooked, about one eighth of their bulk of plums. They will then require more sugar, but will be far richer than when cooked alone.

A blend of plums and raisins, in about equal parts, is a very acceptable dish, retaining all the good effects of the fruit-acid.

Apricots blend well with almost any sweet fruits, their acid readily permeating the whole. These are especially desirable in jams or marmalades.

The highly colored plums are excellent with dried apples, imparting a richness to both appearance and flavor.

Pears are generally very sweet, and when cooked for sauce require some of the sour fruits to improve them.

Cherries, especially when a few of the pits are cracked, the meats being crushed and put into the sauce or pie, make a distinctive flavor greatly fancied by epicures.

COOKING DRIED FRUIT.

The value of dried fruit as a food, and its acceptability to the palate, are largely determined by the manner in which it is cooked. In the process of cooking, the flavor, the texture, and even the nutritive value may be either preserved or almost entirely destroyed. In too many cases the latter result is successfully attained.

The three rules given below, if followed, will keep any one from going very far astray:

1. *All dried fruit should be soaked in clear water until the moisture lost in drying has been nearly replaced.*
2. *Dried fruit should not be boiled.*
3. *All sugar used should be cooked with the fruit.*

In drying, the tissues of the fruit are shrunken, adhering to each other, and certain chemical changes take place, as shown in the change of flavor. Soaking separates again these tissues, and in a measure re-forms the juice once contained; and while it can never entirely restore the fresh flavor, because of the chemical changes, with some fruits it comes very near to it.

Boiling hardens some of the tissues, breaks up the fruit, changes not only its flavor, but its digestibility. The temperature should never be raised above 180° Fahr. (a low simmer), at which temperature the fruit will cook entirely tender, and at which it may stand for hours without injury.

The saccharine matter contained in fruit is mostly grape, or fruit sugar, which differs from cane sugar in having passed through one step in the process of digestion. Its use is open to none of the objections which physiologists urge against the use of cane sugar. When the sugar is cooked with the dried fruit, instead of being put in after cooking, it is all, or nearly all, changed into fruit sugar. This explains the apparent anomaly that well-prepared dried fruit is more easily digested than fresh or canned fruit.

A convenient way to prepare dried fruit is as follows: Rinse it well in warm water, letting it stand in the water five or ten minutes, stirring it well, if the fruit is at all dusty or "sugared," to make it entirely clean. Put it now into the cooking vessel—preferably of porcelain—with just enough water to cover it, and let it stand several hours—all night if you choose—until it has reached almost its original state, so far as moisture is concerned. It is now ready to cook. Put in any needed sugar, a little more water, and set it on the back of the range, where it may simmer for several hours, or until quite tender.

When prunes are cooked in this way they remain whole and the

liquor, poured off, will be clear. The skin will be tender, the pulp uniformly soft and delicious. The "sugaring" above alluded to does not arise, as many suppose, from anything added to the fruit, but is a crystallization of grape sugar on the surface. It is clean and wholesome, but adds little to the flavor.

RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Having cooked the fruit, as by the directions already given, it is ready to be served in any of the various ways in which fruit is used.

As a sauce, not by the teaspoonful, as a relish, but by the saucerful, as an important and valuable part of the diet, cheaper in proportion to its nutritive value than most of the food used, and far more healthful, especially for persons of sedentary habits and children, than meat.

For pies and puddings, either alone or as blends with other fruit, to which it will impart a delicious flavor.

For fruit cake, for which many of our fruits besides the raisin, are admirably adapted. After being slightly soaked, they can be easily cut to the proper size.

In the detailed recipes below given, although they are each made for a certain kind of fruit, yet in most of them other fruits may be substituted with equally good results.

Apricots.

The apricot is the most tender-meated of our fruits, and it will be sufficiently cooked if prepared as follows: After soaking drain off all the water, add to it the amount of sugar required, and boil until the syrup is thick; then pour over the soaked fruit.

1. Because of their peculiar acid they do not take kindly to cream, which is a great addition to all the other fruits except the sourest plums. When well sweetened they make a good sauce, to be used as a relish without cream.

2. As a pie-fruit they are unsurpassed, many greatly relishing their keen acid.

3. A few apricots mixed with other dried fruits that lack the acid to make them agreeable, add very much to their acceptability.

Cherries.

Dried cherries are mostly used as a sauce, but when prepared as here given, they make a very acceptable cherry pie. They may also be used widely as blends.

Figs.

These make a delicious sauce, very nutritious and wholesome. Soaked a little while, until sufficiently tender, and then cut into thin slices, they are excellent in layer cake, and make a toothsome addition to fruit cake.

Grapes.

Grapes are important as a food only in the form of raisins. They have long been used in pies, cakes, and puddings. Many people also use them to add to the seasoning of the stuffing of fowls—they taking the place of jelly in the eating. The raisin, containing as it does, all

the nutrition of the grape, is by no means to be despised as a food. Stewed by themselves, or with other fruits as blends, they are a useful article of diet. They may be eaten, as are grapes, in three ways: with both skin and seeds—crushing the seeds to get the value of the tannin they contain—or by rejecting the seeds, as most prefer them, or both skin and seeds may be rejected, taking only the pulp and juice. Eaten in this way they are a strengthening food particularly suited to convalescents.

The Seedless Sultanas and Thompson's Seedless are valuable additions, saving the tedious labor of "seeding," which many consider necessary with common raisins.

Nectarines and Peaches.

These may be classed together, both widely used as a sauce, and both used as food. The thick, meaty fruit is hearty and makes a good addition to a milk diet. Well cooked, they are as palatable in bread and milk as was the old-fashioned sweet apple. They may be substituted for the prune in the souffle, or may be used as blends with almost any fruit.

Pears.

Pears are exceedingly nutritious, and when well prepared entirely digestible. Almost too sweet for a sauce alone, they may when partially cooked be used in layer cake, or as an addition to the fruit in a fruit cake. With some sour fruit they make good pies, and are one of the best fruits to eat with milk.

Plums.

Plums have, perhaps, less nutritive value than other dried fruits, yet because of their decided flavor, they are very useful as a sauce and as blends. "Plum duff" can be made from any of the varieties, and with a good sauce makes an acceptable dessert dish.

They may be used for pies or puddings, when a keen acid is desired, and when added to mince pies form a good substitute for the old-fashioned boiled cider.

Pitted plums, soaked an hour or two and then cooked in a heavy sugar syrup, after a slight drying, make a fine confection, retaining the plum flavor almost perfectly.

Prunes.

These are adapted to a greater variety of food dishes than any other of our fruits. Entirely acceptable as a sauce, they make excellent pies and form an agreeable addition to almost all kinds of puddings. They may be used with the pits in or can be easily pitted after cooking.

1. All prunes are palatable as a sauce, especially when cooked with a little sugar, which, even with the California prune, improves the dish by enriching the liquid in which they are cooked.

2. They add very much to any of the batter puddings, and should be placed in the bottom and around the edges of the dish as it is filled with the batter.

3. *Jellied Prunes.*—Cook a pound of prunes until quite tender, but not broken. Take about an ounce of gelatine; soak it in a little cold water until soft, pour into this all the liquor from the prunes while hot. This will dissolve the gelatine. Put the prunes into a bowl or cake-

form and pour over them the jellied mixture. This when cooled makes an attractive dish. If a little stick cinnamon is cooked with the prunes it gives a fine flavor.

4. *Prune Souffle.*—Take a quart of prunes, the Robe de Sergent or the Silver prune preferably, cook, sweetening to taste; remove pits and chop fine. Beat six eggs, yolks and whites separately, and pour over the chopped prunes. Bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Serve hot.

5. *Caramel Prune Pudding.*—Add to a quart of cooked prunes, while hot, six eggs, whites and yolks beaten together. Line the baking dish with caramel, and pour in the pudding. Bake thoroughly. Serve cold.

Caramel is made as follows: Into a sauce dish put a small lump of butter; when melted put in enough dry sugar to cover the bottom of the dish, say one quarter of an inch deep. Let it cook or burn until it is a rich brown color. When cold it can be taken from the dish by striking it smartly, bottom up, on a cutting-board.

6. *Potpourri.*—A potpourri of dried fruit, of which prunes are the base, is becoming a favorite dish. A quanity of fruit, varying as the flavor desired varies, cooked as herein given, and served with cream, makes an excellent breakfast or dinner dish.

PRUNES AS A REMEDIAL DIET.

A saucer of cooked prunes, without cream, eaten every morning a half hour before breakfast, for a few weeks, will relieve the most severe cases of chronic constipation. The same result will be accomplished, perhaps more agreeably, if the prunes are eaten a half hour before retiring, and they will help to give a good night's rest.

SUGGESTIONS FOR KEEPING FRUIT.

Much of our fruit, after it reaches the retail market, is allowed to become too dry and hard. It is so rich in sugar that it will keep well even if it is not bone dry. Some retail dealers complain of the loss in weight as they handle it. Nor is this to be wondered at as it is too often kept. Allowed to stand in an open box or barrel, exposed to insects and dust, it loses its attractive appearance and also, in part, its flavor. When fruit becomes too dry it will never quite regain its original taste.

Dried fruit should be kept in a cool, moist place, carefully protected from insects, and where no dust can reach it. If it "sugars" and puts on a rusty appearance it should be dipped. This is done as follows: Heat salt water (that is, water containing about an ounce to the gallon) boiling hot. Dip the fruit into this, letting it remain from one to three minutes in the water. After draining a few minutes put in a pile and let it lie say two hours, when it will be ready to sack or box. This will restore its fresh appearance, making it also better for use. Even boxed fruit is improved by dampening the boxes occasionally, to keep it in good condition.

o

A Trip to Pioche;

BEING

A SKETCH OF RECENT FRONTIER TRAVEL.

BY

CHARLES A. SUMNER.

Delivered at Dashaway Hall,

AUGUST 17th, 1873.

BACON & COMPANY
BOOK & JOB PRINTERS
SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

DR. BARLOW J. SMITH'S

Allo-Hygienopathic, Medical and Surgical Institute,

Nos. 635 and 637 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Bet. Kearny and Dupont, opposite St. Mary's Cathedral, SAN FRANCISCO.

This is the only Medical Institute on the Pacific Coast that proposes to combiue the Hygienic and Allopathic principles of Medication in the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Disease; and, by associating these two principles of medicine, offers to invalids both male and female, advantages that no other medical institute on the Pacific Coast does. Its Materia Medica or means of cure consist of Medicines, Surgery, Mechanical Appliances, every form of Electro-Medical Baths, Motorpathic Exercise, Mental Hygiene and Healthful Diet, together with instructions in the preservation of health.

Our facilities for the cure of all forms of Mental, Nervous and Vital Debility are supreme, as compared with any one who practices exclusive drug medications.

There is not one man iu twenty suffering from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Drug, or Secondary Diseases, Spermatorrhœa or Semiual Weakness, that can not be permanently cured by one month's Water Cure aud Hygienic medical treatment, for one-half it would cost where drugs are exclusively employed.

Where there is a fair constitution left, we never fail to cure the following diseases: Chrouic, Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Paralysis; Lung, Bronchial, and Catarrhal Affections; Diseases of the Heart, Kidneys, Liver, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Piles, Inflammation of the Bowels, chronic and acute; Diarrhœa, and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to males and females.

We have a separate medical department for Ladies; for the cure of all forms of Uterine Displacement, Ulcerations and Nervous Derangements, with treatment the most kindly administered and most complete in results ever offered to this class of invalids, together with nearly every form of toilet and medical bath fouud in any Water Cure in the World.

The fact that the majority of men and women fail in a permanent cure, by the treatment of our most popular physicians, who rely mainly upou drugs aud whose means are confined to a mere office practice, is no evidence that all such cannot be readily cured by the varied means employed iu this universal system of medication.

Youug men who have become debilitated or lost their health by exposure or enervating habits, may find with us more of the encouragements they need, and means that will restore them to health, than elsewhere in California.

Ladies and gentlemen who cannot conveniently leave home for the recovery of health, can be furnished with a package of Allo-Hygienopathic remedies, and full written advice in regard to diet, bathing aud home treatment for any given case, for twenty dollars.

DR. B. J. SMITH invites all who are coming to San Francisco for the purpose of obtainiug medical aid, and who are interested in the laws of Hygieue and the health reform, to make his Hygeian Home their resort during their stay in the city.

Our prices are not extortiouate in any case, but come within the range of all for board and treatment in the Institute.

DR. J. H. TUFFORD (formerly of Cincinnati, O.) is Resideut Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

DR. B. J. SMITH,
Hygienic Physician and Surgeon.

Established 1854.

W. E. LOOMIS,

Periodical & Stationery Depot,

Corner Sansome and Washington Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Weekly Alta California	$5 00	Weekly New Age, (Odd Fellows' Organ)	$5 00
" Bulletin	5 00	" Jolly Giant	5 00
" Examiner	5 00	" Independent Defender	4 00
" Sunday Chronicle	2 00	" Pacific, (Religious)	4 00
" Golden Era	3 50	" Occideut, "	2 00
" Spirit of the Times	5 00	" Commercial Herald and Market Review	9 00
" Humorist, (Germau)	5 00	" Mining and Scieutific Press	5 00
" Demokrat, "	5 00	Sacramento Weekly Union	5 00
" Abend Post, "	5 00	" " Record	5 00
" Echo Du Pacifique, (French)	7 50	Oakland Home Jonrual	4 00
" Nuevo Mundo, (Spanish)	10 00	San Francisco Overland Monthly	4 00
" Monitor, (Catholic)	5 00	" Horticulturist	3 00
" Natioualist, "	5 00	" Bancroft's Guide	3 00
" Guardian "	5 00	" Western World	2 50
" Pacific Rural Press	4 00	" Resources of California	2 00
" Califoruia Farmer	5 00	" Califoruia Scaudinavian	2 50
" News Letter	7 50		

A TRIP TO PIOCHE.

BEING

A SKETCH OF RECENT FRONTIER TRAVEL.

— BY —

Charles A. Sumner.

Delivered at Dashaway Hall, August 17th, 1873.

Mr. E. T. Batturs, President of the Dashaway Association, introduced Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

It was a cold, gloomy evening, on the 11th of March, 1873, when our train passed through the last deep tunnel or gorge of the Palisades, and drew up at the station which bears the distinctive name of that wonderful cañon, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. Distant from San Francisco over five hundred miles by the great transcontinental highway, it requires, according to the time-table of the Company, thirty-two hours for the journey from our Bay to this, the nearest point of stage departure for the southern mines of Nevada.

We had left Sacramento at two o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day, when the sun was shining with summer warmth, and the bursting noise and the fragrance of the peach blossoms were among the items of delightful observation; and we had all the sorrows of doleful contrast which the nature of the bleakest season and the dreariest landscape could present. I had been accustomed to mountain "coach" traveling, and knew from the first moment of my appointment that the trip would be very wearisome from the date of our leaving the railway; and I had not been without special warning from competent authority against flattering myself with the unctious idea of a moderate or average amount of hardship on the route from Palisade to Pioche, at this period. But with all the determination which this preparatory knowledge had given me, I felt the weaker side of my humanity when I saw the miserable mud-wagon in which the first section of the journey was to be performed—eighty-five miles, more or less; with four tired horses hitched in front, and six to eight hundred pounds of extra express in process of loading, fore and aft, and on the "hind seat" of the dilapidated vehicle.

Four male passengers, besides myself—three white men and one Chinaman—were on the list. But the former were evidently of that rough, good-natured style of pioneers which are far preferable to any others in such a country, as *compagnons du voyage*, on account of their spirit of accommodation and the muscular capacity to "help out" in case of accidents most likely to happen in dragging along miry roads and crossing swollen, treacherous streams.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

These four had appropriated the remaining inside seats prior to my arrival at the platform, against which the hubs of the wagon were set; but they kindly comforted me with the assurance that when it became too chilly for a white man to ride outside I could tumble in with them, and take pot-luck—squeezing and snoozing amidships under their capacious blankets. So without the disposition to grumble, I mounted the box with the driver, and after the usual tardy way-bill inspection, we were pulled round to the road, and commenced winding in and winding out on the turnpike edge of the pass to the south. Before we had made a half mile's progress, I learned that the wagon in which we rode was, as I had suspected, a legacy from the Placerville-Washoe route, and even that the Jehu beside whom I had the honor of occupying a seat was an ancient denizen of that once famous stage town at the foot of the El Dorado County Road; that the "going" from a point a few miles further on to the end of the second relay of horses was "chain-lightning"; while the bottom (so called on the principle of Bottom's dream, doubtless) from that second relay to Mineral Hill—thence about thirty miles distant—was "nearly ——."

Now, with all this foreshadowing, I closed my eyes, rubbed my teeth against each other with the emphasis of determination, and was fairly possessed of a sense of my ordained martyrdom, and ready to endure all things. Stage travelers know that there is an instant of revelation which conquers fear and shrinking, and nothing can thenceforth come amiss, although the feeling of misery may be perfect throughout. So I am not going to give you the particulars of the struggle along the road with the intonation of a groan. The difficulties, hindrances, and, if necessary, sufferings, I will sketch or indicate as I knew them—with composure and courage; while, for every incident of alleviation from the worst phase of such a journey, and for every downright stroke of humor vouchsafed, I intend to express my thorough appreciation and gratitude. Stage traveling on mountain roads in wintry weather is a first-class experience; for it renders one suitably thankful for the painless, if not pleasing, conditions of ordinary civilized life.

I might, perhaps, give a satisfactory compendium statement of the roughness of the road from Palisade to Mineral Hill, when I say that the account and the prophecy of the driver, which I have quoted, were approximately realized. A few details by the way, however.

Within one mile of the depot, we were obliged to turn off the regular road on account of the washing away of a bridge, and take a "cross-cut" and make the ascent of a steep hill—some fifty feet high—following a trail that had not been attempted even in the best "going" during the preceding two years. The mud was hub-deep. With "all hands out," and every available boosting place occupied by the passengers, it required over half an hour to make this ascent; the driver doubtful at every stop and step as to whether we could "fetch it": the final accomplishment of the undertaking being deemed worthy to be hailed with a "hurrah! boys"—very sincere and hearty, if not very loud. A precipitous descent, and then a steady, tough pull, with variations of extraordinary efforts necessary to make the slightest progress. So we crawled on to the first station. On our right, across the narrow valley, or pass, through which we were moving—which was not above a quarter of a mile in breadth—there was a gently sloping hill the greater portion of the distance from the railroad to the first change of horses; while on the left, after we had crossed the sharp hill to which I have alluded, there was close at hand an abrupt, almost perpendicular wall of rock at least two hundred feet in height. This sheer precipice of porphyry had been curiously honeycombed by the action of the water; and from many an oval fissure or cell the voice of the owl came forth in accents not calculated to cheer the wayfarer's heart; and occasionally the face and form of this bird of wisdom, singularly adapted to his position, was to be descried through the deepening shades of night as he sat at the mouth of his natural domicil and hooted derisively at us as we jolted and sloshed along at the rate of a mile and a half per hour.

Soon after sundown the moon made its appearance. It was nine o'clock when we reached the end of the first section, as measured by the change of teams and also of postillions. In "good going" the stage reaches Mineral Hill at this time in the evening. We had made one third of that distance in eight hours!

From this point on I beg leave to boast of having walked more than half the distance to Mineral Hill. It was the preferable mode, on account of the necessity or desire for keeping warm, and gaining a species and degree of excitement that lessened the tedium of the way. The frosty air soon stiffened the earth so that it would bear me up, and my presence of mind

was only required in order to guard against getting beyond the sight and sound of the lumbering, rickety wagon. There were many tracks in the frequent plateaus we crossed, and sometimes I found myself fully a quarter of a mile from the line the driver had selected. With this precaution only, a very moderate pace was sufficient to keep ahead of the team. Occasionally in my outwalking I was joined by one or more of my fellow passengers. When such was the case, it was because the road was so bad that they were requested to lighten the burden. Veterans in the habit of such journeying, these gentlemen from Montana could sleep well within the curtains, notwithstanding the dips, angles, and spurs of the track.

In conversation with the elder member of the party, in one of those short companion walks, I ascertained that he was a mountain pioneer of pioneers, and in his fifty-fifth year was setting out on what he proclaimed as certain to be the last prospecting venture of his life. He had been unfortunate in his early efforts in California; had been swindled out of his interest in the Pond & del Monte Mine of Aurora by a California Street broker—who has since passed in his richer checks, perhaps in retribution for his many fraudulent transactions,—and had saved but a few hundred dollars from the earnings of his last twenty months' mining labor in Idaho. He was full of story and not without humor; but was most interesting when he spoke some certain things of that California Street broker, which, somehow, always ended in his going down into a freight wagon rut in a most significant manner.

In my lonely walks in front of the stage—sufficiently far removed from companionship to feel a sense of solitariness,—the sage brush and other scrub trees in the neighborhood, with the little hillocks, and the distant mountains, and the near horizon clouds, often took on weird shapes, and sometimes forced me to summon all my strength of mind against the superstitious inclinations which they aroused.

The first night out on such a jaunt is always sleepless to one not recently accustomed to this kind of constant traveling; but a somnolence comes with the morning. You resume your seat on the box as the eastern sky begins to dapple into gray, with the idea that you can strap and brace yourself, and take a little nap, which will answer for the day's refreshment; but, if I can analyze it, you just fail to do this, and hover in that border-line of delusion wherein you think you are dreaming and resting, when, in fact, you are obtaining less repose than when you sit up rigidly and stare out in the full vigor of resolute wide-awakeativeness. So sat I, and fancied that I rocked into broken slumbers now and then, and started up with regret from my self-deceit as, at a quarter past eight, we came in sight of Mineral Hill.

A tall brick chimney and a smoke-stack, indicating the mill: and a cluster of houses—perhaps twenty or thirty in all—were indicated by the roofs which gradually rose to view. "A port in a storm—a haven of delight," thought we; for here, it was the announcement, we were to have a "good square meal"—the first since we left Humboldt Station, at breakfast-time the day before. As we passed the western door of the mill, which is situated at the lower end of the town, our driver pointed out to us, with some evidence of pride on his part, the man who had recently been acquitted of the charge of murder in this precinct, by the justice of the township. We ventured to inquire as to the opinion of the driver. "Was the man guilty of murder, or not?" "Guilty? Yes, guily as guilty could be; but the mill company saw him out, as the fellow that was murdered had been bothering the company for some time with a lawsuit for wages, which was finally successful." "What was the murdered man's name!" we all inquired, in unison. "Buckingham," was the reply; and then, of course, we all heartlessly said, in concert, "So much for Buckingham!"

Into the dining-room of the hotel ran the five famished passengers. "Ham and eggs, and hot rounds for five!" Marvelous quality of hen-fruit and pork! One plate could have worked a miracle—satisfied the hunger of five thousand. We did as best we could by the aid of some two dozen stale soda crackers, and pieces of "one pound of saleratus in ten pounds of flour," and sips of a decoction of chickory and sea-weed which was, of course, called coffee. We were all glad to move on from Mineral Hill. The ancient pioneer remarked, as we took our places again: "If Mineral Hill ever burns down, I hope the landlord will not be drunk at the time, and fall into the fire." Which was not, however, what the ancient pioneer intended to be understood as saying.

The morning and the afternoon from Mineral Hill was worn away by a brisk horse-walk through Pleasant Valley to Garden Pass, at which latter place the road to Eureka crosses the old stage route from Austin to Fort Ruby—a distance of thirty miles or more from Mineral

Hill. This is called " Garden Pass "—again on Nick the Weaver's principle—because there is no garden there. At the foot of the pass bound to the east and south, we changed Jehus, relinquishing a dandified young man of many paste shirt-buttons and voluble speech, who had, by some inadvertence, consented to act as driver for the stage company for the past year. An elderly gentleman of rubicund visage, suggestive of the ancient Weller pattern, commanded the expedition through Garden Valley to Eureka, distant some twenty odd miles: time occupied, from five P.M. to eleven-thirty. Very pleasaut, rapid traveling, until the end of the cañon leading directly up to the furnace capital was reached. At that point, a highway covered with water from an overflowing stream was encountered, and we literally waded up the grade to the settlement. And yet, during all this passage, we were edified by the anecdotes and personal descriptions coming voluntarily from the cautious and ever-watchful custodian of the reins; even in the deepest ruts his self-possession and gossip were not lost. Two days before this, Judge Richard Mesick and several other lawyers had passed over this route; one after another had sat beside the skillful and fluent coachman, and all had bragged to him of their avoirdupois; he saying to one after another, " *You* must weigh about 180;" the reply invariably being, " 210 pounds—210 !" (No wonder express matter had been accumulated upon our comparatively slender party.)

The heavy, sullen flames, and anon the bright lurid tongues of fire which issued from the belly of the " Eureka Consolidated," and the slag-goblets that were being emptied at the edge of the embankment in front of the furnaces, at the foot of the town of Eureka, notified us that we were in close proximity to — yes, that is always the Point named in the hailing remark—that we were close to supper, and to a new deal in the wagon and passenger assortment programme. The smoke was dense, and thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of arsenic.

Three-quarters of an hour for refreshments. A most invigorating repast. A short walk down the principal street of Eureka; noticing prominently, a transparency before one of the saloons, with a raging tiger painted thereon, and the assurance, in plainest lettering, that the establishment was *Running all night*. We were met by two cordial young men — very cordial, well-dressed, and reasonably intoxicated; and they invited us to attend a ball ! The ancient pioneer and myself politely declined this invitation, but not on the basis of any mere technicalities. How could we dance, when our knee-joints were locked within a leeway of an inch-and-a-half or two inches—just enough for locomotion? This was perhaps a cheap, ironical joke on the part of these hospitable floor-managers of Eureka. But we strayed too far from the stage-coach office. When the ancient and myself returned, the best seats, with a single exception, had been secured by the newcomers—members of the Clark family, Geo. Hearst, Senator Wilson from Lincoln county, and a capitalist from San Francisco who was not introduced. The remaining back seat was taken by the ancient, of course, while I impinged on the edge of the center seat, located next to " old man Clark," so-called, who was garrulous as a magpie, and as fragrant as the corner of Merchant Street and Dunbar Alley. He said he came away from San Francisco in a hurry, and got a little inebriated on account of this necessary haste of departure; but he expected to reform and join the church in Hamilton. The old pioneer mildly suggested that it would have been better if he had stayed a week longer in San Francisco and joined the Dashaways. Joe Clark and George Hearst of Missouri, sat on the left side of the front and back seats respectively; the front seat being occupied by Hearst and the other San Francisco capitalist; while there were three on the center seat. Senator Wilson had usurped my place with the driver. They had laid over at Eureka, and now came down upon us without any compensating relief in the way of a discharge of extra freight. Small items, you may complain, for rehearsal in the history of a trip to Pioche; but everlasting memories in the minds of the heroes who sit on the outer rim of a rail-wide center seat.

How I lived during that night-time, as we pushed on to Hamilton, I cannot tell. This revelation of unconsciousness I make for the genuine information of the inexperienced. The second night out in such a mountain fast-freight wagon — what is it? The state of the mind is that of partial syncope. There is not one man in ten who has travelled that period continuously in an outer center seat in a Concord wagon, who has not had occasion to reckon his good luck in failing to tumble into the road, or sprain a hand or arm by the accident of a sudden swinging out past the perpendicular slat that partitions either side, and aggravates the situation by pretending to afford support for the weary arm-holder. There is an unexplained Providence in this. The condition of hemiplegy in which I found myself at three

o'clock in the morning was decidedly novel; but as a physical sensation only, was it funny. There is unquestionably matter in this suitable for an anatomical lecture before a class of medical students, but too complicated to admit of popular illustration. Suffice it to say here, in very plain language, that all may understand: when you ride to Pioche, in the wintry season, on the outer edge of a center seat occupied by three, and shall have arrived at about the fourth hour of the second morning watch, and the sixth or seventh hour of this section of the ride, you will be perfectly well satisfied that there are two distinct separate lobes to the brain, two lobes to the lungs, and a nerve division throughout the entire trunk structure, which is correctly defined by the interior ramifications of the vertebral periostrum. You recognize each segment of the spinal column as an independent personality, or rather as a solitary stamp-block worked by its own engine, having the base of operations on the tip of the small, bony formation which is beneath. There is a quality of supersensitive numbness, a species of callous delicacy, and a degree of mental comprehension of your own points of contact as though they belonged to somebody else, which renders these reviving moments of travel worthy of physiological and phrenological—and perhaps of moral—investigation and study; although the latter branch of the case may be referred more properly to the language commonly used on such occasions. But as I perceive my efforts to elucidate this important part of my biography on this trip are not completely grasped, except by two or three physicians present, I desist from further utterances on this subject, and proceed to dryer grounds of narrative and comment.

It was broad daylight when I was fairly aroused from my lethargy, and discovered by information and belief of fellow-passengers that we were half way from Eureka to Hamilton. The road from this point of observation was over a rolling country for a distance of six or eight miles, and then across a broad valley to the foot of a hill or mountain, on which Hamilton is situated. Through this valley a railroad could be run from Elko or Toano, to within some twenty or twenty-five miles of Pioche, the grading of the entire distance not costing over four hundred dollars per mile.

Our way was hard, though not long; that is, the speed was disproportionate to the character of the road. That is, it would have been more agreeable to have taken more time. At ten o'clock we were at the foot of the grade, so-called. To this point it is expected that the narrow gauge railroad from Elko will ultimately be built; the elevation being of a sufficient degree to readily communicate with the shoots of the numberless mines—that are or are to be—on the inexhaustible base-metal summits of the range west of Hamilton.

But now we are at the point indicated; and without any railroad, broad or narrow gauge, but with a dead beat of an ordinary highway, we are about to ascend to Hamilton. At this point we change from the wagon or coach to a sleigh; and with nearly equal alternations of riding and walking the remaining distance of five or six miles is passed within two hours. Immediately below the town of Hamilton a small party was engaged in digging out six or eight feet of snow which lay packed in avalanche-ready condition, ominous to behold. It is said that at various turns in the road, where the snow at the bottom is melted from a foot to two feet and a half, slides occur, which are very entertaining to all persons who are stationed above the road on the beaten sideway, or who are fortunate enough to anticipate the movement and jump from the flood. The boss of this job of snow-moving and the driver of our sleigh did not agree as to the expediency and quality of a certain piece of work which had been performed during the winter on the highway leading up into the town. And at one time there was an unpleasantness seriously threatened between these parties. But Joe Clark and Senator Wilson interfered with jocose remarks and soothing comments on the unfriendly nature of the country "any how," which made the dialogue discursive, abated the excitement, and turned away wrath. So we were enabled to enter the great White Pine Capital in peace; which we did at the hour of twelve.

And first of all, we learned that there was not a connecting stage awaiting our arrival. The line from Palisades to Hamilton is separate and distinct from the management thence to Pioche. We were notified that we would be obliged to lie over at least one day if no extra coach was ordered by the Superintendent at Pioche; perhaps twenty-four hours beyond. We were not sorry, as you can imagine, to hear of this delay; and we selected and made almost instant use of our boarding and sleeping accommodations in a spirit of enthusiastic gratitude and comfort.

After thawing out—for it was a snowy day, with the thermometer at thirty-six in the

shade—and embracing the bounties of the Barnum Restauraut, (there are Barnum Restaurants now in every mining town on this eoast) we hygienically prefaced our sleeping hours with a glance at this famous flash mining eamp. Here it is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. And with all the natural recollections as to the place and its promises, aye, and its realizations—thirty or forty million of dollars—we had abundant food for curiosity and suggestive if not profound eontemplation. We walked up the sidewalk to Wells, Fargo & Co's front, standing at first upon the paved sidewalk before an exeellently finished two-story briek building nearly the size in ground-area of the express building proper at the eorner of Montgomery and California Streets. From the middle of the street in front of this office, we looked down the main street, a distance of half a mile or more, to the terminus of the camp; closely lined with houses, whieh were mostly wooden structures, nor more than one story in height. In the center of the street there was at least six feet of suow, closely packed. Could it be possible that in this plaee a few years ago there were not less than 12,000 inhabitants? Yet sueh is the reeord. Up this hill above me, and over the brow to Treasure City, from three to five thousand persons were in the habit of daily passing during the Spring, Summer and Autumn mouths of 1869. Aud now I look down through a vista of three hundred houses, not one in five of which is occupied; some of them going ignominously to raek and ruin. Here I stand ten minutes by my wateh, from the moment at which it oeeurred to me to note it for sueh a purpose, and see not one human being on the street or either sidewalk, out of the whole number of the population which yet remains!

I thought I had once seen the extremity of desolation, in Aurora, where the Indian squaws had undisputed possession of three-story brick houses which were fit for transplanting, under the fire district laws, to Kearny Street, in this eity. But somehow, Hamilton, by the known multitude on its former directory, and the special promise of prosperity in its developments, surpassed all previous impressions of sudden collapse and decay.

Here, on my left, stood an Episcopal Church, as large as the Seaman's Bethel in this eity, with a ponderous bell not less than three or four hundred pounds in weight set upon an independent tower in front; in which church, as I was credibly informed, there had beeu no service for three mouths. And passing along the street whieh lies to the east, and immediately below Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, I am shown a Catholic ehapel eapable of seating two hundred persons, in which, four years ago, there were often eight masses held on Sunday mornings, aud then complaint of insufficient opportuuity for all aud for hundreds who desired to attend. Now an itiuerant priest eomes for single services onee in six weeks, and intones the ceremony before a dozen adult worshipers.

I do uot believe there is auother such instanee of marvelous upspringing aud almost utter decrease of population from purely eivil causes on the annals of the Coast; and eertainly such a migration and wholesale instantaneous departure has not been put in the familiar history of any loeality in auy other portion of the globe within such a spaee of time; for this town sprang from a desert in less than two years to its greatest estate.

It is said that fully one half the dwellings that once stood in this settlement have been taken down, and removed either to Eureka or Pioehe. And now that the fire-fiend has made a sweeping visit to this deserted village, I may elaim to have written of the last town appearauce of Hamilton as it was originally construeted.

A eourt-house, whieh is said to have cost over $80,000, and which is a very solid and finished edifice, sits distant from the center of business—if I may so speak—over a quarter of a mile; back of and far up above the bustle and turmoil and shootiug serapes of Hamilton. The building that was formerly used as a eourt-house—some forty by sixty feet, two stories in height, situate in the easternmost boundary of the camp, on the road towards Washburn's—is windowless and doorless; and although it is a strong, warehouse-style of building, the rain and snow have so far soaked through the roof and walls that the work of demolishment by natural causes is elose to completion.

On the side of the hill northeast of the camp are elegantly constructed works for reducing ore. They were erected under the direction and mainly with the money of a lueky fellow from New England, whose prize in the lottery of speculation was too great for his powers of mental balance. He built this magnificent furnace, fenced it round about with stone and irou, stocked the coal yard with fuel, and retired to private life. "Jobson's Folly" would be as one to twenty compared with this unused and apparently useless monument for the spendthrift; with this make-weight: there are not enough salvable driukers left in the

vicinity to warrant the conversion of *this* twenty-to-one structure into an inebriate asylum. Beyond, on the same side of the same hill, is the first engine-house of the Von Schmidt Water Company; the companion hydraulic sheds being situated on the opposite hill towards Treasure City. Here thousands of dollars were expended in carrying water, on works intended to be capable of supplying fifty thousand inhabitants, and mills adapted to the crushing of thousands of tons of ore per day. The works are here: waiting for a revival.

Which reminds me—alas, for Hamilton!—when I was there, in March [1873], every body was speaking of the revival—the "coming up," as it was termed; sure to be in the month of May, at furthest. Occasionally, it is true, I thought I discerned a sinister expression in the countenance of the boaster, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as an agreement between himself and the first person offering, to sell out his establishment or homestead at the first rise of ten per cent. from existing prices. But generally, the belief in the coming-up was undoubtedly sincere; and therefore the declaimers were proper objects and recipients of our instant sympathy. For the stranger, however unjustly, would at this season argue nothing else than infatuation in such expectations; and now we have the sad tidings that in addition to a failure to "come up," there has been the worst of material calamities: exterminating fire.

An afternoon and a long night of dreamless sleep. Roused at seven with tidings of an order from Pioche for the extra coach to start out at twelve. We grumble at the unnecessary haste in conveying the news to prospective passengers. We take a ride up toward Treasure City, and look on snow-capped Pogonip; thinking from first to last, as we gaze upon that magnificent height—12,000 feet above the level of the sea—of our ill-fated friend and brother newspaper man, Colonel Evans; whose dispatches "from the clouds," interpreted as they were intended to be, exhibit a wit which the attempted rhyme of ridicule, though much bepraised, never possessed. All this range, from Pogonip—towering into the clouds to the north, in a gradually lessening height—from the mountain-base of this great summit, for a distance of eight miles, is filled with metal that would pay richly if a railroad was constructed from the main artery, 120 miles distant. It has been demonstrated over and over again, and is plain to any man's comprehension who can read and ascertain facts, and cipher in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic, that a narrow-gauge railroad from Elko or Toano to Hamilton, or the valley grade north of the town, would pay for itself in freights within three years; and yet no effort is made on the part of the great R. R. Company either directly to construct or to encourage such construction. On the contrary, sham proceedings are taken in the name and cause of a survey, so as to prevent genuine action; and genuine lobbying is constantly performed at the capital of Nevada, every other winter, to secure the passage of bills giving immediately to the railroad company agreeing to construct a road from Elko to Palisade, or from Toano to Eureka and Hamilton and Pioche, bonds sufficient to pay for the entire work of grading and the iron and the rolling-stock; without specifying as to the time within ten years when the road shall be completed! Such hills are up before every session of the Legislature, and at the last session such hills were passed (and vetoed). It is with the railroad as with the Western Union Telegraph monopoly—they believe that the fruits of their illegitimate action pay better than honest zeal in the development of the country. Thus millions of dollars will be given to members of legislatures, but not one rail for any outlying section without a subsidy. This is the motto which, beginning at Sacramento, does not stop short of Pioche—toward which terminal point of railroad subsidy corruption and expectation we are supposed, on a rough road in a wintry season, to be traveling. We have hesitated too long by the way, and must proceed.*

At twelve o'clock, with only one Clark on board, the same party that came from Eureka

---

* Note.—In this connection a reminiscence is unavoidable:

All the woes which have been and are now being visited upon this people on account of the "Railroad Monopoly" were prophesied and put upon the printed record, in the State of Nevada, six or seven years ago. Two successive Legislatures, by a large majority vote, adopted resolutions instructing Senators and requesting the member of Congress to pass a law granting a right of way and a land subsidy, and contingent help in bonds, to the Placerville and Washoe Railroad Company. At the first session referred to, the Company named was ready with a backing of $3,000,000 of domestic and not less than $10,000,000 of English capital, to go forward and thoroughly construct and complete a projected and actually profiled work of trans-mountain railway, in the event of Congress acceding to the most reasonable requests of the Nevada Legislature. There would never have been such a thing as a "Railroad Monopoly" in California, or on this Coast, if the petition of the people of Nevada, in

moved out on the "extra" ambulance—a four-horse sleigh—and commenced the descent of a long hill on the southeast, which constitutes the first mile and a half of the distance. It is ten miles to the first station. A mile out we have the extreme rear view of Treasure City—one or two houses. We pass a burned mill, and we pass the chosen sites of several cities whose existence was once grandly exhibited in San Francisco on paper, with the lots all marked at very moderate figures, and on very easy terms; cities that were never burned, for the only reason that they were never built. One of Col. Clarkson's cities was pointed out; also, the mouths of three of Col. Clarkson's silver mines, at one of which he once employed 35 mules and 350 men, and extracted 3,500 tons of bullion per month, at an average of not less than $35,000 in gold and $350,000 in silver. For all of which veracious and exhilarating information we are indebted, as we pass along, to Joe Clark—old Joe Clark, of Missouri—who spoke of and pointed out Col. Clarkson's sources of fabulous wealth with a dry air and tone of implicit faith which was too exquisite to call for laughter at that altitude, and too penetrating to admit of any less profound testimonial of appreciation than tears. We wept as we slid along the way, and meditated upon what had been owned and lost in those mountains by Col. Clarkson, of San Francisco! As none of my audience are acquainted with Col. Clarkson, and therefore cannot understand this part of my address, I will skip the remaining portion of my written reference to this Monte Cristo of Pogonip, and push on to Pioche; only halting now to intimate that the *Mountain Maid*, and the *Sailor Boy's Delight*, and the *Queen of the Hills*, which Joe Clark visited with Col. Clarkson, in 1869, were not graspingly and niggardly exhausted by Col. Clarkson; but that, within the recesses of their tunnels, shafts, and drifts, there yet remains, to the hands of whomsoever will come and dig, as great riches as were ever extracted from their argentiferous surface.

As we pass along, we see also the tramway, the iron elevated railroad constructed by Mr. Hallidie, of San Francisco, for the great Treasure Hill mines, leading down to their eighty-stamp mill. This elevated railway can hardly be called a success; though recently its angles have been diminished in severity, and its length is to be somewhat shortened by bringing the new mill nearer to the point of delivery from the mine; Mahomet Mill will kneel in stature, and go to the mountain. And then it is expected that better results will come, from the chain alterations.

1866 and 1867, concerning national gifts and loans of credit in behalf of the Placerville route Company, had been favorably answered.

Why was it not favorably answered?

Notwithstanding the ready perfidy of the persons sent by Nevada to the Senate of the United States, Congress would undoubtedly have given the aid required in the premises, but for the direct, and bitter, and incessant hostility of the leading newspapers of California to the project. The very journals which to-day are most vehement, which are strongest in their terms against the "Railroad Monopoly," are those which derided the prophecies and denounced the timely and legitimate efforts of the people of Nevada, six or seven years ago.

There is not a character of oppression of which the "Railroad Monopoly" has been guilty, that was not literally described in the Nevada Legislatures of '66 and '67, and set down in Nevada newspapers aud other publications during those years, as sure to follow the failure to improve the opportune moment to successfully encourage and establish adjacent competition in trans-mountain railways.

The richest and most aggressively enterprising Company then operating upon this Coast, as a land force, (I mean Wells, Fargo & Co.) was "pouring out money like water" (to use the language of Superintendent Bishop) in the building of a line of railway toward the western base terminus of the Sierra Nevada route, which had already been surveyed and profiled by the ablest railroad engineer then in the State of California. Had the Placerville and Washoe Railroad been completed, a competing line would undoubtedly have been extended from the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada to Salt Lake. All Central and Southern Nevada would have been directly and speedily "opened" to San Francisco trade, by the main trunk and its contemplated branches; pouring enormous wealth into the lap of our merchants, and giving great prosperity to all citizens engaged in traffic. Had that road been constructed, the industrial population of Nevada would have been ten times as great as now; while San Francisco would have numbered nearly a quarter of a million of people, with its active business-moving capital more than double the present record. But it was not so to be.

No epithet was too severe for the Sacramento *Union* and the San Francisco *Bulletin* to utter against persons in the Legislature of Nevada who, with well known and conceded sacrifice of personal, political ambition, and in defiance of every species of threat, and in disregard of the strongest kind of temptations, were struggling to obtain for the Placerville and Washoe Railroad Company at least a right of way and a land grant margin across the mountains. These papers not only denounced the proposition to give bonds to this competing line—speaking in avowed behalf of the Central Pacific Railroad Company—but hurrahed when, principally through their outside influence, the mere right of way was refused by Congress. And when a small land grant was finally obtained for a portion of the advancing

At the first relay we changed to a mud-wagon. A few miles further on in the descent into the valley we drive up beside a sleigh, and handle our baggage once more. A mile of sliding, and we tip up and tumble over, all tossed into the snow; but at a very moderate delivery we all rise to say it was "just as we expected." That is not precisely what we mean; but is honestly as near the truth as we are capable of approaching during several minutes of extraordinary self-possession. The sleigh is righted heavily in response to our joint efforts, and we start on. But while we are pretending to congratulate ourselves on the fact that no bones were broken—as if there had been any danger in that soft bed on either side without an absolute turning over of the box—over she rolled again; this time with a sharper accent, as if some one who had put up the original job had remarked on this occasion: "Now I mean busiuess." Just escaped the second turn of the body of the conveyance, which would have bruised something if we had not extricated ourselves from the point where the edge pushed into the snow.

From this we take a decidedly new departure. The pioneer in the rear and myself in the front of the sleigh devoted ourselves to trimming ship; crossing from one side to the other as the grade requested us. George Hearst and Senator Wilson did the talking. It is always agreeable to hear two rich men converse about their respective biographies when they are at leisure. They love the reminiscences for themselves; they love to fondle over their lucky plans; they don't object to having attentive listeners. So it was a pleasant ride from the second overthrow to within six miles of the foot of the descent and the end of the gorge or valley, through which the road passes into the meadows at Washburn's.

At this point, six miles from Washburn's Station, we were to have been met by the stage from the south-east, and to have exchanged passengers and luggage. Here the snow gave out again, and the runners could slip no further. "What shall be done?" was the inquiry of the driver; the most intelligent and accommodating Knight of the Whip we had vouchsafed us on the journey. He was ready to accede to any proposition agreed upon by the majority of the party. There was a "wagon bed," so termed by courtesy, built expressly to carry rails or some less dignified burden; and that was the only conveyance at hand. It was now six o'clock, and growing dark. Should we stop, build a fire, and wait for the wagon

---

line on the route from Sacramento—notoriously too late to be of any avail—that was sneered at, as au offer only to be tolerated because it would not be utilized for the benefit of the grand competing project.

The people of California and Nevada owe their present railroad monopoly bondage, their present lack of cheap railroad facilities—the vast difference between what is with one railroad over the Sierra Nevadas and through Nevada and Utah, and what would have been with a competing line *via* Placerville and across central Nevada, and central and southern Utah—to the leading journals of California; the very papers that before all others are now lifting up their voices in holy horror and coudemnation against the "exactions of Stanford & Co." I have some warmth, as I think of the treachery and hypocrisy of these papers; but I am stating the coldest history.

I was amused very much by a recent dispatch in the "Associated Press" of California, dated from New York! stating that the people of Nevada were *also* decidcdly opposed to the railroad monopoly, and instancing some action at Elko. Why, when the people of Nevada were almost unanimous in crying out for preventive relief and benefits on the railroad question—giving particulars of the thralldom that would be established otherwise—the *Union* and *Bulletin* were the stipendiaries of Stanford & Co., and ready to defame any one who vigorously foretold the reign of the railroad magnates on this coast.

Have the people forgotten these things?

Of course, the people of Nevada were in a better position, geographically and otherwise, to discover in advance the conditions of the Central Pacific Railroad monopoly than the people of California.

When it became manifest that in the sections where they had largest circulation the great majority was aroused to their wrongs under the Monopoly—then, and not till then, the *Union* and *Bulletin*, believing that more was to be made by appearing to serve the people than by avowedly doing the bidding of Stanford & Co.—(the *Bulletin* also having a contingent in the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad swindle)—ceased to be the mouth pieces of the Railroad Company, aud sent their hireling quilldrivers into their editorial minarets to call their communities to emancipation prayer!

And the people seem to have forgotten recent history. True, there are many new comers among us. But surely the people of Nevada have occasion to bear this history in mind.

Nevada would have aided the Placerville and Washoe Railroad Company, under an amended constitution, or by large county grants, if the work had been commenced and prosecuted to the first mountain summit. Three counties of Nevada have furnished the means, with the mine contributions, to build for Mr. William Sharon a railroad from Reno to Virginia City, which is said to be paying a profit of $3,000 per day—nearly two millions of dollars per annum. The railroad from Placerville over the mountains to Carson Valley

which was momentarily expected; or should we strap the baggage on the four-wheeled frame work that had been left at the meeting point as a tender, and take the best chances we could in alternately riding on the ridge of trunks, satchels, bullion bars and mail sacks, and walking on the sagebrush line on either side of the track? It seemed to be unanimous that we should move on. All hands busily at work in unbinding and reloading the freight. Thirty minutes required for this work. Wilson and Hearst walked ahead. The full moon began to make itself felt as a light unto our feet. As we mount the tip-top of the luggage and commence our journey anew to pursue, we find it is far more agreeable than we had anticipated. In fact, it was exceedingly pleasant at first: this moonlight drive down this beautiful cañon. Now for brevity's sake, take the original skeleton memoranda:

Caught up with Hearst and Wilson within a mile and a half. Began to make time as the road grew better. At the three mile post the driver said he would "let 'em slide." He did "let 'em slide." Passengers had to hold on. Conversation grew less boisterous; more attention paid to position. Occasional instances wherein the superstructure above the rail bottom of the wagon appeared to lift in awful unanimity, as a rock was despised but not displaced, and the quick obedience thereafter to the inexorable laws of gravitation resulted in a sickening sensation at the pit of the stomach. Nothing was said except by George Hearst—once. He mentioned Horace Greeley's name once. He was equally interrupted by us all; and we all prepared to laugh at our simultaneous mesmeric consciousness of each other's appreciation of the reference, when again a flying earthquake occurred, and we retained our sobriety; and some of us looked at Hearst as if we thought his mention of Horace was a little like mocking a serious matter. The driver yelled, "Slide 'em, Fanny; slide 'em! Hi yi!" And they slid. As we approached Washburn's, the cañon grew narrower every moment. Now it was not more than one eighth of a mile wide, at a mile distant from the station. The moon, however, came up straight in front of us, and poured her strongest beams right down upon our pathway; the six horses—splendid animals—answered the encouragement of the driver with apparantly ever-increasing swiftness. There were no more thumping upheavals, but a sense of spinning along at a rate that would be dangerous in case of something breaking or getting a little loose. We enjoyed the scenery; we were delighted with the moon; we admired the rushing steeds; but we were thinking of something else most of the time during the single hour which was exhausted in our ride from the open, extemporized, unattended station at the foot of the descent proper, to the door of Washburn's hotel.

O! how glad we were to reach the station; to get out of the cañon and the wagon. Because we were cold; because we were hungry. All except George Hearst. He was glad for more. He was fairly churned into decent candor of confession. As he stretched down he

---

would have cost about $12,000,000. It would evidently have paid for itself in eight or ten years, at farthest, without calculating upon an extension from Carson Valley to the East. And who can estimate all the benefits? all the comparative advantages? For this consummation the people of Nevada intelligently insisted and labored, in public meetings and in legislative bodies; beating up always against the influence—alas! too potent—of the two leading journals of California.

The moral is this: Our people must understand that they have to rescue themselves from the hands of monopolists. Our leading journals are wholly unreliable. They are now and have been for years spoon-fed by the greatest monopoly in the country—the Western Union Telegraph—and land, and railroad, water, gas, grain, coal and oil monopolies have their interested support, until the rebelling will of the people begins to produce a popular and unavoidable incredulity as to the assumed honesty. The greatest curse of California, I may say of this Coast, has been its venal leading Press.

And even now, do you ever hear a practical, ready remedy suggested for the Railroad Monopoly, from the quarter above named? No.

The remedy is with Congress—quick, sharp, sweeping.

The House of Representatives once passed a resolution cutting down the rates of railroad fare on the transcontinental road one half. A Pacific Coast Senator pocketed the resolution. That Senator returned to this Coast after this great act of outrage and perfidy, and with the hearty endorsement of the *Union* and *Bulletin*, was reëlected to the seat he then and now eminently disgraces.

When this Senator was canvassing for reëlection, and after his high crime against the people had been publicly exposed, he bought off a little rival [who had always, himself, closet intercourse with Stanford & Co.] with promises of Federal offices, from Minister down to tide-waiter. And now the Minister, who was appointed by this bargain, comes back from a foreign shore to play champion of the people against the Railroad Company, in the aspirant-character of candidate for United States Senator. And the *Union* and *Bulletin* are choice in their commendations of the little creature.

This is a funny world!

declared that "this may be a good sort of thing for a mile or two, but for an all-night's business it would be monotonous." So the proposition to move on from the station that night, instead of laying over, didn't meet with decisive favor.

As we ate much at the wholesome supper board, we talked somewhat of the folly that would have been exhibited if we had waited for the stage up yonder. A folly which became more palpable when we awoke next morning at six o'clock and ascertained that the over-due conveyance had not even then arrived. At seven o'clock, however, it made its appearance, with three passengers, including one of the proprietors of the Pioche Stage Line; and we all breakfasted together, and exchanged items on the condition of the roads.

Washburn's Station is worthy of a paragraph of description. It is situated at the very throat of the gorge, which is at least four miles in length, and at the opposite end of a gently descending valley, which is at least six miles long. At this point the road passes south-east into a continually widening valley or "bottom" some five miles in length. If you take a map (the *Chronicle's* map will do) you will observe that the road from Palisade to Pioche is zig-zag, determined at different places by the location of the settlements intervening, and by the nature of the country. You are going about south-east as you strike Washburn's. You turn perhaps one or two degrees easterly when you pass his door.

Washburn's Hotel is a one-story structure, 25 or 30 feet long, by 10 wide, with a 7-foot ceiling. One-third, and the older portion of this "Station," is constructed of stone and logs and the rudest kind of mortar, in about equal proportions. Two-thirds of the building are entirely of wood, rough, a patched rather than a thatched roof, half shingled and half mud paste. In the first and elder portion of the building is the reception-room, with a paved floor, a wide, open fire-place, two bunks, one above another, and at this time of sojourning a Western Union Telegraph office.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived at Washburn's. Driver's question again: "Shall we wait here for the stage, or drive on?" Verdict of "wait"—after several ineffectual efforts to obtain through the telegraph information from Pioche as to whether the stage that was to meet us had started out at a given hour. Now here was an opportunity to have felt with emphatic interest the benefits of the telegraph in this lonely place. But the young man at Pioche was unwilling to bestir himself so far as to cross the street and ascertain the news we wished; in which unwillingness and inefficiency and plain refusal he admirably sustained the character of the great telegraph monopoly of the land.

After supping, sleeping, and breakfasting, we had a space of a few moments in which to notice the station by daylight. For, I repeat, it is in itself a curiosity. It is built back against a rocky hill-side. The gate into the corral, which closely adjoins the house, is between two natural pillars of stone, seventeen to twenty feet high, separated for the passages about two and a-half feet. The "old man" Washburn was reported to have named these pillars masonically.

The "old lady" is tired of this border life and wishes to return to California. But the old men and the boys (the latter occasionally relieving the regular drivers on the stage route) love the present location and prospects. So this is likely to remain Washburn House until the railroad is built.

At eight o'clock in the morning our journey is resumed; passing Meadow Valley fourteen miles easterly, then through Dry Valley twenty-two miles southerly. Then turning up to the east direct and crossing Patterson Mountains, a distance of seventeen miles. The summit of these mountains is six hundred feet above Dry Valley, from which we ascend in going towards Pioche, and four hundred feet above the Valley road, which leads from the eastern base of the Patterson range to the mining camps at the south. We reached Patterson's station at eleven o'clock at night; passing on our way through deserted mining camps which at one time promised to be equal in population and business development to the camp of Pioche, or any other mineral-bearing center.

Patterson's Station is situated within about a mile of the eastern foot of the mountain. We roused the landlord, injudiciously ordered supper and ate heartily, and camped down in close quarters, heads and points, on the bar room floor, in true travelers' style.

A Chinaman woke us up at five with loud stamping and shrieking announcements for breakfast. "Here, get up, you damn! what for hell you sleep all day for. Never get to Pioche. Breakfast get all damn cold." Here the host checked the articulating gong by the assurance that the passengers were all roused up. This Chinaman was a graduate of one of the Mission Schools of San Francisco.

And now at seven o'clock we are on the home stretch. A descent of two or three hundred feet into the great valley which points directly into Pioche; and by the aid of four prescribed relays, over a tolerably good road, at three o'clock we find ourselves taking the first sight of the mining capital of Southern Nevada.

Half way up on the mountain range to which we suddenly turned from a southerly direction, our course now bearing more to the west, we discovered two or three hundred house or cabin roofs, which still retain and show the gloss of new shingling, sitting—with a single short straight street line exception—in a constantly rising inflection. Can this be Pioche? "That is Pioche, which we have travelled about 280 miles by stage to see." The driver immediately informed us that we really have in view about one-half of the town; Meadow Valley and Cedar, two considerable streets, and a portion of Main street extending on to the Raymond and Ely works, being, as yet, hidden from sight.

As we gradually approach we have more and more house roof and side brought under notice, until we turn to the south at a distance of a half or three quarters of a mile from the town, when the main strect, as well as the short spur of Lacour street, is within the direct line of vision. Well, here is Pioche. A wonderful mining camp to be situated at this distance from the railway. "Pioche," which strikes you at first with the conviction that it is a place which is at the end of a long and severe journey. It may strike you secondly, that it is very like every other prosperous side-mountain camp in Nevada that you have ever visited. It occurs to you thirdly, that it is incredible that there have been 7,000 inhabitants here within the past three years, to remain for one period of twelve months. You do not now realize that it contains 3,000 adult population.

The driver begins to point out the locations of the different mines which are situated immediately back of the town on the sharply rising mountain sides. But you check him to inquire as to the new mill on your left, that is fully constructed but apparently unused. That is the Flowery mill, erected under the superintendence of Jake Clark. And it is supposed that Joe Clark comes to help place it upon a business footing. It has not been at work yet.

And here we notice, a few rods above this mill, half a mile or more from town, two graveyards. The driver replies to our inquiry, "That is the Odd Fellows', that the Masons' cemetery." And he informs us that an unfenced area is a public cemetery, in which repose the bones and ashes of 112 men,—adding with probable exaggeration: "Seven of which died a natural death." The last two men who died with their boots on were buried there the day before yesterday. And in so telling, this driver seemed also to have a pride of history in such a matter.

We have touched the suburbs of Pioche, and as we slowly move up the hill on a grade increasing from ten to twenty feet, we take the driver's enumeration of the mines and listen with thoroughly absorbed interest, until we reach the edge of a crowd of not less than fifteen hundred persons, which fills Main Street from the junction of Lacour up to the Express office —a distance of about 350 feet.

Pioche is situated in what might be properly termed the "bite" of four distinct hills on the mountain range. Here on the right, as you commence the ascent into the town, is a limestone hill. Passing around its individual base, a mile perhaps, and you come to a hill of quartzite, on which the Raymond & Ely, Hermes, Kentucky, Pioche-Phœnix, Newark, Ingomar, and other claims are located—the Panaca Flat claims proper. Half a mile of travel on the breast of this hill, over the most northerly portion of the course, and you come to the Meadow Valley range, which is also quartzite. This is divided from the last mentioned (Raymond & Ely) hill by a depression of something near 70 feet in the top of the hill: a road running up from the end of Main Street proper through this depression. On this hill are the various Meadow Valley mines, the works of which are in the breast of the hill—that is about half way up from the town. Above the Meadow Valley are the Huhn & Hunt, Chapman, American Flag, and half-a-dozen other mines of less celebrity. This range runs in an easterly and westerly direction. There is a hill or mountain spur, extending northerly from the breast of this quartzite mountain side, on which the Meadow Valley mines are situated, of limestone formation.

Suppose Telegraph Hill to represent the Raymond & Ely segment of the mountain circle, and Russian Hill, as far as Pine Street, to represent the Meadow Valley range; and then suppose that from Pine Street there should extend this hill of limestone, striking out directly toward the Bay: that will give you some idea—and, I think, not altogether a vague one—of the

two promontories of wealth, with one of the limestone projections. This last-described hill runs north a quarter of a mile, and is, so far as ascertained, valueless as a mineral-bearing body. So you perceive that Pioche is almost in an amphitheatre—with no valley, plain, or regular bowl, it is true ; with one outlook northerly, looking out into an immense valley view, the upper end of which extends beyond the vision, and in fact, as already noted, is traveled clear up to the Patterson Ascent, from which we have just arrived.

Main Street runs up at a steep incline, say like Washington Street, from Montgomery to Taylor. Then it slightly deflects to the right and sinks in Panaca Flat. Out from Main Street, in an easterly direction, is Meadow Valley Street, at about the center of the most populous portion of the town. And above one hundred feet, in the same general direction from Main Street, is Cedar Street ; but it ultimately, and at a distance, I should judge, of about 400 feet, runs into and connects with Meadow Valley Street. Meadow Valley Street is dedicated to saloons and such like places of entertainment. Cedar Street, from its point of departure from Main Street, is of a respectable kind. It has a school house, two churches, Episcopal and Catholic, and three handsome residences, with a filling in of humble, but decent cottages.

Lacour Street branches off from Main Street, about half way up the town from the Hay Corrals, which latter forms, of course, the first definite limits of the camp. Lacour Street runs nearly level for a distance of 800 feet.

About 400 feet from the corner of Main and Lacour is the Court House, a structure composed of stone and brick, in about equal parts, of the size of two stories of the Young Men's Christian Association building in this city. It cost the county in the neighborhood of $125,000 ; but the contractors who were engaged in the work were not ruined by the outlay. In this building the celebrated Raymond and Ely *vs.* Hermes case was tried—the longest mining case, the most hotly contested, and actually, by virtue of the title set up and most ably and vigorously urged on the part of the plaintiff, involving greater interests than were ever before staked in any similar encounter on this Coast.

But I am admonished that the time appropriated for my use in this place, on one occasion, has expired. A more complete and systematic description of this most remarkable mining camp ; a narrative of the great mining trial, " all of which I saw and part of which I was ;" with personal descriptions of the judge, lawyers, witnesses and others connected therewith ; an account of a trip to Bullionville and the Mormon town of Panaca, twelve miles distant from Pioche, and a description of the Warm Springs and the Mills in that vicinity ; the narrative of a somewhat lengthy and detail interview with the celebrated Mother Lee (who superintended and carried on the Indian war of 1866-7, in this neighborhood) ; and a description of Eureka, and a mining trial there ; these must all be reluctantly set aside at this time—perhaps to be submitted to you in this place on some future occasion.

So with vivid personal recollections of the scene, I now plant myself squarely on Panaca Flat, and bid you Good Night.

W. K. VANDERSLICE. L. THOMPSON.

W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.

SILVERSMITHS,

Manufacture and Sell all kinds of Solid Silver Ware,

Wholesale and Retail,

FACTORY AND SALESROOM

136 Sutter St., Opposite Lick House.

Repairing of Silver Ware promptly attended to. Plating, Replating, Gilding and Engraving done in the best manner.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.

STATIONERS,

N. W. Corner of Sansome and Sacramento Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FRANK G. EDWARDS,

Importer Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Etc.

640 & 642 Clay Street, San Francisco.

JACOB SHEW, PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Montgomery and Commercial Sts., San Francisco.

Charles A. Sumner, Short Hand Reporter,

Office, No. 6 Municipal Court Building, San Francisco.

David Wooster, Physician and Surgeon. 208 Kearny St.

Daily Evening Post, San Francisco, Price, 12½ Cents per Week. Henry George, Editor.

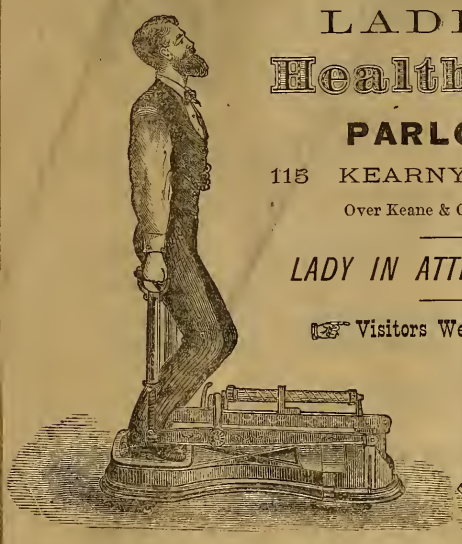
JOHN W. CHERRY,

Plain and Ornamental Sign Painter

Corner of Sutter Street and Trinity Place, bet. Montgomery and Kearny Sts.

Work Thorough and Artistic. Prices Reasonable.

Ten Minutes once a day, for thorough Gymnastic Exercise.



LADIES'

Health Lift

PARLORS,

115 KEARNY STREET,

Over Keane & O'Connor's.

LADY IN ATTENDANCE.

☞ Visitors Welcomed. ☜

Over one hundred San Francisco references from the most intelligent classes:—not from professional certificate-makers. Gentlemen's Training Rooms, No. 606 Montgomery Street, corner of Clay. Send for circulars.

From G. W. CARLTON, Esq., Publisher: "I have used your SELF-LIFTER about three months very regularly—about seven times per week—still use it regularly, and find its effects very satisfactory." * * * HENRY C. BOWEN, Editor of the *Independent*, says: "It is so constructed that the most feeble person can use it with entire safety, and *it can be used by ladies in company with gentlemen without any change of dress.*" * * * WM. W. MORLAND, M. D., *Fellow Mass. State Med. Soc.*, describes the effects as "exhilaration, lightness, increase of muscular force, and a pleasant acceleration of the circulation, without the least strain or other injurious effect." * * * R. H. LOWRY, President *Bank of the Republic*, says: "I have used the 'REACTIONARY LIFTER' over three months. * * The result is that my health and strength are greatly renovated. * * I recommend the instrument to all who, like myself, lead a sedentary life." * * * HON GEO. S. HILLARD, after six months' experience, "can recommend it as a good and healthy form of Exercise. It quickens the circulation, increases the muscular force, and gives to the whole system a sense of renewed vigor. It is to be particularly recommended to those whose habits are sedentary." * * * OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES writes that "it furnishes a concentrated form of Exercise which I have found salutary, agreeable and exhilarating." * * * GEO. FRANK GOULEY, Esq., Editor of the *Freemason*, St. Louis: "I would not take $5000 for my REACTIONARY LIFTER if I could not replace it, so beneficial have I found its use." * * * "Deserves all the attention claimed for it,"—*The Nation*. * * * "In female weaknesses, of the highest importance"—EDWARD BAYARD, M. D. * * * "A perfect pan-athletic system of Exercise."—PROF. F. G. WELCH, Chair of Physical Culture, Yale College. * * * "Invaluable for persons of sedentary habits."—T. W. COLBURN, Esq., Secretary Meadow Valley Mining Company, San Francisco * * * "Cures Functional Diseases by causing a more complete renewal of arterial blood in the finest capillaries THAN CAN BE SECURED BY ANY OTHER KNOWN MEANS."—DR. DAVID WOOSTER, of San Francisco. * * * "Regular exercise on the REACTIONARY LIFTER renders child-birth almost painless."—H. M. RYLAND, M. D. * * * HENRY WARD BEECHER commends it to "all persons whose avocations severely tax the brain, and to all whose nervous system is run down. It gives thorough exercise with little fatigue, and with but little loss of time." * * * PROF. J. F. BUMSTEAD, M. D. of the *College of Physicians and Surgeons*, says: "as a means of retaining, and in certain cases of disease, of regaining health, I regard it of great value." * * * ELDER MILES GRANT says: "We have visited the 'Health Lift' rooms, at 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.; and were delighted with the newly invented machine of Rev. Charles H. Mann, of Orange, N. J. It is admirably adapted for the object designed. It is cheaper, smaller, more easily adjusted, and more effective for good than anything of the kind we have ever seen. *It is a well-settled fact that the 'Lifting Cure' is one of the best means of restoring and preserving health.* We would recommend all to try it who can have the opportunity. Every family should have one of these 'Reactionary Lifters,' as they are called. If their value was only known, many families would be willing to lay aside their costly furniture, or apparel, for the sake of getting the 'Reactionary Lifter.' We have no interest in speaking on this subject but the welfare of our friends. We know whereof we affirm."

13652

THE NATION'S SORROW.

Bipg -Collective- Gen.

DISCOURSE

ON THE DEATH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED IN THE

Larkin Street Presbyterian Church,

San Francisco, April 16th, 1865.

By Rev. J. D. STRONG,
PASTOR.

Published by the Larkin St. Congregation.

SAN FRANCISCO:
GEORGE L. KENNY & CO.
1865.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

24.861

THE NATION'S SORROW.

A

DISCOURSE

INV. 1898.

ON THE DEATH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED IN THE

Larkin Street Presbyterian Church,

San Francisco, April 16th, 1865.

By Rev. J. D. STRONG,
PASTOR.

Published by the Larkin St. Congregation.

SAN FRANCISCO:
GEORGE L. KENNY & CO.
1865.

B
L 736 etc

DISCOURSE.

"Her gates shall lament and mourn, and she being desolate shall sit upon the ground."—Isaiah 3: 26.

The scene presented by our city to-day is unprecedented in the history of America. Every flag in town drooping at half-mast; every church and public building, and nearly every store and private dwelling, draped in black, and eloquent with grief; faces that had scarcely shown a trace of sentiment for years, flashing or lowering with intense feeling; hard, stern-featured men weeping like women; every voice hushed to a whisper, yet keyed up with a will and resolution which no words can utter; the very air alive and electrical with emotion—all, all make it evident that the hearts of our citizens are touched with sorrow as they have never been touched before. These same sad sights and sounds of woe are everywhere around us. They are seen and heard in all the towns and vine-clad valleys of the State. They are echoed back from our granite hills and snow-capped sierras. They are in all our borders, from the Klamath to the Colorado.

Nor are we, on this distant Pacific slope, alone in our grief. The heart of the wisest, the best, and, prospect-

ively, the most powerful nation the world has ever seen, throbs to-day, like the heart of one man, in every town, and hamlet, and cottage in the land, from the green and flower-clad Coast Range of California to the granite hills of New Hampshire—from the wild woods of Maine to the most southern point where Freedom can find a place for her feet to rest upon. The waves of such sorrow as we have never before known as a nation sweep over us to-day, and over all our people, from the Golden Gate to Massachusetts Bay—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The civilized world has never exhibited a sublimer spectacle of grief. Nor does history record any other event so important and far-reaching in its consequences, since the assassination of Julius Cæsar, as that which now afflicts our hearts; And even that event is not to be compared with this; for he was slain for subverting the liberties of his country, but our President for defending and perpetuating civil liberty and human freedom for America and the world. Our grief, then, is no common grief; our gates lament and mourn with a sorrow as sublime as our mission and destiny as a nation. We sit upon the ground with a desolation of heart as far-reaching as humanity.

We mourn, first of all, because our head as a nation has been taken away. Abraham Lincoln, as an individual, was the standard-bearer of a party, and as such, in this place, I do not propose to speak of him; but as the President of the United States, he belonged to

every man, woman, and child in the land; and his loss is a national calamity in which all partake—a calamity that reaches even the humblest "mud-sill" of society as well as the tall columns, and strong pillars, and graceful capitals of our social life. Our President is the President of no one section, party, or clique; he belongs to all; he is the embodiment of all the wills and interests in the land; when he is once inaugurated in power, we all own him; we each have a personal relation to him and an individual interest in him. His death, then, cannot and ought not to be regarded in a party light. We are all bereaved; we are all afflicted; we all mourn. At such an hour as this, when the hand of God is on us as a people, no man who is a man can possibly go down and grovel in the gutters of party with the mere politician. As American citizens we stand on an infinitely higher platform; as kings and sovereigns of the land, none of us can so far forget where we are and what we are as to look at our national bereavement from a partisan stand-point; and every one among us, if there be any such, who is so unmindful of his duty and responsibility as one of the rulers and pillars of the Republic, as to feel indifferent, or profess to feel indifferent, at this terrible calamity which has befallen the State, is not worthy to be an American citizen: he has no business in a country like this; he belongs to other regions and other institutions; he is a dangerous element in a Republic, and should be marked and watched as an enemy of humanity and an enemy of God, as well as an enemy of the Government under which he lives. But

few, if any such, I trust, are found among us. Our grief, like our bereavement, is common to us all. We all feel the heavy blow on our hearts; we all lament and mourn; we all sit in the dust and are afflicted. These outward symbols of our grief are but hints and glimpses of what the nation feels—of what we feel—of what every friend of the country and of humanity feels.

Again, we mourn because we are deprived of one on whom, under God, we had leaned for safety in this crisis of our history. During the last four years our situation has been critical. At times we have held our very breath for anxiety. We have looked to the past with wonder and to the future with misgivings too profound for utterance. It has required sagacity, delicacy, and tact far beyond what most of us can comprehend to so shape public sentiment, control the mad passions of the people, and direct their energies, that we could pass through such scenes as we have passed through without the destruction of our free institutions. And now, that the more stormy crisis of our struggle is over, the difficulty and danger of our situation is by no means at an end. The work of reconstructing these dismembered States, of binding up the bleeding wounds of the nation, of winning back the spirit of concord and fraternal love among all sections of the Republic, and of laying new foundations for a purified and rejuvenated Government, now and for the coming ages, as far exceeds in difficulty and importance any thing that is past as the light of the sun exceeds the light of the

little candle that flickers in its beams. And to carry us through these thickening dangers we had leaned on our noble-hearted President with such trust and consciousness of safety as that which a child feels as it rests in the arms of its father. Nor was our confidence a blind, unthinking, unreasoning confidence. We had tried him. We had tried him in the most difficult places. We had proved his sagacity, capability, and honesty. Though we may sometimes have deemed him too slow, in our impatience and hasty zeal, results have shown that he was wiser than we. He has uniformly been safe and reliable. His main fault, if fault he had, as the head of the nation, was his excessive humanity. He has sometimes seemed, to us, to be too yielding, too forbearing, too lenient; yet we have always been able to say of him—what can be said of but few others in such situations—he has never betrayed or deserted a principle. When his positions have finally been taken, he has stood like a shaft of adamant in a stormy ocean, which no howlings of the storm or dashing of the waves could shake. And the longer we have proved him, the greater has been our confidence, till we, and the people generally, have come to feel that he only could guide us safely through the stormy scenes of the next four years. But he is gone, gone from us, and we feel like a lost mariner afloat on an angry ocean without a pilot. Our loss seems to be irreparable. We know not where to look for another to stand in the breach and beat back the hosts of dangers that thicken around our pathway. Therefore are our hearts stricken with grief

unutterable. "We all mourn sore like doves; we look for judgment, but there is none; for salvation, but it is far off from us;" and a wail of sorrow, that pierces the heavens, and will be heard in every valley and mountain glen of the civilized world, goes up to God to-day from every section and hamlet of our land. Civilization has never before witnessed such a scene. Our grief is unparalleled in history.

We mourn to-day, too, because civil liberty and the cause of humanity are still in conflict with such fiendish and barbarous foes. Till our lamented civil war burst upon us like a whirlwind of horrors, we thought our civilization had outgrown the barbarities of earlier ages. We thought that only savages could murder their prisoners in cold blood, and incarcerate them in dens worse than hell, and torture them with filth and starvation more horrible than the Inquisition. We could not believe that American citizens could rival the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, like wild beasts, mutilate the dead, or, like the ancient barbarians of Cythia, slay their enemies, make drinking cups of their skulls, and ornaments for women and children, of their bones. We have read the details of such barbarities with disgust and horror; and, although their truth has been corroborated from a multitude of independent sources, we have been unable still really to believe things so horrible and astounding of any of our fellow-citizens. Even now we can scarcely convince ourselves that any section of the Republic can breed such savages—such devils in

human shape. Yet we can not close our hearts to the fact that this spirit of demons, with which we have struggled for four years, has at last culminated in the terrible crime, which to-day curdles our blood with horror. This murder in cold blood of an innocent unarmed man—the representative and executor of the will of the American people—shows us, as nothing else could, with what we are contending. It shows us that neither we nor our institutions can be safe till such barbarism is weeded out of the Republic, and a higher style of civilization takes its place. It lifts the curtain a little, and gives us a glimpse of our present position, and of the future, and we start back with horror and grief unutterable from the scene thus disclosed before us. How can we enter the path which God seems to have marked out for us? How can we go forward to the accomplishment of our mission as the champions of human rights and human progress? We draw back from the struggle with lamentation and mourning. We sit upon the ground and are desolate in our grief. Oh! that God in mercy would spare us from such a mission! is the language forced to-day from every thinking heart in the land.

We mourn, too, with equal grief, over the injury this crime has inflicted on the cause of Republican liberty among us, and throughout the world. Our enemies will point to it as the culmination of democratic weakness and folly. It will take generations of good order and wise behavior on our part, to wipe out this re-

proach in the estimation of mankind. Our reputation, our democratic principles, our hold on the sympathy of the people throughout the world, have received a blow, in this crime, the consequences of which ages cannot repair. Even our own faith in our institutions is jostled, if not shaken. Our hope, our confidence, our enthusiasm are shocked; and we see our position, as a people, as we have never seen it before. In wandering among the volcanic scenery of the Hawaiian Islands, I have frequently passed over immense caverns, roofed over with a thin crust of lava, where my horse's feet would sometimes slump through, where every foot-fall would roll off in fearful echoes, like subterranean thunder, and where sections of this thin crust of rock had fallen in, disclosing a yawning gulf hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet in depth. The feelings of the traveler amid such scenes, can only be imagined, not described. Every sound calls to him with a warning cry:

> "Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
> Where'er thy foot can tread,
> The earth rings hollow from below,
> And warns thee of her dead."

The feelings inspired by such scenes are just like those we experience to-day. We shudder at the thought of the yawning chasm that may be but a step before us. The dreadful echoes beneath our feet awaken feelings in us that no words of mine can express. We all feel them—we are all startled and aroused—we are all filled with the most painful emotions of grief and solicitude.

And we each feel injured. We are the real sovereigns of the land—each of us is a king, and the President was but the embodiment of us all. The assassin's weapon did not reach him so much as us; the blow was aimed at our hearts; we are the injured party. The loss of a single human life, like the loss of Abraham Lincoln as an individual, is of small consequence. It is not that we mourn to-day; it is the crime committed against the cause of humanity—against the American people—against us, the sovereigns of the land, that fills us with such grief, and shame, and indignation; we feel that the whole fabric of our institutions is shaken, and that all the interests of society are stricken down. It is for this reason, mainly, that we mourn as we do. It is for this reason that our gates lament with bitter weeping, and that there are sights and sounds of woe in every hamlet and dwelling in the land.

But it is God's doings, and we should bow before Him with submissive hearts. He is chastising us for our pride, and folly, and wickedness as a people. We have sinned against him long, and with a high hand. We have eaten up, without remorse, or any feeling of humanity, the native tribes of the land; we have bound fetters of servitude on the limbs of his dear ones; we have tolerated and nursed the most infamous and unrighteous principles, and the most brutal and barbarous passions; we have been puffed up with pride in view of our position; we have forgotten the laws of Him who rules on earth and among men, as

well as among the angels of Heaven, and He is now correcting us for our folly. He is making us feel how we have strayed from the straight and narrow path; He is making us feel that sin in nations, as in individuals, invariably bears a terrible harvest of sorrow. We deserve the chastisement we are receiving; and let us bow humbly before His footstool, acknowledging our errors as a people, repenting from our hearts of the sins that have brought these calamities on us; let us hear the Great Ruler speaking to us to-day, and saying: "The nation that will not serve me shall be destroyed."

Nor should we regard this calamity simply in the light of a punishment. God, undoubtedly, intends it as a lesson to us for the future. And we needed just such a lesson to show us what we are doing, and what is our duty. We are about to lay the foundations of a reconstructed Republic, and there was danger that we should not fully understand the nature of the work we have in hand; there was danger that we should, after all the sufferings, and losses, and bloodshed of the last four years, heal the hurt of the Government slightly; that we should patch up a temporary peace out of discordant and jarring elements; that we should commit again the fatal mistake of our fathers, and lay the foundations of the new Republic on a dangerous compromise with a system of barbarism and oppression, which civilized society has long since outgrown. God evidently designs that we shall have no peace based on such a sacrifice of the republican principle. He means

that we shall have no peace on this continent brought about by the equilibrium of two antagonistic and essentially hostile forms of society. We are warned by the past, that such a peace is a dangerous arrangement, and that its fruit, in the end, is evil, and can be only evil. This is the lesson God is teaching us to-day. This is the lesson He has given us to learn ; and if one calamity will not enforce it on our hearts, there are others in store for us. No one can read the history of the last four years, without seeing that God has a purpose to accomplish by this civil war that devastates our land. We have been slow—exceedingly slow—in reading that purpose, though it has been as plain as the hand-writing on the wall of Belshazzar's banqueting hall. He means that the slave system, and the barbarities necessarily connected with it, shall be wiped out of America, and every event that has transpired during the last four years, serves only to illustrate and enforce that thought on our hearts. The sooner we can understand God's purposes, and get into the current with them, the better it will be for us and for the people ; but if we fight against His purposes, and refuse to hear the voice of His providence, we must still expect just such terrible chastisements as that which so afflicts our hearts to-day.

Let us, then, repent of our sins as a people, and not only repent, but bring forth works meet for repentance. Let us unbind the shackles from the limbs of our oppressed brothers. Let us put down the spirit of inhumanity and barbarism that has so long stalked among

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

us, the ghost of our murdered principles. Let us lay our foundations for the future on universal freedom, equal rights, Christian civilization, and obedience to law. Let us not entail on our children the evil our fathers have handed down to us; but now, while God gives us the opportunity, let us tear away from our new foundations every antiquated and barbarous principle and usage, and act wisely for this and the coming ages. If we allow ourselves to be thus instructed and guided by God's providence, we shall find that that which seems such a calamity to us to-day is really a blessing in disguise. The first battle of Bull Run was the best thing for us that ever happened in the history of our country. It inspired the nation with a new spirit, and gave shape and character to all the events that have followed in its train; and I believe the assassination of our President is an event of equal significance, and will do a hundred fold more to shape our future than his life could have done, though prolonged to the age of Methusalah. Let us, then, read the lesson aright, and go forward, and God will be with us. He will never leave us, nor forsake us, but will lead us, as He did our fathers, through the fire and through the cloud; and by this terrible baptism of blood He is laying on us, He will wash us from our sins. Even now, from the corpse of our murdered dead, we can hear His voice saying: "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

CAL.

INFORMATION

FOR

IMMIGRANTS

TO

CALIFORNIA.

ALTA PRINT.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

CAL.

Immigration of White Men to California.

Editor of the Bulletin:

SIR—You have, in your recent short notice of the Immigration Society, attributed to me a saying which I desire, with your permission, to refer to once again. What I did say at that meeting was substantially to this effect: That we must choose between a white immigration and a Mongolian immigration—choose associates for our families from either China or Europe—from the Mongolian or the Caucasian races. And now is the time to decide the question. The earth of California yearns for laborers, and if the Caucasians won't come in the Mongolians will. That the rich China merchants co-operate to bring their race and kindred into this favored land, and our merchants do nothing, absolutely nothing to that purpose. That there is now a Society on foot to (at least) gather correct information respecting California, and diffuse it throughout Europe, and that the people of this city, especially those who own real estate, should join and co-operate liberally and heartily in this work, for if a healthy stream of European immigration shall be attracted to California, every piece of real estate in the city, and outside of the city, will pretty soon double in cash value, as in New York city, from like causes. That it is manifestly the interest of us all to fill up the wide interior with an industrious race—a race congenial in habits and ideas with ours.

With this in view, I ask you to publish at full length the correspondence read at that meeting; and I urgently suggest to your numerous subscribers to fold and direct a copy of this correspondence each to some distant friend "at home," either in the Atlantic cities or in Europe. Every copy sent will work a benefit to California. Respectfully, sir, your obedient servant, THOMAS MOONEY.

California street, San Francisco, November 1, 1867.

Immigration Aid Association.

The following correspondence was read at the last meeting:

NEW IBERIA, (Louisiana,) September 25th, 1867.

His Honor, the Mayor of San Francisco, California:

SIR—Some six weeks or two months ago I presumed to address you; not directing the letter, as is now advised, by Panama, I think it more than probable, on account of Indian disturbances, it will not reach its destination.

In that, the first letter, I made inquiries in regard to your favored State, and, if I repeat them in this, I trust you will not esteem me troublesome.

There are some families of us desirous of escaping from the evils that afflict this section, and to try our fortunes in States not cursed by negro supremacy.

We lost nearly everything by the war, and we wish only protection and health that we may try to live and educate our children, and where, if we should be so fortunate as to make anything, we would be protected in its enjoyment.

With politics we are disgusted, and cannot care again to exercise the privelege of voting, but heartily wish to be governed by our own race.

To the following inquiries we most respectfully ask answers, and

should your time be otherwise employed, we ask that you hand this to some one that will honor us with the solicited information:

First—Are the Public Lands entirely absorbed?

Second—Can they be entered, if public?

Third—Are there any special laws regulating the entry?

Fourth—In what part of the State are these lands mostly situated?

Fifth—What is the price of unimproved lands not very close to the city?

Sixth—Of improved places?

Seventh—What are the wages of laborers by day, or month, or year?

Eighth—Is there a demand for labor?

Ninth—Is mining more profitable than farming, or *vice versa?*

Tenth—What section would you advise poor people, desirous of making a living, and if possible, move, to settle in?

Eleventh—At about what price could work horses, milk cows, etc., be bought in the rural districts?

Twelfth—Are goods of all descriptions very much more costly than in New York or New Orleans?

Thirteenth—Are there any diseases peculiar to your climate?

And any information that you may judge would be of interest or service.

Several of us are professional men, but we care not for profession, if we can only have a white man's chance to work, and thereby support and educate our families.

We would arrive in your city with but little money, and it would be well for us, I suppose, to remain but a short time, and not be very long in locating.

At what season would it be best to arrive ?

Cotton crops are a failure in this State. Corn and cane very fine. Yellow fever has been very severe. Permit me again to ask the favor of an early and full answer to the above inquiries. Yours respectfully,

(Signed,) THOS. F. TOLSON.

REPLY.

Query 1.—Are the Public Lands entirely absorbed ?

Answer—No. There are millions upon millions of acres yet in the keeping of the Federal Government Offices, which can be had for one dollar an acre in gold.

Only in the neighborhood of great thoroughfares, the navigable rivers, the fragments of railways yet constructed, the mining camps and the like, has even the Government Surveyor yet erected his theodolite.

The whole population of the State of California, Oregon, Nevada, and the Territory of Washington, does not come up to a million of souls, and they have more land to live upon than the entire German family of nations and of sixty millions. There are plenty of good spots where small colonies of immigrants may squat upon and await the coming (for years) of the Federal Government surveyor ; and when he shall come, the dollar an acre demanded by the Government will have long before been realized out of the lands.

In the San Joaquin Valley, sixty miles back from Stockton (a city of about five thousand inhabitants, and one night's journey by steamer from San Francisco,) plenty of land can be had for one dollar (gold) per acre from the Government office in Stockton.

That is a valley of about one hundred miles long, by a width varying from ten to thirty miles, through which streams, navigable for light draft steamers and flatboats, flow down to the Bay of San Francisco. The soil is deep and rich, and the bottoms near the water are exceedingly fertile and able to support abundance of cattle.

This valley would absorb and maintain one hundred thousand settlers.

We have received from Mr. Merry, of Red Bluff, (a growing town of about two thousand inhabitants, at the head of navigation on the Sacramento River, and to be reached in two days by steamer from San Francisco, at an expense of ten to twelve dollars,) an elaborate report of the agricultural and business facilities of that section.

He says the slopes of the Sierra hills and coast range, being well watered, afford good pasturage for sheep and horned cattle during the year.

The arable lands of the country lying about the bottoms of the Sacramento river and its tributaries, bear grain crops of from sixteen to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. The best lands in the county (Tehama county) are covered by Mexican grants, to which patent titles from the Government of the United States have been obtained.

These lands can be purchased from the present holders for ten to fifteen dollars per acre. They are adapted to the growth of grain, potatoes, beets, etc.

All kinds of vegetables and fruits grow in the greatest luxuriance.

Sheep breeding pays well. The flocks in this county number about one hundred thousand sheep.

The quality of wool has a very good name in the San Francisco

market, and brings twenty cents per pound. Butter will pay well for skillful dairymen, and cheese also.

For swine there is no better county in the State.

Over four thousand head of grain-fed hogs have been sold out of the county during the past year.

A pork and bacon packing house in this place is doing an extensive business.

The establishment of a woolen mill here would be the best investment of capital extant.

Lumber is cheap, firewood plenty, and water power abundant—going to waste.

An iron foundry would pay well here. Money is dear, it brings from two to two and a half per cent. per month.

Farm laborers get thirty dollars a month and board. Blacksmith and wagon makers do well—some have got rich. Good board can be got for from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month. Cottages can be got for from eight to fifteen dollars a month rent. Town lots for building can be entered at Government prices.

Common necessaries from the farms are cheaper than in San Francisco.

Imported articles are about thirty per cent. higher. As to vine culture, it is the best locality for that industry in the State.

Here is the celebrated Bosquejo vineyard, where the "Gerke" wine is made, which is a fair sample of our vine lands.

Thousands of acres of equally good lands can be had here for one dollar and a quarter an acre.

The section of country referred to by Mr. Merry would absorb and maintain one hundred thousand persons.

In the counties south of San Francisco, Monterey for instance, two days journey by stage from San Francisco, large tracts of the richest lands, owned by easy-going people of Spanish descent, can be purchased or rented upon very advantageous terms—purchased for a dollar or two an acre, or rented on shares for one fourth of the annual produce of the land. The chief and greatest cost is the cost of fencing.

In many places the old Spanish settlers own tracts of from thirty to fifty thousand acres unfenced and undivided, over which numberless flocks of sheep and cattle roam, and breed, and die, without control or much care from the proprietors, who live in rude ease and almost secluded from the outside world.

Their slumbers will be broken by the hum of busy immigrants who will come crowding by sea and land into their fruitful territories.

Further south, toward Los Angeles, the lands can be purchased from those old fashioned settlers for a dollar or two an acre, or even less.

There is very little timber to be cleared from any of the lands.

To go upon those lands several families should form themselves into villages or companies, and go out together on the land and help each other.

This co-operative system is sure to make the new immigrant happy and prosperous. Farming implements can be got here better adapted to the local farmers than in England, or in any of the American cities of the Atlantic. Farm horses can be purchased for forty to fifty dollars apiece; milk cows, twenty to thirty dollars each.

The expense of transporting one person from this city to the Government lands, may be set down at twenty dollars. Markets can be found for any quantity of grain, butter, wool and fruits, but until roads

are made from the new settlements it will be toilsome and expensive to bring the produce to market. The vine is slow in its return, but quite certain to pay at the end of four or five years, and will yet be one of the great occupations of Californians.

The population of California is about 500,000; 90,000 of these have votes, and are entered on the "Great Register." Being an American citizen and residing three months in one locality, gives the privelege of voting for all public officers. The voting is done in one day, by ballot, all over the State, and there is no property qualification required in the voter or in the public officer.

A person born out of the United States, must be five years resident in the United States, have sworn fealty to the American Government, and have registered his name on the Great Register, before he can vote.

There are about 50,000 Chinese and about 5,000 to 6,000 negroes in the State; neither of them have any political rights allowed them; they cannot vote for any public officer, nor is it likely they ever will enjoy such privileges.

The Chinese are looked upon with much jealousy by the white race. Opposition to them has assumed an organized shape, and there are anti-Coolie clubs existing in our city whose object is to resist and discourage the importation and employment of Chinese labor. About 8,000 Chinamen are employed on the Pacific Railway works; about 20,000 are working in and around the mines, and the remainder are scattered over the State, engaged in doing the lowest kind of work about the cities and towns—washing, gardening, dealing in fish and vegetables, etc., etc.

Question 2.—Is there a demand for labor?

Answer.—We are anxiously and carefully gathering information from every side, from reliable sources, with the intention of forming a small hand-book for the intending emigrant.

We are full of the great idea of inviting an extensive immigration from Europe, and from the Southern and Eastern States, to the Pacific slope, but we shudder at the thought of misleading any one.

It is almost unnecessary to repeat that we have room and work for millions of people, in our fields and mines, but the great trouble is to support people while they are finding the work suited to their strength, their habits and their experience.

The idea that fills the minds of many persons in making towards California is, that they shall go a gold-hunting in the mines, make lucky hits and return at some distant day to their old homes in Europe or the Atlantic States, to enjoy their good fortune.

This idea has been the unseen rock that wrecked many an immigrant to this golden land.

None should come to the California mines but *miners*.

On the first discovery of gold in California, and for several years afterwards, every kind of laborer went to the mines, and many of them did very well; but of late years the Chinese have got in and have swarmed over the "placer" or stream mines, and as they work in well organized campanies, and live upon little, they are able to scrape a living from the oft-washed sands, in the olden washing-grounds of the earlier miners.

The mining now mostly carried on in California is quartz mining, which is as like coal or iron mining as possible, penetrating the bowels of the earth several hundred feet—men working in gangs, in "watches"

of eight hours each shift, so that the work never stops, night or day.

For this kind of work miners get four dollars a day.

Their board and lodging in the neigborhood of some of those quartz mines come high—about eight or ten dollars a week. As a general rule, two and a half days' wages is required to pay for a miner's board and lodging for a week.

A great deal of the work on the Pacific Railroad, on our side of the Rocky Mountains, is performed by Chinamen under white overseers. They get about a dollar a day for their labor.

White men would get such wages and board, but they won't work for it.

A dollar a day is the lowest notch which the strong man's labor has touched in any part of California.

Common labor, according to skill, ranges to one and a half and two dollars a day.

We are now talking of skilled mechanical labor, such as carpenters, smiths, bricklayers, plasterers, machinists, foundrymen, tailors, shoemakers, and the like.

The labor of these sort brings three to five dollars a day, in all the cities and in all the towns of the Pacific Coast. As to clerks and light porters, and those who are always waiting for something to turn up, there is little encouragement for them.

The cities are full of them; THOSE sort of helpless people are the production of an erroneous system of education, which, instructing the brain and neglecting the hands, has weaned the boy from labor, and has left the man a helpless, pitiable mendicant.

You are, doubtless, impatient to learn, then, what sort of people are

likely to do well here; and we answer, any sort who are thoroughly determined to work, men and women, young and old.

The lowest wages for labor amongst us is about twice the wages of New York and four times the wages obtained in Great Britain, Ireland or Germany.

The price of wheat or flour is about one half what it is in Liverpool or New York. Eight dollars a barrel, of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, just now. Tea, sugar and coffee about the same as in England or New York. Clothing and house rent about double the English rates and about the same as in New York.

Young women, as servants, are in great demand. Wages twenty-five dollars a month (£5 a month) and board and lodging. Think of that, ye poor girls far away.

Women get from fifteen to twenty cents for washing a shirt. All the foregoing rates are in gold. The general demand for all sorts of mechanics in this city and throughout the State was never better.

Question 3.—Is mining more profitable than farming?

This question is one still more difficult to answer. Farming has latterly acquired a fixed character. The fine qualities of wheat and flour, which California yields, the vast quantities of wool, of butter, of fruit and wine, and the high prices these products realize in New York and Liverpool, have latterly decided great numbers of our population to go into farming. Our potatoes, garden vegetables, fruits, etc., are the finest raised in any country under the sun. One only drawback which farming in California can ever experience, and that will occasionally arise from long seasons of drought.

The last three years, the seasons were very well mixed with rains,

about the time they were wanted, and sunshine when wanted, and our farmers have had splendid crops and obtained high prices.

About four years ago there was a long drought and a cattle famine was experienced. Flour ran up to very high rates, and there was much suffering among the working people.

This has passed away and is forgotten in our present prosperity, but it is well for all immigrants facing to this country to be made aware of these things.

We have, in general, about seven months of the year when there does not fall a drop of rain, yet vegetation is nourished by copious dews. Then we have four or five months of the year when it pours down plenteously, with, however, dry and plesent intervals of ten or fifteen days. This rain it is that brings us the means to obtain the food that lies intact in the earth and enables our miners to wash the clay and sands that contain the gold dust. Cattle require no "wintering" provender, as in the Atlantic cities, Canada and many parts of Europe —they remain out in the fields all the winter.

The total produce of our gold and silver mines may be set at fifty to sixty millions of dollars a year. Our farming and general agricultural products will very soon, if they do not now, foot up to fifty million dollars worth a year. The value of the wheat and flour shipped from California since last harvest comes up to nine million dollars, and as fast as good ships come into the harbor they are engaged to take out wheat, and flour, wool, hides, etc.

Question 4.—Are there any diseases peculiar to California ?

The climate of California is the most healthful to be found in the world.

It is equable the year round.

The thermometer ranges from 50 deg. to 90 deg. throughout the State.

We lay from 32 to 42 North latitude. We have neither frost nor snow, except on the high mountains of the Sierra Nevada and some of the mountains in the Coast Range.

The only drawback to health is experienced in the mines where the water is over strongly impregnated with mineral matter which generates ague and peculiar fevers—but in the agricultural regions the people live from year to year their whole lives without experiencing a day's sickness; and the children multiply in numbers and develop in symmetry and beauty beyond those of any race on the face of the globe.

Next to the employments under the head of "ordinary agriculture" is the vine culture, which is peculiar to California; its vines and wines are now celebrated all over the world.

But a few years ago it was not supposed the vine would flourish anywhere but in the southern regions of Los Angeles; latterly, experiments have demonstrated it will flourish on the acclivities around the mining camps as well as amid the sheep walks and pastoral plains and valleys. That whether it is pressed into wine or distilled into brandy, it will reward the labor bestowed on its cultivation. The California wines begin to make their way in the New York market, and each new year will confer on their quality more richness and more reputation.

The grape vines of California, when four or five years old, yield plenteously; one has only to own half a dozen acres well planted with vines of that age to realize a life-long independence.

In a few years from the present time, the wine and silk of California will form some of the leading articles of its export.

The fruits of California are now so rich and plentiful that the farmers begin to dry and press and ship them to the Atlantic cities, from whence, but a very few years ago, we imported dried fruits, flour, etc.

The raising of the silk worm has been commenced in California and has succeeded. It is proven that the climate is quite as favorable as that of France or Italy for this branch of industry.

Arrangements are in progress to start a silk factory. The success of this first experiment will lead to national results, by and bye.

We shall soon come to the raising of tobacco, beet root, and manufacture of beet and cane sugar, cotton, flax, linen, hemp, and hops, for all which the soil and climate is admirably fitted.

Tobacco is now raised in the open fields at Gilroy, a place about 80 miles south from San Francisco. It is manufactured on the spot, and is sold here by a mercantile house in Front street. And it is also raised in Sonoma county, and other parts of the State of California. The only difficulty in the progress of this branch of business is the want of skill in the curing and manufacturing. Had we the right sort of curers and manufacturers we should have as large a share of the tobacco business as Virginia, for our land is as fresh and strong as that of Virginia.

Some cotton has been raised in the southern parts of the State in a desultory way, but the soil awaits the enterprising hands of toiling men to bring about those great results, from the vast and varied material that sleeps neglected within it, and hovers around us in the salubrious climate.

We are building small coasting schooners from fifty to two hundred

tons burthen. All those crafts are well employed in carrying lumber, coal and produce of the fields to market; and, latterly, groups of those small crafts have gone fishing for cod, in the North Pacific, with great success. The salmon and trout and other fish caught in our waters, are certainly the best in the world, and are obtainable in large quantities. We have plenty of wild game all over the land; deer, wild geese, quail, etc. The farmers can supply themselves without danger of the poaching laws.

Our progress in manufacture is infantile and rude. Three or four woolen mills and one cotton factory are all that California can boast of; but these are doing well, and, in good time, others will start.

Our tanneries are numerous, in the city and county, and their manufactures well liked and in good demand. We should say the business is healthy, with fair profits.

Soap and candle factories are experimenting on the native tallow and beeswax of the country. This is the land for bees and honey.

They have begun one factory for tanning leather and making boots and shoes; and, so far, it is prosperous. It employs two hundred hands. Another is about to be started outside the city.

There is room here for many paper mills, and many flour mills.

We have two glass factories, on a small scale, doing well; and any number of iron foundries, all at full work. There has been a glove factory lately started, which is doing well; also a rude pottery-ware factory.

We want half a dozen hat factories, in which the hat, from the foundation, would be made, trimmed and finished.

We have a plenty of printers, and an abundance of newspapers. The

population of San Francisco is about one hundred and twenty thousand. We have eight morning and evening newspapers, and twelve or fifteen weeklies. We have a score of banks, fifteen insurance companies, any number of hotels, boarding houses and public schools. About half the population are native-born Americans from the Atlantic States. The other half is divided among the Germans, Irish, French, Spanish, Chinese and Negroes. The Jews have two synagogues, the Roman Catholics ten churches, and the Protestants of all denominations a dozen or so.

Take them as a whole, they are the most hospitable and generous crowd of citizens to be found in any seaport round the whole earth.

Both Germans and Irish will find plenty of their countrymen before them in every part of this State.

No man nor woman will be suffered to want food here; and no industrious man nor woman need be afraid of casting their destiny in the fertile, growing land of California.

The worst times for traveling through our interior districts are the winter and spring months, while the roads are softened by the rains. Rains usually begin in December and continue until April, with many pleasant intervals of fine weather and sunshine.

We hope these hints on our new and growing State will be useful.

Respectfully,

H. A. COBB, President.

THOMAS MOONEY, Vice President.

J. W. McKENZIE, Secretary.

San Francisco, October 29, 1867.

Add Gillon's Library
from Monroe Davis

25

GARFIELD

MONUMENT ASSOCIATION

OF THE

PACIFIC COAST

HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT

WITH THE ADDRESS AT

THE UNVEILING

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

GARFIELD

MONUMENT ASSOCIATION

OF THE

PACIFIC COAST

HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT

WITH THE ADDRESS AT

THE UNVEILING

Garfield Monument Association.

The movement for the erection of a monument in San Francisco to the memory of President Garfield sprang from among the body of men who, after his death, had charge of the funeral ceremonies in this city.

The President died September 19th, 1881. At a meeting of the Funeral Committee, on September 24th, Jacob S. Taber, at the suggestion of Arthur M. Ebbets, moved that after the ceremonies that body should organize itself into a Monument Committee. The motion was passed and the suggestion carried into effect.

After adding materially to its members, the movement was finally organized by the election of the following Executive Committee and Officers:

His Honor, Mayor M. C. Blake, President.
Horace Davis, Vice President.
W. W. Montague, Vice President.
A. W. Preston, Secretary.
Frank J. Murphy, Assistant Secretary.

A. J. Bryant,	W. D. English,
L. L. Baker,	M. J. Keating,
W. T. Coleman,	Davis Louderback,
Jules Cerf,	W. L. Merry,
M. H. De Young,	P. A. Roach,
H. L. Dodge,	John W. Shaeffer,
W. W. Dodge,	Claus Spreckels,
James Duffy,	Jacob S. Taber,
Arthur M. Ebbets,	Lloyd Tevis,

A. P. Williams.

And on the 6th of October was issued the following

APPEAL FROM THE GARFIELD MONUMENT ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC.

The Garfield Monument Association of the Pacific is organized for the erection of a monument to the memory of our beloved President, at some point in the City of San Francisco, to be hereafter designated. The officers of the Association are:

President, His Honor Judge M. C. Blake (Mayor-elect); Vice President, Horace Davis; Vice President, W. W. Montague; Treasurer, Moses Heller; Secretary, Colonel A. W. Preston; Assistant Secretary, F. J. Murphy.

The form of the memorial to be erected has not been determined upon, but will depend somewhat upon the liberality of the citizens. The name of every donor will be published and will be carefully preserved, and certificates will be provided as soon as possible, to be issued to those who wish to keep a memento of their share in this good work.

We have been led to form this Association by the almost unanimous desire to do honor to the memory of our good President—a desire expressed by citizens of every age, from every section, from all parties, whose warm sympathies were shown by the solemn funeral procession and the trappings of woe flung from every house in his honor.

The simplicity of his character and the earnestness of his purpose won him the confidence of all who knew him in life; the terrible tragedy of his death drew the heart of the nation to him. The courage and fortitude with which he faced death, his sublime patience in his prolonged sufferings, endeared him to every American. His life was one of heroism and self-sacrifice, and in his death the stripes of the nation are healed. It only remains for us to perpetuate his memory and his example in a lasting monument.

Committees of well known citizens, whose names have been published by the press, have been appointed to canvass this city for subscriptions, and Wells, Fargo & Co. have generously offered the services of their agencies in the interior to receive and forward donations free of charge.

The co-operation of our friends in all parts of the Pacific Coast is earnestly requested. Those who propose to remit by mail can do so by addressing the Secretary, No. 421 California street.

HORACE DAVIS,

Chairman Committee on Ways and Means.

San Francisco, October 6th, 1881.

This address met with a cheerful response. Funds poured in rapidly, both from city and country. Men of all shades of religion and all varieties of politics sent in their offerings; little children gave their tiny savings, and rich merchants answered freely of their abundance. The fraternal societies gave liberal contributions, especially the Masons, to whose Order the President had been one of the brightest ornaments.

Gifts from the large towns of the interior, from mining camps, from every part of the State, showed the general interest felt in the movement, and many a solitary miner sent his little quota from his loneliness and poverty.

The appeal awakened a response in the neighboring States and Territories, and the express brought many a package of coin from places we had never heard of.

The work outside of San Francisco was very much aided by the ready assistance of Wells, Fargo & Co., which enabled us to reach every point touched by their great organization, and they carried our circulars and brought back the returns free of charge.

With a view to making the movement as widespread as possible the following circular was also issued at the same time:

Garfield Monument Association of the Pacific Coast,
San Francisco, October 20th, 1881.

To the Pastors, Churches and Sunday Schools of the Pacific Coast:

The Garfield Monument Association of this Coast appeals to you for aid in the erection of a monument to commemorate the virtues of our late President. Men and women of every shade of political and religious belief have joined hands for this noble object, and we have determined, after consultation with clergymen, to ask you for a simultaneous collection for the benefit of the fund, in your various places of worship, on Sunday, the 30th day of October.

The life of this good man seems to us to appeal with peculiar force to the religious community. His heroic struggle against poverty, his devotion to his country in its hour of peril, his integrity in public affairs, and the purity of his private life made him a shining example; while the serene patience and fortitude with which he met suffering and death were the crowning fruit of deep religious convictions and trust. So noble a gift of God we may well hold in loving memory. We earnestly hope for a united and liberal response. Wells, Fargo & Co. will forward your donations free of cost to the Secretary of the Association, Colonel A. W. Preston, 421 California street.

HORACE DAVIS,
Chairman Committee Ways and Means.

This appeal was also very generally responded to.

Early in November, 1881, Governor Stanford tendered the committee the use of Bay District Park for a grand tournament for the benefit of the monument, which took place on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24, under the direction of the following committee:

J. W. Shaeffer, W. W. Dodge, N. T. Smith, T. W. Hinchman, H. R. Covey, James McCord. From San Francisco and Oakland Bicycle Clubs: Columbus Waterhouse, George H. Strong, I. Sanderson, H. C. Egger. From the Olympic Athletic Club: Dwight Germain, Louis McLane, Wm. Melville.

This undertaking was a great success and netted the Fund $2,973.

By the 10th of January, 1882, the fund having reached $23,500, the committee felt that it was large enough to justify them in advertising for designs, which accordingly was done on the 15th, inviting "designs for a monument to be erected in San Francisco, to the memory of our late President, James A. Garfield," at a cost not to exceed $20,000. The following premiums were offered:

First and accepted design	$300 00
Second design	150 00
Third design	50 00

Under this advertisement twenty-seven designs were offered.

The Executive Committee, on May 26th, opened the bids in due form, and proceeded to ballot on the merits of the designs. The plan accepted was that of Frank Happersberger, a young artist of San Francisco, then studying in Munich; in accordance with which, substantially, the monument was afterwards erected; the cost, however, was somewhat increased by additional reliefs which were thought necessary from the position of the monument.

The following gentlemen were then selected as a Building Committee, and the erection of the monument was placed entirely in their charge—an onerous trust—which they have carried out with fidelity: Jules Cerf, Horace Davis (Chairman), Arthur M. Ebbets (Secretary), Moses Heller (Treasurer), Wm. L. Merry, W. W. Montague, John W. Shaeffer, Jacob S. Taber.

In legal affairs, W. H. Sharp has been the attorney of the Committee, and in matters of construction John Wright, Henry Kenitzer and H. C. Macy have been their supervising architects; and all these gentlemen have given their services without compensation.

The Committee then proceeded to select a site for the monument, and determined upon the present location in Golden Gate Park; although the ground has been raised twelve feet above its

original level, the mound about the monument being entirely artificial.

The ground was broken and the first sod turned by the Committee on February 22d, 1883.

The foundation having been properly completed, the meeting of the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar was deemed an appropriate occasion for laying the corner-stone; and the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of California was invited to perform the ceremony.

Accordingly, on the 24th of August, 1883, the Knights Templar of the United States, the Masonic Lodges of the State of California, the Grand Army of Veteran Soldiers and the United Order of the Loyal Legion, escorted by the National Guard of the State, marched out to Golden Gate Park, and laid the corner-stone, with a splendor and solemnity that has never been equaled on a similar occasion in this State.

Colonel A. W. Preston, the Secretary of the Monument Committee, was the Grand Marshal of the day, and managed the trust with great skill.

On the arrival of the procession at the Park, after a prayer and hymn, Horace Davis, as acting President of the Association, invited the Grand Master to lay the corner-stone, in these words:

Fellow-citizens and Friends:

We are here to-day to lay the corner-stone of a monument consecrated to the memory of a great and good man, whose life was spent in the service of his country, and whom that country had crowned with the highest honors in her gift. Wherever in human history the people have had a voice they have raised such tributes as this to the dead whose lives have been sanctified by self-sacrifice and devotion to their country Such monuments are an honor not alone to those whose name they bear, but to human nature itself. They are a standing testimony to its reverence for unselfishness and devotion. And in this spirit we will erect a statue of President Garfield, here in this place of public resort, to testify to our respect for his exalted position, our gratitude for his eminent example and our love for his memory.

I am glad we are able to inaugurate this memorial edifice with these solemn ceremonies, on an occasion when so many of his countrymen from every part of the land could be here to do honor to his memory. To you, Masons and Knights Templar, I say I am glad you are here to add solemnity to this occasion, for he was an honor to your Order, true and faithful to its principles. And you soldiers, who shared with him the perils of the battle-field, it is right that you should he here to drop your tears to the memory of your great comrade. Yes, every man now present has an interest as an Amer-

ican citizen in this solemn ceremony, for the bronze image whose base we lay to-day is but a type, an emblem of that more lasting image, planted in the affections of his countrymen.

The monument we are building here is a voluntary tribute of the respect and love of the people. The fund for its erection was raised by the willing offerings of his countrymen. It contains no appropriation from the public funds. It represents no sect, no party, but is a spontaneous outpouring of gifts from the people, representing many thousands of mourners—not only the liberal gifts from men of means, but the still more precious tribute of multitudes who gave all they could spare from their necessities. From every part of this western coast our appeal was answered, and the name of every giver will be inscribed on an imperishable roll to be preserved in our Hall of Records.

It is a common custom that the foundations of public structures be consecrated by Masonic ceremonies. In accordance with this usage we have invited the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of California to lay this corner-stone during the week of this solemn Conclave. It seems specially appropriate, as the man in whose honor it is laid was himself a Mason of high rank and a Knight Templar. The Grand Lodge has accepted the responsibility, and it is now my duty to invest them with the authority.

Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons of the State of California, in the name of the Garfield Monument Association of the Pacific Coast, I ask you to lay the corner-stone of this monument which we shall raise to the memory of James Abram Garfield, the twentieth President of the United States. And to this end we tender you this instrument, the emblem of your Order. May the work you shall do with it to-day stand to the end of time.

The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Clay W. Taylor, responded appropriately, and the Grand Lodge then laid the corner-stone, with fitting ceremonies. At the close of the Masonic rites, Henry E. Highton, Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge, delivered an oration, after which the ceremonies were concluded by a hymn and benediction. The Masonic ceremonies were published in full in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge.

Soon after these events, on September 13th, 1883, Colonel Albert W. Preston, Secretary of the Committee, was taken away by the hand of death. He was a gallant soldier, a courteous gentleman, and a faithful member of the Committee. His death was a great loss to us all. Arthur M. Ebbets has since acted as Secretary of the Association.

The corner-stone being laid, the granite base was soon placed in position by Griffith Griffiths, of Rocklin, but the bronze work was not finished till midsummer of 1885. It was cast at the bronze foundry of Professor Lenz, in Nuremburg, Germany. It is of the best bronze, containing ninety-three per cent. of

copper, three of zinc and two of tin. The sitting figure of Columbia weighs 4884 pounds. The statue of Garfield alone is ten feet in height, and weighs 7810 pounds. This figure, which was the last to arrive, reached San Francisco June 21st, 1885; and the Committee, as soon as they learned that it was reasonably sure to arrive at that time, determined to unveil the statue on the 4th of July, and accepted an invitation from the Committee of the Day to make their unveiling the close of the morning services.

Accordingly, on the 4th of July, the procession marched to the Park, escorting the Monument Committee.

D. A. Macdonald, President of the Day, called the vast assemblage to order, and Rev. Dr. Stebbins asked the divine blessing upon the objects of the day.

Horace Davis, on behalf of the Monument Committee, then delivered the following

Address.

It is a happy turn of events which enables us to unveil this monument to-day, on the Fourth of July, set apart for patriotic aspirations and consecrated to the memory of those heroes whose lives were devoted to their country's service. On such a day should be consecrated this memorial of a great man, whose whole life was spent in that service.

The movement for its erection had its origin on the Fourth of July, and on the same day we shall close our labors and deliver up our trust. You all remember how, four years ago, the nation's heart throbbed in an agony of suspense—how the people poured out their prayers for the life of the President, in deep sorrow and sympathy, hoping and yet not daring to hope. You all remember how the nation's birthday was turned that year from a festal day to a season of tears and mourning. Men had no heart to celebrate the day. It would have been a mockery, when their great chief lay in such danger. In the solemn presence of death there could be no festivity.

The body of citizens to whom had been intrusted the preparations for celebrating the day in San Francisco determined to dispense with the usual ceremony of public rejoicing, and when, after those weary, sad months of waiting, from July to September, death came to relieve the sufferer, they took charge of the

ceremonies of public mourning and then formed themselves into an association to preserve his memory and record his virtues by the erection of this monument.

The idea was first suggested by Arthur M. Ebbetts, and was formally proposed by Jacob S. Taber, both of whom have been earnest workers in carrying out their plan. The association was formed under the auspices of his Honor, Mayor Blake, and an appeal was at once made to the public of the Pacific Coast for aid.

Contributions poured in from every part, and the Committee soon found itself in a position to carry out its intentions. In response to public advertisement, numerous designs were presented, from which was selected the one realized in the beautiful monument before us. It sprang from the brain of a gifted young California artist, at that time studying his profession in Munich, Frank Happersberger, who is here to-day to reap the harvest of his patient labor.

The task of the Committee also is finished, and our reward has come. The long months of waiting and anxious doubt are crowned with success, and when at the close of these ceremonies we shall unveil yonder beautiful figure and surrender its care to the guardians of this lovely spot, we shall feel that the end has nobly crowned our work.

This statue shall stand here not merely as a pleasure to the eye, but men shall draw new strength from the character it portrays and the life it commemorates.

The young man as he looks at it will find fresh inspiration and new courage for the battle of life, when he remembers that this man, born in the humblest circumstances, without wealth or position, reached the highest place in the gift of the people, by his own unaided efforts, and carved his name among the greatest men of the republic.

The soldier will see in it the image of one who loved his country better than life, who flung down his books at the first call, marched to the front and won the highest honors by gallant conduct on the field of battle.

To the foreigner it will say that republics are not ungrateful, but the people love to honor the memory of their faithful servants.

And to every American it will consecrate the memory of a

statesman to whom his country's honor was dearer than his own success, dearer than the victory of his party, in whose heart the fires of patriotism glowed with fervent heat, which no disaster and no discouragement could subdue.

When I first met him he was already a man mature in years and loaded with honors, a leader in the councils of the nation. Of tall, commanding presence and massive frame, he might have looked forward through many years of usefulness and service to a ripe old age of peace and comfort in the memory of a well-spent life; that life so soon, alas! to be cut off in the very prime of his powers. His manner, dignified but kind and gentle as a woman's, won the love even of his political opponents. It was the expression of his great heart, for if ever a man lived "with malice for none, but charity for all," General Garfield was such a man. Constantly joining in the most bitter political warfare, his relations with his adversaries were tinged with no personal animosity, and off the field of battle his friendly relations with them were resumed without a flaw. When his nomination for the Presidency was announced in the House of Representatives his opponents joined in the general congratulations, and rejoiced that so distinguished an honor had fallen on their comrade.

His argument on the floor of Congress was clear, concise and convincing. His long experience in public affairs and his wide reading, coupled with a wonderful memory, placed at his command a store of fact and illustration possessed by few public men. His speeches upon financial and industrial questions were models of practical debate, and were always listened to with respect. Garfield could command the attention of the House, no matter how weary with repetition or how turbulent with political turmoil. Many of his speeches were selected for campaign documents and strewn broadcast over the country, as the political text-books of his party.

Had he possessed these great gifts, and only these, he would have been an illustrious statesman, but there was added to them a higher force, which made him one of the most distinguished orators of the nation. True eloquence, like true poetry, can spring only from the heart. The cold, logical argument must be fused in the fire of the passions before it can reach the glory of eloquence. In Garfield this want was supplied by his warm, impulsive nature, and when aroused he spoke with a

passion that no man then on the floor of Congress could surpass. I have heard many eloquent speakers, but few who could equal him and none who could surpass. When he began to speak he was cool and self-possessed, but as he went on his subject appeared to fill him with new force and he seemed to expand with latent power. Other speakers had full control of all their faculties from the moment they stood upon their feet, but Garfield, fired by his emotions, seemed to gain new strength with every passage till he reached the height of burning eloquence. His very stature seemed to swell to heroic size as he poured forth his impassioned sentences. A marvelous memory furnished an inexhaustible mine of illustration, and gave him a free choice of words, so that it was often said that one of the most striking features of his off-hand speeches was that he always had the right word for the right place.

His statesmanship was broad and generous; while he had no sympathy with demagogism, he always leaned to the side of the poor and the oppressed. Indeed, from his kind and sympathetic nature, he could not do otherwise. Whenever he differed from the policy of his party it was either to advocate a broader and more generous course, or because he believed that policy to be in conflict with the honor of his country. It has been said he lacked courage in politics and did not possess the qualities of a true partisan leader. To a certain extent this is correct. Possessed of keen moral convictions, he could not avoid seeing both sides of every question brought to him for decision. The genuine party leader accepts the policy of his party and follows it to the bitter end. Like the soldier in real warfare, he stands by his colors and fights for his own side. Fighting, he says, may be bad, but if you must fight, stand by your friends, even if sometimes you doubt the wisdom of their policy. This is the argument of the party leader, but Garfield was so constituted he must always look at both sides and weigh the merits of the case, and he sometimes shrank from a policy where, perhaps, he could see much that was good on the side of his adversaries.

At other times his peaceful disposition and desire to reach a settlement that would satisfy all parties, led him to propose measures which were deemed cowardly by the bolder spirits of his party, but he never shrank from an issue for lack of courage. Fearless as when he rode across the field of Chickamauga alone,

through the storm of battle, in the pursuance of his duty, he never hesitated to follow a policy which had secured his conviction. From the moment he saw clearly which way his duty lay, he was bold as a lion in its performance, and threw his whole heart into the fight.

Garfield was a matchless debater. He spoke with great power, and was always listened to with that respect due to sincerity. He brought great strength to whatever cause he advocated, and left his impress on the legislation of the country. Whether, as Executive of the nation, he would have been equally great, whether he could have outlined a policy in which he would have been supported by his party, and his party by the nation, it is idle to speculate. His true greatness lies in his achievements on the floor of Congress, and not in the election to the Presidency. He knew this, and felt a certain sadness that his very success denied him the privilege of a seat in the United States Senate. He said to me after his election: "You may think it strange, but this very success brings with it a certain disappointment. It had been the dream of my life to attain to a seat in the Senate, where Clay and Webster and Calhoun had sat, and to measure myself with the giants of the nation, and I had it in my grasp, but now that is all over, and when my term is closed, I am shelved for life." He felt that the hazardous chances of a popular election often turned upon some accident, some sudden impulse of feeling, while a leadership in the Senate could only be won by an actual trial of strength, and conscious of his ability, he longed to cross lances in that grand arena with the men of tried powers, and prove his title to a place in the roll of the great men of the nation.

But neither the choice of his heart nor the will of the people was destined to be fulfilled. After four short months in the Executive chair he was cut down in the very summer of his strength, and as he lingered through week after week of wasting suffering and waning strength, the sympathy of the whole people was moved, and they yearned for the power to help him. His calmness and patient resignation through his long sickness touched our hearts, and deepened our love for him into reverence, for we felt that with all his greatness he bowed uncomplainingly to the will of a higher power.

As we close this survey of his public life, we ask what one

sentiment gave color to his career. Almost every one of our great statesmen who have left their mark on the times has been distinguished for his loyalty to some one principle. Hamilton devoted his life to the Federal Union, Jefferson to the principle of Democracy, Webster to the maintenance of the Constitution, Calhoun to the cause of State rights, Clay to the promotion of American industry. What was the distinguishing feature of Garfield's life? What passion gave the predominant color to that brilliant career? Devotion to his country was his one abiding, unswerving principle; the mainspring of his life. In early manhood he abandoned his peaceful vocations, hastened to the field and fought for his country's integrity. When that country called for his presence in her councils, he stifled his yearnings for military glory, left the field and battled with equal earnestness in Congress for the policy he deemed necessary for her prosperity and her honor. Patriotism was the constant theme of his speeches in and out of Congress, and his most magnificent bursts of eloquence were in defense of his country and the maintenance of her honor.

I close as I began. It is a happy turn of events that enables us on such a day of patriotic thoughts and aspirations to consecrate this monument to the memory of a man whose life was given to his country's service. Like him, it shall stand serene and dignified, in solemn grandeur, firmly poised on its granite base. The sun of summer may beat upon it, and the winter's storm shall howl about its head in vain, for, like his life, its foundations are deep, strong and enduring. Our work is finished, and we lay down our trust, reposing in the custodians of this public park the care of this ornamental memorial, erected by the voluntary offerings of a grateful people. In the name of American patriotism, I dedicate to the citizens of the great republic this majestic figure of one of her noblest heroes.

At these words, the cord was cut, and the veil was swept from the statue by the breeze. As the figure of Garfield was exposed it was greeted with a salute by the Light Battery, while the band played patriotic airs, and the people expressed their delight in repeated cheers, pressing forward to obtain a nearer view.

This closed the ceremony; the duties of the Committee were substantially ended, and the statue remains in care of the Park Commissioners.

Since the unveiling, death has again made a breach in the numbers of those actively interested in the erection of the monument.

On the 13th of October, 1885, Moses Heller died, while still Treasurer of the Monument Fund. He was a man of large heart, with great public spirit, and the Committee were much indebted to his wise counsels and unflagging interest in its objects.

W. W. Montague was chosen Treasurer in place of Moses Heller.

It may be proper to add that the entire expense of the structure will be about $28,000, of which a portion yet remains in the hands of the Treasurer, sufficient to enclose the statue with an iron fence and a stone walk. When this is expended the work of the Committee will be finished.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. W. HAWKS,

IN THE SENATE OF CALIFORNIA,

On the San Francisco Consolidation Bill.

DELIVERED APRIL 25, 1855.

The Senate in Committee of the Whole having under consideration the bill to consolidate the city and county of San Francisco, and to provide for their local government,

Mr. Hawks of San Francisco, said

MR. PRESIDENT:—I regret exceedingly to occupy at any length the time of the Senate at this late period of the session. when so much business is pressing upon us; but the merits of the bill under consideration, have been presented by my honorable colleague, Mr. Moore, to my mind, in so unfair a manner, and the interests involved in the final passage or defeat of this measure are of such magnitude, that I am induced to hope Senators will bear with me while I endeavor as briefly and succinctly as I can, to present my humble views on this exceedingly perplexed question. And here I will take occasion to remark that I deeply regret the bitter and vindictive opposition which it has pleased my colleague to offer to the passage of this bill, believing, as I do, that his views and feelings upon this subject are in direct conflict with the most vital interests of thousands of his constituents.

My colleague informs us that he has not spoken to any Senator in favor of the bill he wishes to pass in lieu of this. As he says so I presume he has not. But, sir, I *have* spoken to Senators in relation to the bill under consideration. I have appealed to them as earnestly as it was in my nature to do. I have told them of the vital necessity to my constituents for the passage of the consolidation bill. I have told them of its necessity not only to my people, but to their own and to the State at large. I have even appealed to them on the ground of personal friendship to me—(an argument I would never use in connection with so important a measure, did I not think the necessity of the case justified all honorable means,) and I have been met by Senators with the response that "*they regretted to say to me they were already pledged to the bill known as Johnston's Charter.*" Now, sir, I know not who has been "log-rolling" in the Senate chamber. and who has not. I know that I never went into the Assembly hall and attempted to defeat the passage of that charter. I was willing that it should be fairly discussed, and its merits carefully canvassed. I was willing that the bill should pass that our constituents might know that the author was attentive to their interests. and not without sufficient influence with the delegation with whom he served and the house in which he sat to pass a bill that he deemed of so much importance to his constituents. I wished that the two bills might be compared, and the one selected that would be the most conducive to the welfare of the citizens of San Francisco; nay, more, I was willing if the author of the bill should upon a careful consideration prefer this bill, to erase my name from its head and let it appear as his; and I believe one of my colleagues. (Mr. Mahoney.) so intimated to him; for I had no pride in this thing—I only wished that course to be adopted that would best remedy existing evils.

And now, Mr. President, I will endeavor to follow the argument of the Senator, as far as his rambling speech can be called an argument; and I will also try to show the unfair method he has taken to debate this question. He has taken up a copy of the bill as it was originally printed, unamended in any one particular, and has culled from it some deformities in minor matters, and many inconsistencies which necessarily crept into it originally, and gravely argued upon them as though they never had been amended; thus endeavoring to create the impression in the minds of Senators that we wished the bill, in the shape he has

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

presented it, to be swallowed whole by the Senate.

Sir, I have always admired the astute sagacity of my colleague, and never saw it more thoroughly brought into play than it has been in this debate. Second as he is to none in parliamentary tactics—second to none in the skillful sounding of the depths and shallows of the human heart, he has brought all his artillery to bear, not to kill the bill by argument, but to choke it down by creating a false impression with regard to it. Now, sir, it is simply my task to show, if I can, that we are asking this Senate to pass no series of monstrosities. Nor are we endeavoring to fasten upon the people of the city and county of San Francisco a measure against their inclinations and against their interests.

To return to the Senator's argument, I must be pardoned for remarking in the outset that his mode of reasoning reminds me of the Irishman's mode of manufacturing a cannon, which was to find a long hole and pour molten brass around it. My colleague has found the hole, and abundant is the brass he has poured around it. What he lacks in argument he makes up in bold assertion, and if a necessarily desultory reply to a desultory argument is mainly confined to the minor provisions of the bill, it is because the Senator has not touched upon the merits of the bill, nor the principles it involves. Not unlike a curious fish that is found in the waters of the Atlantic, the "cuttle fish," I believe, which when hard pressed by some ravenous enemy of his species, has a faculty of clouding the water around him with an inky juice emitted from his body, and while his adversary is thus blinded, escapes to the depths below. So the Senator has enveloped the Senate in a fog with regard to this bill, and there left its discussion.

We are told sir, in the outset, that not a single individual in San Francisco has been consulted with regard to this measure. Now sir, I take the liberty of declaring that on my last visit to San Francisco, a few days since, there was not a man of influence or respectability with whom I conversed, except office holders, who did not agree with me that the plan proposed in this bill was the only salvation of the city from utter ruin, and who did not appear anxious for its passage. If we take the public press as an index of the feelings and views of the community, we find that with the exception of the *Evening Journal*, they have all warmly advocated this measure; and I cannot believe that the editor of that paper, who is a sensible man, could have carefully perused the bill before he penned the article which appeared in his paper with reference to it.

The Senator finds a great objection to the bill, in that, as he asserts, there is no opportunity for the city of San Francisco to sue or defend any suits yet to be commenced, if we annul the charter and blend the rights of the city with those of the county. I will simply refer the Senate to the fourth section of the bill, and it will find that had the Senator read the amendments to that section, which he studiously avoided mentioning, he would have shown the Senate that ample Constitutional provisions are therein made to cover his objection.

Again, my colleague objects to the scheme of the seven Supervisors, to take charge of the affairs of the county, on the ground that a bare majority of seven is a two-thirds vote, and hence the veto power destroyed. Without criticising his arithmetic, I would simply state that had he waited for the reading of the amendments, he would have found that ten were provided for; and that the present boundaries of the wards were undisturbed. each being entitled to one, the county outside of them to one, and the county at large to a President of the whole Board, who is to have a veto power. Had he read the bill and amendments more thoroughly, he would also have found that the Councilmen provided for were simply elected for the purpose of a double check on bad legislation, in the shape of a second veto power over the first one. If he can adduce any good reason, founded either in law, sense or policy, why this provision should be stricken out. I will cheerfully support an amendment from him to that effect. Had he read and weighed the section as amended, he would have saved himself some labor and the Senate some time.

Again, sir, we find the Hon. Senator objecting to another minor clause in the bill, with regard to forty policemen not being sufficient. Had he looked at the amended bill, he would have found that it provides fifty, and if that number is not amply sufficient, I will cheerfully support him in an amendment to increase it. He also might have seen a further amendment, to the effect that a policeman shall not be discharged except for incapacity or malfeasance proved upon a filed complaint with the Board.

Finally, sir, he really finds a Constitutional objection. He tells us that all taxes must, by the Constitution, be uniform; and inasmuch as a special tax is levied upon special property to pay the interest upon a public debt incurred by the owners of that property, that tax is unconstitutional. Well, sir, it is the misfortune of the Supreme Court of the State to differ with my profound and learned colleague upon that point. That Court has decided in effect, that this applies to a State tax levied upon all the property in the State, upon the Constitutionally assessed value of such property; but it cannot be interpreted to apply to taxes upon property levied for the purpose of paying debts specially incurred by the owners of that property. If the Constitution could be construed in this manner, a county tax levied in El Dorado county at 1½ per cent. would be unconstitutional, if the tax of Sierra were 1 per cent., or that would be unconstitutional if the Nevada county tax were 2 per cent., &c. This has been in effect ruled upon by the Supreme Court, in The People *ex relatione* the Attorney General vs. Nagle.

Again, sir, we find that the Senator is alarmed for the Pueblo rights of the city. He says tha

the abolition of the charter will abolish her Pueblo rights. Why, sir, he surely will not seriously deny that this Pueblo right was conferred long before the charter was granted, and was no more intact then, than it will remain after the charter is taken away. They are two distinct grants and privileges, and cannot by any legislative enactment be blended the one with the other.

And now, Mr. President, we come to the Senator's complaint that by this bill we are taking the corruption of the city, and throwing it into the present pure stream of the county affairs, against the county's wish.—No, sir. We propose to draw the city out of the corrupting influences that at present surround her. We propose to throw aside and abjure this disgusting mass of trickery and corruption and fraud; we propose to strike into a thousand atoms the intricate wheels and levers of this infernal machine called a charter, under whose terrible operations the life blood has been drawn, the energies have been crushed, and the prosperity destroyed of the fairest city on the Pacific coast. We propose to annihilate that dreadful engine, to the mournful music of whose workings fraud has stalked abroad in the light of day; infamy has carried on its unblushing revels, and honest toil and enterprise have gradually pursued their feeble and tottering steps to destruction. We propose, sir, not to inflict this curse upon the county, but having turned the stream of reform through the rank pollution of that vast Augean stable, we propose to place the city, regenerated and newly born, under a simple and economical county government. This, sir, is what the bill proposes to do. And I ask, sir, in the name of oppressed thousands, whose enterprise to themselves at present is as nothing, and whose prosperity is blighted, that this bill may pass.

With characteristic fairness, sir, my colleague further goes on to say that I propose to throw a debt of fifteen hundred thousand or two millions of dollars upon the shoulders of the county. Now, sir, had the Senator in the course of his argument, dwelt longer upon the 38th section of the bill, than merely to prate about its unconstitutionality, he would have informed the Senate that special provision is made against any such injustice to the county. He would have pointed out that the tax necessary to be levied to meet the interest upon the old funded debt of the city, and that proposed to be funded by this bill, together with the sinking funds provided for the gradual liquidation of the principal on both debts, is specially levied upon property within the limits of the now city; and so far from doing an injustice to the county, he would have informed the Senate that the city is compelled, under this bill, to pay, through her county tax, her proportion of the interest and sinking fund of the present funded debt of the county.

The Senator further argues that the county is doing well enough, and needs no change in her government. He tells us that the very men who have been managing the affairs of the city, and driven her to bankruptcy, have managed the affairs of the county perfectly well. I ask, sir, no stronger argument in my favor. It is because this county government is so simple, that opportunities of fraud do not occur; that even the men who have ruined the city, have been powerless to rob the county.—We propose, sir, to put the city under that same simple government. Its policy has well been tested.

This, sir, is not a question as to which is the best charter to give that city. It is as to the theory of giving her any charter at all. If she could be entrusted with any charter, I freely admit that I believe in my heart none could be better than that draughted by my colleague in the Lower House, (Mr. Johnston.) But no charter will cure her of her deadly malady.—There is a poisonous ulcer eating into the heart of that fair city, that all the salves and unguents spread upon the face of a charter cannot heal. No plaster will effect a cure. If it were a good charter, it might for a time hide from view the hideous mass of festering corruption that is teeming there, and perhaps kindle in the bosoms of some few despairing sufferers a faint hope of happier days, better never to be kindled for the happiness of the waking hour of the deluded dreamers. No plaster will cure that ulcer, but the knife! the knife! must be applied, and the ulcer *must* be eradicated. The *bore-worm* has eaten into that city's heart until its caverns but return a hollow echo of its once healthful palpitations. Radical, thorough and sweeping reform is needed, and will alone save her from perdition. The surgeon's knife must be applied, or political and financial mortification will surely ensue.

Sir, I have known that city since she was nothing more than a modest collection of frame houses and canvass tents. I have seen her progress over all obstacles. The Fire King has been no stop to her. The pestilence has not barred her path to glory; the energies of her people have laughed to scorn calamity, disaster and death, in their resistless march of improvement. But, alas! it was reserved for internal treachery to render futile her energies, and convert her splendor into mockery—a mockery the more bitter from the surpassing beauty of the monument which perpetuates it. It is urged that under a charter government she has attained to her present grandeur! It is so; for up to this time, honest enterprise has outweighed the machinations of plotting and corrupt officials. They have at last, however, brought down their victim, and all bleeding and panting, it lies at the feet of its conquerors. Enterprise in San Francisco has at length been weighed in the balance against rascality, and enterprise has been found wanting.

If the streets of San Francisco are lined with lordly palaces, what are they? Splendid specimens of architecture, but utterly worthless, profitless and a tax to their owners. There they stand in their gloomy magnificence, hollow, yet threatning phantoms of departed power and prosperity. If her thorough-

fares are thronged with gay and gorgeous equipages, the wheels of those equipages Mr President, are gilded with the hard earned gold of the tax-paying mechanic, who never asks for an office of plunder, and those who drive the pampered horses are the very Jehus who have driven that once prosperous city to despair and ruin. No. sir, reform a radical reform is needed, and no charter will accomplish it Why, sir. property at the present time will not pay in San Francisco beyond the taxes, two per cent. upon its value, when invested in real estate. The taxes in many instances upon property, amount to more than the value of the property, converted into money would bring on bond and mortgage in the market.—And what has brought us to this state of things? This intricate system of government: affording a thousand chances for plunder, and yet a thousand cloaks to hide the Caitiff who robs a trusting people. This duplicate set of officers, officials, hangers on, loafers, whippers in and general plunderers. And shall it be said that longer, that oppressed people are to endure this scourge, because the measure proposed as a remedy is called bold and revolutionary?—Why, sir, thare have been bolder strokes of policy than this; there have been revolutions before to-day, and they have been found efficacious. And there has been too, timidity on the eve of ruin. There has been holding back until even boldness was of no avail and the nerveless hands of weak indecision have been known to rear a melancholy monument over the grave of hope and prosperity.

Will Senators not reflect that in their votes there sleeps the power to arrest this mighty vampire in its drain upon the life blood not of San Francisco, but of the State?—for San Francisco is its heart. Will they not embrace the sensible and plain proposition that this evil must of the nature of things, if longer allowed to exist, vibrate and be terribly felt among their own constituents? Do they not know that if their sea-port town does not prosper. neither can they? That if the merchant of San Francisco cannot afford to keep his rows of warehouses stored with produce and merchandise for the miner's consumption, their constituents must suffer?—and if the credit facilities of the mining merchant are withheld in San Francisco, the miner himself becomes less prosperous and consequently less useful as a citizen, and it naturally follows that the yield of our staple diminishes, and then not only our State, but our national prosperity also? I hope that these considerations will sink deeply into the minds of Senators. Before they withhold their support from this measure on the ground of its being radical and revolutionary, I trust they will pause and consider well.

Much has been said, sir, by my colleague about this enormous outrage about to be inflicted on the county against her will; about the citizens of the county refusing to obey any such law, and hurling defiance at the representative who dared to advocate it. He tells us it is monstrous and unnatural; that it is. to use his own forcible figure. like wedding life with death. Perhaps, sir. it may be. but it cannot but be a happy wedding, when the bridegroom death is thousands, and the bride who saves him is but hundreds. I am not afraid, sir, to meet my constituents on this question. I am not fearful of being suspected of designing an injury to the citizens of the county. My course the other day. sir, on a bill which received its death-blow under the arbitrary influence of the "previous question," when I placed my body in the breach and received the arrows of contumely, in endeavoring to carry out their wishes, should shield me from such a suspicion. If the people of the city could be injured by this bill, then indeed have I been dreaming with regard to the interests of my constituents.

No sir, we propose no wrong to the county. By this bill we levy a tax of one and one-eighth per cent., on the assessed value of property throughout the county. That tax, sir, though it will contribute to the keeping up of the constabulary force, and other municipal regulations of the city is lighter than the tax now paid by the citizens of the county, no part of which is appropriated to any city purpose. If there is inequity in lightening a tax this is inequitable to the county.

I desire sir, to call the attention of the Senate to the fact that this bill provides for funding the legal and equitable debt of the city. It is necessary that the debt of San Francisco should he funded This is the only bill before either branch of the Legislature which provides for such funding. The bill now lying on the Secretary's desk, cannot. in my opinion, be so amended as to meet the wants of the tax payers, however well it might accomplish the ends of scrip holders, brokers and speculators. The funding provision in this bill, I believe to be as just and reasonable as any that could be drafted. It prevents the possibility of forgeries being funded, and ascertains that which is the equitable as well as the legal debt of the city—proposing at the same time, a rate of interest which I believe is generally approved by the citizens of the city. This fact, sir, it appears to me should commend the bill to the favorable consideration of the Senate, and I trust sir, it will.

Now, Mr. President, in a few words I will have done. Upon this bill I have expended all my energies, and any ability I may possess. I am conscientious in my belief that it will relieve a tax-ridden people, and once more raise the drooping head of many a worthy, enterprising and industrious man long bowed down in sorrow and care under the killing weight of

the incubus of misrule. I believe that under its influence the sun of prosperity will once more dawn upon that benighted city—that smiles will sit upon faces where sadness is now painted, and deep and heartfelt curses will be turned to joyous laughter. It is my best effort—and I can do no more for my constituents. Nor is it mine alone. The bill is replete with many wise provisions, which are the suggestions of my colleagues, Messrs. Mahoney and Flint. It has been carefully matured and subjected to the revision of some of the ablest lawyers, and most expert financiers of California. It is the production of days and weeks of toil, and honest study—and my colleagues and myself respectfully submit it to the Senate as our joint production—in the welfare of which we feel an equal interest, and for the policy of which we are equally responsible, collectively and individually.

Pass this bill, sir, and like a tree lopped of its useless dying branches which but serve to draw from it its vitality, prosperity will once more spring up in the city of San Francisco.

PANSPERMY vs. ABIOGENY.

or

(SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.)

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE BERKELEY CLUB.

BY

J. H. SMYTH.

OAKLAND, CAL.
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE EVENING TRIBUNE.
1880.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

PANSPERMY VS. ABIOGENY.

or

(SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.)

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE BERKELEY CLUB.

BY

J. H. SMYTH.

OAKLAND, CAL.
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE EVENING TRIBUNE.
1880.

PANSPERMY vs. ABIOGENY.

The discussion between the Panspermatists and the Abiogenists, and its results, is worthy of the closest attention, dealing, as it does, with that world which is invisible to our unaided eyesight, yet surrounds us on every hand; is present, as germs at least, in the air we breathe and in the water of which we partake, and is the primary cause of many of the diseases with which we are afflicted; that world, to the industry of whose minute forms of animal and vegetable life man is indebted, on the other hand, for many of the necessaries and luxuries he obtains, and for material aid in rendering the earth inhabitable by him.

This subject is selected in view of the fact that it will permit a review of the practical tests which science exacts before accepting, authoritatively, any given theory, no matter how plausable such theory may be, however ably it be sustained or how numerous may be its supporters.

The review will afford a basis from which to estimate the value of an adopted scientific conclusion, will give an idea of the beginning and cause of life—subjects which are now occupying the minds of the ablest scientific workers in the domain of Biology, and will clearly point out the benefits the world at large has derived, and may further derive, from apparently valueless experiments, from studies and occupations, which the uninformed consider practically useless.

For centuries the world was indebted to Aristotle for the belief that eels spontaneously originated in the mud of rivers and marshes. In fact there is a work still extant, published in the seventeenth century, I believe, in which directions are given for the production of mice, frogs, eels, etc.

The old idea prevalent among the Abiogenists for at least 1800 years and, till within a very few years, entertained by many very able men, was that life might proceed from that which had no life. On the other hand, the Panspermatists *adopted* the aphorism, "No life, without antecedent life."

Prior to the seventeenth century, the school-men, or so-called students of science, appear to have sought in the study of nature the marvelous rather than the true. And we are led to believe that they thought scientific truths unworthy of that serious attention and persistent labor which science requires of her successful devotees. All was accepted on the faith of some celebrated name, or on the commonly accepted opinions of the time. That which they pursued with avidity was the extraordinary or supernatural, or rather, that which so appeared. They seemed to have believed it derogatory to their position to observe attentively the thousand natural effects which take place before our eyes every day, And it seems to have taken centuries to perceive that, to explain the extraordinary phenomena which nature presents, it was necessary first to understand the cause of the ordinary and common. The oscillations of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of a church, the falling of an apple from a tree, are facts very simple in themselves; nevertheless it was from the observation of these simple facts, so long treated with disdain, that men of genius deduced the principal laws of nature, with which we are now familiar. It was the observation of facts such as these which led them to the most useful discoveries—discoveries of which science to-day is deservedly proud. From this period on, the savant, little by little, began to study nature; by and by, questions were put direct, experiments were instituted, and, by continued effort, aided sometimes by chance, valuable and precious secrets were wrested from nature, resulting in the grand achievements pervading the industrial arts.

The first serious blow that the Abiogenists received was at the hands of Francisco Redi, physician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In 1668, Redi not only staggered the belief in "spontaneous generation," but laid the foundation for the only true mode of testing the truth of any given theory in science, to-wit: practical test. The foundation which he then laid has to this day been preserved and followed by *all* experimental scientists.

He did not enter into extended speculations, but attacked a particular case of so-called "spontaneous generation," by a simple experiment. It was maintained by the advocates of "spontaneous generation," and generally believed by the world at large, that maggots were spontaneously generated in putrid meat. Redi placed pieces of meat in two vessels, one of which he left exposed to the air. This vessel, in a short time, swarmed with maggots. In the

other, which was exposed in the same way to the air, but covered with folds of fine gauze, although putrefication set in, there were no maggots, but blow-flies deposited eggs on the gauze, and there grubs and maggots hatched. This demolished the theory of spontaneous generation, so far as maggots were concerned.

The result of Redi's labors and experiments caused a revolution in the minds of naturalists, and from thence down to 1748 it seems to have been the generally accepted idea among scientists at least that the old dogma was erroneous. About this period improved glasses brought into view the smaller life, and Needham and Buffon opened the question anew, holding that, while it might be true that the subjects of Redi's experiments were born of parents like themselves, yet it was questionable that his hypothesis applied to the infusorial animalcula.

In 1750, Needham published the result of his experiments, alleging that, although he had boiled his infusions and corked them up tightly and covered his jars with hot ashes, nevertheless animalcula appeared, asserting as a well known fact that all germs were destroyed at 120° F.

The whole question was opened up anew by taking a step upward toward the source of the stream of life. At this point the celebrated Abbe Spallanzani, junior fellow student of Harvey, took up the subject and replied to Needham and Buffon's experiments, alleging that they had not heated the infusions sufficiently or excluded the air. Spallanzani was the first to annunciate the fact that the air of our atmosphere bears with it everywhere the germs of infusorial animalcula and other organic forms. He also showed, from actual experiments, that the germs survived the heat and length of time to which they were exposed in the "Needham and Buffon" experiments, and that they did not pay sufficient attention to closing the jars, after subjecting their liquids to the boiling process, to exclude the germs in the surrounding atmosphere. He proved that, when the infusion was hermetically sealed while in a state of ebullition, no animalcula appeared therein afterwards, although retained for months in an atmosphere highly favorable to such development.

The result of the labors of Spallanzani in this field of experiment was that commerce became possessed of the secret, to a certain extent, of preserving fruits, vegetables, meats, etc., for the markets of the world. To him is due the credit of laying the foundation of that

vast branch of commerce which has since expanded over the world, and, thanks to the labors of recent experimental scientists, now employs such perfect processes that food may be served as fresh and as delicate at the poles or at the tropics as though it came direct from the slaughter-house or the garden.

All beings visible to the eye, without exception, receive life from parents and belong to the same species as their parents. There is no other mode of generating a particular species. The smallest infusoria and the most rudimentary vegetables are the only beings the origin of which, till within the last few years, appeared mysterious.

Let us briefly describe a few of the larger of these invisible animals, selecting one of a particular class:

The ciliated infusoria are so called from having longitudinal rows or allignel hairs, like eye-lashes, on the outer surface of their bodies; these hairs, or cilia, they use like oars, propelling themselves by their rapid motion. In size they vary from one-fifteen-thousandth to one-twenty-thousandth of an inch in length, and in thickness from one-thirty-thousandth to one-forty-thousandth of an inch. The details of their organizations are known with sufficient precision. We know that they have a stomach, a liver, etc., and well developed organs of reproduction. An observant philosopher fed them with colored substances, and detected the sustenance passing along the intestinal canals.

It is among these that are found what are called "Colpods," carniverous infusoria; very common, voracious, very quick, and in shape somewhat like a kidney bean. The "Monads," which are met with much oftener and are of much simpler structure, are much smaller. They most often appear as an agile point or speçk. They are not well known, as their diminutive size conceals, or rather dissimulates, their internal organization. The largest of this class are well known. It would require 60,000 of them, ranged in file to cover an inch in length. They resemble an oak nut, split at the point, which is the mouth. They are armed with a flail, or horn, serving in the double capacity of seizing food and in striking the water with a rapid vibratory movement, which propels them. The body is covered with very small glandules, which grow larger and larger, till they become detached, becoming young beings like the parent. This process is called propagation by budding or gemmation. The monad is voracious, always in motion, except when feeding.

In descending the scale of animal life, we mee tthe family called vibriones. The individuals of this family are reduced to very slender filaments, separated into a namber of parts or jointed bodies attached together, end to end; or rod-like segments breaking off, each piece so breaking off being endowed with life, multiplies as the parent, lengthening out and dividing again, and so on. This seems to be a prolific mode and, at the same time a convenient way of multiplying. It seems to be the only way they propagate, ~~but may possibly not be the only way they propagate~~, but may possibly not be the only resource of the vibriones. They are without head or tail, having no symmetrical form at either end, They seem to be deprived of all *apparent* organs. They are one of the primitive beings. They may with equal propriety, be classed either in the animal or vegetable kingdom; nevertheless, they feed like an animal and are endowed with the power of locomotion, and from the manner of executing those movements they are divided into three classes—" Bacteries," " Vibriones," and "Spirals."

Bacteria appear to be stiff-jointed bodies, balancing themselves in one piece. Vibriones are flexible, and endowed with power of movement like snakes or worms. Spirals resemble a cork-screw and travel spirally, like a screw put in motion.

The vegetable kingdom furnishes us with microscopic funguiods or mushrooms. If we expose a piece of bread in a damp, shady place, in a short time mycelium, or filamentous threads of these molds, will imbed themselves in the tissues of the bread, and soon stalks will grow out. This, to the naked eye, is what is called mold or must. Under the microscope, stems and branches appear, and on these branches are beads of spores, which, when mature, become detached and are carried off in the air. This mycelium, or mold, is supposed to be a transformation from another life, called Torula, or yeast plant, which left spores in the leaven of the bread.

Another common mold is *Oidium Tuckeri* (vine mildew), the ravages of which are so well known; and another is that which causes the potatoe-rot, called *Botrytus infectans*.

The germs of these low fungi are easily sown, multiply with extraordinary rapidity, and attack everything—oats, as rusts, rye, as ergots or speers, ground worms, honey bees, silk worms, etc.

One degree lower yet in the vegetable kingdom we meet with beings still more mysterious, by reason of the mission which is reserved

for them. These are called "Ferments." Their nature and characteristics were discovered in 1836 by Cagniau de la Tour, who found that common yeast is composed of a vast accumulation of minute plants. When this discovery was announced, Liebig laughed at the idea. But the conclusions of De la Tour have been confirmed by the researches of Helmholtz.

To the naked eye, it is a yellowish bubbling, a kind of lees or dregs, formed in making beer. When we take, with the point of a needle, one of these small particles or vegetable germs and place it in a liquid containing a good deal of sugar, a particle of azotite and phosphate, it multiplies like any herb in fertile soil. In fact, it is an herb of the mushroom family, called *Torula cerevisie*, which, under the microscope, presents a mass of round, globular forms, without any particular interior organization; it is a simple cell, possessing a cell wall, which is a thin membrane formed of the original matter. These cells are about the one-six-thousandth of an inch in diameter and smaller. They multiply by budding on different parts of the surface. The bud enlarges till it resembles the primitive globule, detaches and reproduces itself, and so on. They are usually seen in chains or clustered groups. This torula, or ferment, is not the only one known. Almost every day chemistry discovers new and analagous species, and recognizes that to each individual form is exclusively due special chemical action, which transforms by fermentation an enormous mass of natural substances.

Helmholtz, as early as 1843, revealed the character of ferments and the agent which produces putrefication. By means of a membrane, he separated a sterilized putrescible liquid from a putrifying one. The sterilzed infusion remained perfectly inact—thus showing that it was not the liquid which could freely diffuse through the membrane, but something contained in the liquid that was stopped by the membrane that caused putrefaction—a solid material.

Thus to take a very common and fair illustration, the making of "barm," called in the Eastern States "bread rising," and in the West "milk rising." This is done by taking a little warm water (blood heat), a little milk, a very small quantity of salt, soda and sugar. Here we have all the chemical elements to call into active life the germinal ferments or yeast plant, which soon begins to multiply at such a rate (in a proper temperature, say, 65° to 85° F.), that it is sometimes difficult to keep it within bounds. The milk has

heretofore formed part of a living animal, and supplies the nutriment that calls into active life these "torula," which feed upon the phosphoric acid and on the alkalies contained in the salt and soda, inducing putrefaction, the presence of which is easily detected by the odor it omits. The greater and more offensive the smell, the better the rising.

The question of "spontaneous generation," so-called, was revived from time to time, and arguments pro and con adduced, which had the effect only of removing the discussion to the outer limit of observation, by means of the improved powers of the microscope and other appliances.

In 1836 Schultze published his experiments, in which, after boiling his infusions, he allowed the common air to pass in through the tubes, in which he had placed concentrated sulphuric acid; no life appeared.

In 1837 experiments of a like nature were conducted by Schwan, introducing calcined air, with like results—no life.

The question remained thus until 1858 (except the researches of Schroeder, in 1854.)

In 1858 Pouchet read a paper before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, detailing his researches in this department, and asserting, as an authoritative fact, that the air did not contain germs of infusorial life. His position in the scientific world gave great prominence to his utterances and reasoning. From the year 1858 till about the year 1864 the battle between the Abiogenists and Panspermatists raged quite fiercely.

Those who maintained that "*life*" existed without "antecedent" "*life*" were represented, among many others, by Pouchet, Joley, Musset, Montagazzie, Gauthier, Jeffreys Wyman of Cambridge, Drs. Bennett and Child.

Those who adopted the aphorism of "No life without antecedent life," were led by Pasteur, Milne Edwards, Quaterfages, Dumas, Claude Bernard, Coste, Payen, Lacaze Duthiers, Lennoire, Prof. Grateolet and Gerbe, *et al.*

Pouchet brought into requisition an invention of his own, which he called an aeroscope, and claimed that it would arrest all particles floating in the air, no matter how diminutive. Armed with this instrument, he examined the dust that penetrated the respiratory cavities of man and beast—the dust accumulating for centuries in the

oldest cathedrals of the continent of Europe, that in public halls, theatres, hospitals; crossed the oceans, ascended the highest mountains, stood at the edge of the craters of Vesuvius and Etna, and penetrated the oldest tombs of Egypt—yet nowhere did he find the spores or germs of infusorial life, or anything approaching vegetative germs. His aeroscope caught and retained quantities of inorganic debris, hairs of all colors and kinds, feathers, and such-like organic matters.

The trouble was that his instrument was practically useless for such purposes, as the sequel will show. It was incapable of retaining matter so small as the germs of infusorial life.

Pasteur, without traveling all over the world, found them in quantities in almost any place. The proof that they existed is that he saw them, caught them, and exhibited them.

The particulars are detailed in his papers, published in 1862, "On the Organized Corpuscles Existing in the Atmosphere."

He collected the floating particles in the air of his labratory, and subjected them to microscopic examination; sowed them in sterilized infusions and obtained abundant crops of microscopic organisms.

So marked was the impression made on the minds of able scientists by the reasoning and detailed experiments (other than those mentioned) of Pouchet, and his numerous and able coadjutants in the meetings of the Academy of Science of France, that Dumas, when he learned that his former pupil, Pasteur, was about to engage in the controversy, wrote to him, expressing the hope that he would not lose much time in the unprofitable, endless and unsolvable problem.

The pupil had at this time become the master in such matters.

Pasteur took up the subject, and from his studies and experience in relation to the preservation of wine, was well qualified to do it justice, and to solve the problem in a manner acceptable to science, to-wit: by practical tests.

In his previous studies in relation to the wine interests, he found that fermentation never took place when the must was brought in contact with germless air. The grape being sealed by its own skin, he extracted from the interior its pure juice; and proved that in contact with pure air it never acquires the power to ferment itself, nor to produce fermentation in other liquids. Here was a problem to solve. But as usual he was equal to the occasion. He found that about the

time the fruit becomes ripe, nature steps in and supplies the necessary little microscopic particles, which adhere to the outer surface of the grape, and to the delicate twigs which support the grape.

He brushed this parasitic dust into the inert juice of the grape, and three or four days after observed the torula budding and sprouting, accompanied by all the usual signs of fermentation.

This ferment is a parasite of the grape, and differs somewhat from other ferments belonging to the fermenting family.

Thus we see that nature is responsible for fermented liquors. And I call the attention of temperance societies to the consideration of where the responsibility rests.

In this germ-theory investigation, Pasteur was fundemental and exhaustive of the whole subject in all the varied phases in which it could be presented. His argument and idea throughout was that nature did not change her method at the outermost fringe of organized being.

Buffon's hypothesis of "organic molecules" lent force to the idea and results of the experiments of the Abiogenists, or believers in spontaneous generation. Claude Bernard and Fremey, in particular, revived the idea of Buffon, termed "Biogenesis," which held that life under one form might be continued under another; that the fragments of one life, animal or plant, after disintegration, continued their existence under such dissociated form. The form only is destroyed, the life continues.

According to this idea the "organic molecules" of animal or plant are not dead, but ready to manifest their vitality by the macerating action of water. "Bernard" "*Revue des Science Modern*," September 15, 1864, thus affirms this as a scientific fact as follows:

"*Quand on enleve une portion quelquonque a un vegetal, ov a un animal, elle cesse de vivre: alors ces elements organique redeviennent libres, et ie part de vie qu'iles possedaient s'affranchit de la solidarite qui les liait a l'ensemble d'ou on les a tires. De collective elle devient alors individuelle; elle s'emploi a anime des vibrions, &c., et ces etres, qui prennent naissance par la decomposition d'une vie anterieure vivant separament si les circonstances les favorisant.*"

As we will see, this "molecular hypothesis" has been entirely exploded. It was only a convenient way of bridging the chasm of our ignorance of nature's laws. These molecules are simply food for infusorial life.

But to return to Pasteur. He transported sixty prepared flasks containing fluid highly susceptible to putrefactive action, to a meadow at the base of the Jura, and there opened twenty of his flasks by nipping off the ends of the curved extensions, allowing free contact with ordinary air for a few seconds, and then hermetically sealed them up. Upon examination, after two or three days, eight out of the twenty were found contaminated with "infusorial life." Twenty others were exposed in a like manner on a plateau about midway up the chain and found five of the twenty flasks impregnated with spores which developed in a short time into active "Bacteria." The remaining twenty (all these flasks chosen at hazard) were carried up to the summit of Mount Blanc and opened on the Mer-de-glace (taking care that the person did not come between the glass globes and the course of the wind). Only one of the twenty became impregnated, and this one only by mucedines or mildew, thereby showing the intimate relation between the purity of the atmosphere and the germs of infusorial life. This result impressed on his mind the necessity of experimenting and making practical tests in an atmosphere devoid of germs, which he followed out as we will hereafter see.

We have seen that eight were impregnated on the plains, five on the Jura, and only one at the foot of the snows of Mont Blanc. This showed that common, uncontaminated air does not always develop life in solutions highly fitted for such development. (Pouchet repeated these experiments on the Pyrenees with opposite results.) If the Abiogenetic theory was true, under all such circumstances, and at all times and places, life would be developed. All of these flasks after sealing were preserved for days and months at a temperature of 85° F. and examined at various times.

Having observed and studied the effect of the purity of the air, remote from infectious particles, Pasteur now transferred his experiments to the crowded world of Paris. Under the Paris Observatory are a number of caves, or cellars, where the dust is undisturbed by currents of air, and where all solid matter, at least, is in repose. Here he introdueed his flasks, containing all kinds of material highly fitted for the sustenance and production of life, if what was claimed by the then so-called Heterogenists was true. These flasks, having been properly heated, in order to destroy all existing germs, and sealed up by a blow pipe, were left in these cellars several days, in order to allow the subsidence of any particles or spores that might

have been disturbed or brought in by their introduction. Subsequently the flasks were opened in this still atmosphere and allowed to communicate freely with the surrounding air, then closed and preserved for months in a temperature highly adapted to induce life. None was found, the liquids did not present a single trace of putrefaction.

Having become convinced that the air was charged with the germs of infusorial life, and that when precautions were taken to exclude the germs, life never appeared, the Abiogenists assumed, without contradiction, at that time, that all bacteria were destroyed when subjected to a heat of 140° F. Yet they found by experiment that similar organisms constantly appeared and rapidly multiplied within closed flasks containing organic fluids, although their flasks and their contents had been previously exposed to a temperature of 212° F. Again, others hermetically closed the necks of flasks during ebullition; afterwards subjected them to a heat varying from 212° to 300° F., and found, after they had been left a few days under favorable conditions, bacteria were developed. The only conclusion that could be arrived from this was that they originated "*de novo*."

The ablest minds in the scientific world became now profoundly interested, and occupied themselves in these investigations. The highest powers of the microscope, coupled with the best methods, had failed, up to this point, to observe the germs of bacteria, though their existence was proved beyond question by experimental evidence, as they were seen coming into view as they grew. Pasteur, as usual equal to all emergencies, took up the subject at the point where the microscope was precluded from following. He presented the world with a physical demonstration of the existence of immeasurable, minute molecules of matter (the indispensable precursors of bacteria in sterilized infusions, and utterly beyond the reach of the most powerful combination of lenses then constructed) by the use of the concentrated luminous beam, which led, in 1863–64, to the scientific determination of the existence and nature of bacteria germs. He says (*Annales de Chemie et de Physique*, p. 56): "This infusorium is so small that one could not distinguish its germs, and still less affirm the presence of such germs amongst the organized corpuscles belonging to the dust in suspension, in the atmosphere."

He proceeded with his experiments in other modes and forms in his laboratory. He prepared a number of flasks containing varied

solutions highly fitted to propagate life, boiled the infusions and heated the flasks to a red heat, sealed the necks and allowed them to cool. After cooling, he allowed calcined air (after the manner of Schswann and Schultze) to enter. No life resulted. Other flasks he opened immediately over the flame of a spirit lamp, so that no air entered except such as had come in contact with the flame. Still no life. Pasteur maintained that the solid particles in the air were the germs which produced the life, and that those particles were something that burned.

He was now answered by the opposing ranks. In thus operating, you certainly burned the germs which might have been in the air; "but are you sure you did not destroy at the same time some vivifying quality of the air, some unknown principle which might be the efficacious cause of 'spontaneous generation,' a species of seminal air, non-analyzed and non-analyzable. We, therefore, cannot admit your conclusions as correct, unless you show us the same results in renouncing the use of fire, acids, and of all substances that can possibly alter the physiological properties of the air."

To meet these objections Pasteur now adopted another series of experiments.

He passed the ends of glass "U" tubes through a window shutter into the street about 12 feet from the ground, connected inside with glass jars containing the infusions necessary to produce life. After boiling the infusions, and while in a state of ebullition, he plugged the neck with soluble cotton, in order to intercept the spores or germs floating in the air, which he renewed several times a day for two months. Thus treated there was no semblance or appearance of infusorial life in the jars, although maintained at a uniform temperature of about 86° F—the temperature admitted by all to be most competent to induce and sustain life in these organisms.

He noticed the cotton stoppers were soiled by the particles floating in the air which they had intercepted. He dissolved the cotton-wool, examined the intercepted matter under the microscope, and found a number of organisms, identical with spores of molds and eggs of infusoria—bodies which were already classified and known. He proved that these germs were competent to give life, by sowing them in sterilized infusions, which soon produced abundant and varied infusorial life, such as is common in exposed infusions. While this population was being developed, little by little the germs

out of which they sprang disappeared by degrees. This proved that germs existed in the air, and that its incompetency to produce life was not due to any occult change effected in the constituents of the air, since the cotton-wool through which it was strained could not alter those constituents. Hence we have a perfect demonstration.

First—That air is not the source of life.

Second—That the germs intercepted by the stoppers were the source of life, and were in the air.

He again tried a very simple experiment which is an answer to all heterogenic objections. He renounced the use of the long U or curved tubes, and used glass jars with narrow necks, containing the same liquids, which he boiled for a short time. When the escaping steam had cleansed the air in the jars and swept out all solid matter, he closed the neck with heated pincers. After cooling, the liquid was found to remain pure without life of any kind, and without alteration for an indefinite time. Some of the jars were opened for a few seconds, by nipping off a piece of the neck, thus allowing contact with the surrounding atmosphere. These few seconds of exposure were not sufficient to people these infusions with varied kinds of life.

On some occasions one kind was found, on others another, but when the jars were exposed for any length of time, they were found peopled with colpodes, bacteria, etc.

The solutions best adapted are fresh urine, macerated hay, or vegetables of any kind, milk, blood, meat, or any organic solution.

We can form some idea of the influence on even the scientific mind of the Abiogenetic theory that had prevailed, when we read the review of Bastian's work, published in *Nature*, and written by no less a scientist than Alfred Russell Wallace, in 1873. All I have given so far was published at latest in 1864. Wallace says "his experiments force upon me the conclusion that bacteria, torula, vibriones, fungus-filaments, protamœba and monads, are the products of the direct developments of new-born specks of living matter. He hermetically closed the narrow necks of his flasks during violent ebullition, thus producing an almost perfect vacuum above the infusion; after this, he subjected his flasks to a heat of from 212° to over 300° F. After being left a few days under favorable situations, and then examined, they were found to contain the living creatures

here described. Could these organisms or their germs survive this degree of heat.

"The only way of escaping from the results of such a series of experiments as that here recorded, is by asserting that, although the organisms which are produced in the flasks are killed by a temperature much below that to which the flasks have been subjected, the germs from which they have been produced are not killed. We are asked to accept, as facts, three pure suppositions:

"First—That such simple organisms as bacteria have germs which possess different physical properties from themselves.

"Second—That these germs are omnipresent in the atmosphere.

"Third—That they are not injured by exposure for four hours to vapor over 300° F.; and to accept all this in order to avoid spontaneous generation."

Alfred Russell Wallace, from his high standing in science as a naturalist, carries weight, but the views here expressed only show that however eminent he may be in one department, he may be mistaken in another. In his whole three propositions here laid down, he is in error, for the experimental facts proving the reverse were published at the time he wrote this article. (I have a periodical printed in 1864, wherein the results are published).

First—Such simple organisms as bacteria have germs which possess different physical properties from themselves, to the extent of nearly 300_0 F.

Second—That these germs are omnipresent in the atmosphere.

Third—The germs are not all injured or at least destroyed by exposure for four hours to a vapor over 300° F.

It is essential to exclude the germs, as they have developed after four hours boiling, while a few minutes boiling is sufficient to destroy active bacteria.

The researches of the Rev. Dr. Dallinger, and Dr. Drysdale, have proven beyond doubt that monadic spores survive an exposure of 300° F. One survived, grew and multiplied after an exposure to 250° F.; another, after an exposure to 300° F., produced living young. (In these instances the spores were kept singly and constantly under the eye, Dallinger and Drysdale relieving one another.)

The spores after heating to the above named temperatures were followed, step by step, until they reached the parent condition.

The adults were absolutely destroyed at 130° to 140° F.

The spores of only two monads survived 300° F. Drs. Roberts and Drysdale, armed with the most powerful instruments, succeeded in unraveling the life history of six of these organisms. It required the continuous observation of the same form, in the same drop of fluid. Each of them multiplied enormously by self division (fission). The life cycle in each case began and ended in a distinct genetic product—spores, germs or ova.

The genetic product of an oval monad, with a pair of flagella, rapidly increased by fission; and after a while two separate individuals, uniting ventrally, eventually coalesced into a single and perfectly immobile sac or cyst, which gradually, after the manner of an ovum, showed in its interior the phenomena of segmentation, the contents dividing into 4–8–16, etc. At length the sac burst, setting free the spores, which gradually took the form of monads. In other cases the sac burst and pours out innumerable spores of inconceivable minuteness, which developed into the parent condition.

Balbiani, in 1857, observed a drop of water, on a small slide of glass, in which there were living colpods. The water evaporating, each colpod enveloped itself in the cyst or sac, formed by the hardening of the exterior of its own body, and assumed a dormant state. In 1864, he applied moisture to these cysts, and each colpod was seen to issue from its enclosure, and without hesitation to reassume its vital functions, interrupted by a seven years' Rip-Van-Winkle repose.

It is recorded in the transactions of the French Academy of Sciences, for the year 1863, that seeds, which had been transported from Brazil in fleeces of wool, germinated after four hours boiling at a temperature of 400° F. We thus see the miraculous vitality with which nature has endowed the germs of this microscopic world, and also the seeds of some of the higher plants.

This invisible life presides at all decompositions, transforms saccharine matter into alcohol, alcohol mixed with water into vinegar, vinegar into water and carbonic acid. What it does with sugar it repeats with all organic matter. After death, the bodies of all animals, and plants of every nature are delivered up to these low organisms, which people the surface, and to certain forms which live without oxygen, and are thus able to develop in the interior. These last attack the blood, the flesh, the organs and fluids of the body. When the work of the one species is accomplished, another species

succeeds it, the decomposition continues, and finally the matter which had formed the body in life is transformed into water, carbonic acid and ammonia—life has completed the death.

If this invisible world did not exist, animal and vegetable matter would decompose, if at all, very slowly, and the earth would bear upon the surface for long periods of years, the remains of all the generations that had peopled it.

Nature employs this world of invisible beings in fabricating, by chemical action, thousands of luxuries for man's use in connection with the industrial arts—a busy hive, working for man and producing results which he has heretofore, in thousands of cases, directed and superintended, without understanding the process.

We thus see that the mission of these invisible beings is beneficent ~~and magnificent~~ and necessary. Nevertheless, sometimes they apparently turn against the industries of mankind, as when the odium destroys the grapevine, and other forms, potatoes, etc., thus producing great public calamities. Sometimes they attack animals; sometimes man himself, in those terrible contagious and devastating epidemics —cholera, fevers, etc.

It might be thought not in good taste to allude to the benefits, in dollars and cents, in connection with a review of the altruistic labors of these scientists. I shall, therefore, allude to but one instance. In fact, were I to even enumerate one-half of the direct benefits the industrial, surgical and medicinal arts have derived from the studies of these men during the last 20 years, it would require 50 such papers as this and 50 hours to do the subject justice.

In 1865, the French people became alarmed at the terrible ravages of a disease which had attacked the silk worm. For fifteen years this epidemic raged to such an extent that while, in 1853, the revenue had produced 130,000,000 of francs, and had been doubling each decade of 20 years previously, in 1858 it fell to about 43,000,000 of francs; and the weight of the cocoons had diminished more than two-thirds. In 1865, the loss over some of the previous years was 1,000,000.

Hundreds, who thought they had a practical knowledge of the wants and habits of the silk worm, guaranteed certain remedies as infallible in answer to the 500,000 francs offered as a reward, for successful treatment of the malady, by the Minister of the Interior, but all failed; the malady baffled all attempts at cure. A commis-

sion, composed of members of the Academy of Sciences, was appointed by the French Government to look into the matter, among whom was Dumas, Pasteur's former instructor, who begged the latter to undertake the investigation and save his (Dumas') birthplace from total ruin. Pasteur, although he had scarcely seen a silk worm, undertook the investigation of the epidemic.

The investigation was fundamental and exhaustive of the subject, as is everything else this great savant undertakes. He pursued his investigations of the worm through all its cycles, and finally proved that former investigations were, comparatively speaking, superficial.

He finally detected what he has called a Pebrine, a small dark animalcule in the corpuscles of the blood of the moth and of the silk worm. By the aid of the microscope he detected the infected eggs, and detected the manner of the infection of the healthy worms —which was by scratching one another with their claws.

So incredulous were these practical men, who were actively engaged in silk husbandry, in view of his simple remedy, and so great was their want of confidence in a chemist who was not educated to the business, that Pasteur adopted the prophetic argument to convince the popular mind. Making a thorough examination of fourteen plantations in the vicinity of St. Hypolyte in 1866, he made a prediction of the result of the next year's crop, which he sealed up and gave to the Mayor of the place, to be opened the following year.

In 1867 these husbandmen reported to the Mayor the result of the crop, when he opened Pasteur's report, which proved the accuracy of his knowledge and judgment, there being only two errors, and satisfied all parties. They have not, as yet, found a better remedy than the one prescribed by Pasteur.

He thus practically eradicated the disease, and not only restored the lost industries of his native land, but improved the general tone of health and activity of the silk worm life ; adding millions upon millions per annum to the revenue of the silk districts. At once he published the result of his labors for the benefit of the human family in all countries, without fee or reward, not accepting the 500,000 francs freely offered.

His first communication, in 1865, raised a storm of criticism in the academy. Physicians and biologists who ridiculed the idea of a chemist quitting his *metier* to lay down the law for them, saying that able and experienced educators of the silk worm in France and

Italy had long since published the results of their investigations and prescribed the only preparations that could possibly aid in a cure. Pasteur adopted a more effective and radical cure without using preparations. He simply crushed the life out of every infected egg, worm or moth. He showed the cultivators how to detect the infected and to breed from and preserve the healthy.

In this review of a single department of science, we see what vast strides have been taken by the world's experimental workers during the past twenty years. Strides far surpassing any decade of a like period in the world's history in practical results.

This investigation has borne abundant fruit already, and it may to-day be affirmed as a scientific fact what Pasteur said in 1865, when he spoke of the germ theory, as follows: "It is within the power of man to eradicate from the face of the earth all parasitic diseases, if (and such is my firm conviction) the doctrine of 'spontaneous generation is a chimera.'"

He has recently discovered the germs of malignant pustules and of puerperal fever. He describes the primary organism, which engenders these maladies, as presenting itself in the form of cells, united to each other in series of 2, 4 and 6, each having an average diameter of two thousandths of a millimeter.

So Kock, of Germany, describes the germs of splenic fever to be a living contagion of fatal power, which he followed from the beginning to the end of its life cycle. He tells us that when introduced into the blood or spleen of an animal he found it in a state of short motionless rods. The same may be said of all infectious and contagious diseases.

The distinctions, characteristics and nature of the germs producing eruptive and internal fevers, such as typhus fever, are now recognized. In the case of eruptive fevers they require the presence of light and oxygen; while those which produce internal fevers do not thrive in their presence.

With a little further research and study on the part of the chemist, this part of the occupation of the physician will be gone, except so far as advising the precautionary measures to be taken, and examining the surroundings of the infected.

Here is a subject which we all may explore, and which presents as fine and as noble a field for scientific study as the heavenly. We need not leave the vicinity of our own houses and grounds.

If we leave refuse scattered about, we see that nature abhors offensive or decaying matter, and will supply at her own expense myriads of busy workers who will do the cleansing, and may, if we neglect them, multiply *ad infinitum*, and invade all departments of our home. I trust that the study of this branch may extend and become a part of school instruction.

Recent research has tended strongly to bring out the fact that the life of animal and plant is identical in its protoplasmic nature.

It has been discovered that the decomposition of carbonic acid is not, as was till recently believed, confined to plants. Many so-called animals act under the influence of light exactly as do plants.

Schutzenberger has conclusively shown that fresh yeast placed in water breathes like an aquatic animal, destroying carbonic acid and causing the oxygen in the water to disappear.

Thus the experimental method of research, in careful and experienced hands, has shown that at the outmost confines of life, at least, respiration in animals and plants is similar.

It was stated by Prof. Allman the other day, in his address in assuming the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that "protoplasm, endowed with powers of locomotion, after enjoying free life as an animal, comes to rest, and develops into a new plant."

This may be correct, but if we demand the same character of experimental evidence which was exacted in the subject discussed in this paper, I think we may safely reserve our belief for the present.

In all these investigations the answer to the question sought was: The mystery of the transition from lifelessness to life. But, as the matter stands to-day, *there is no life* without antecedent life.

We have approached nearer and nearer, and wandered along the very brink of that great abyss which divides life from matter, but in looking down it, there is no glimmer of light.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR.

A LECTURE

ON

MARRIAGE

BY

PROFESSOR STEPHEN POE,

OF

SAN FRANCISCO.

If with clouds our sky is overcast,
Together we will bide the blast.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by
STEPHEN DOE,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the District of California.

SAN FRANCISCO:
BACON & COMPANY, EXCELSIOR STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
536 Clay Street, just below Montgomery.
1870.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

A LECTURE ON MARRIAGE.

By Professor Stephen Doe.

Marriage, whether considered as a Divine institution or as a civil rite, is one of the most important subjects of consideration, to engage the mind of man. If we look at it in its original state, or when first instituted, we find that it was not only designed for time, but embraces also eternity; for when Adam and Eve were married, death was not in the world, for man had not then transgressed.

> "Oh, happy they! the happiest of their kind,
> Whom gentler stars unite; and in one fate
> Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

Marriage is a Divine institution—a connection pointed out by nature and sanctioned by Heaven. It was the first tie that ever united human beings together. When man had been created from the dust of the earth, "the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, this is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall

a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh."

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

Speak it not lightly, it is no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Men and angels hear the faith you swear;
It is recorded on high, and must be questioned in eternity.

With these sublime views, will my intelligent audience say with me,

If with clouds our sky is overcast,
Together we will bide the blast.

It is very evident, from what we can glean from the Old and New Testament, that marriage is a Divine command, and it was intended that children should be instructed in it as a sacred rite instituted by the Almighty, which could not be violated with impunity. The sanction of the Old Testament to the matrimonial tie is renewed and enforced in the New. That the Saviour looked upon marriage as an institution designed and appropriated by Heaven, is evident from his reply to a question by the Pharisees, respecting divorcement. "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female." And after repeating the above quotation from Genesis, he adds: "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The plain inference from this language is, that matrimony is a union instituted, consummated and sealed by the Supreme Being; and hence its duties

and obligations are of a most sacred and binding character. The words recorded by Moses respecting the union of Adam and Eve, evidently contain a general command to mankind to imitate the example of their original parents, in forming the intimate relationship of husband and wife. Human nature, and indeed all animated nature, is so constituted that every living creature desires to associate with others of its own species. From this association a great amount of mutual enjoyment is derived. In mankind, this deep-seated principle is exhibited in the strong attachments which exist between husbands and wives, parents and offspring, and friends in general. Now the Scriptural admonition directs that when children grow up to maturity of body—when the ties which bound them to home, and to the control of parents, are, to some extent, dissolved—when the affections which formerly concentrated in the circle under the paternal roof go out in search of additional objects of attraction—then should they select one from among the multitude around them, who shall become their companion for life. And upon that one they are required to centre the pure and rich treasures of the heart; with that one must they be willing to journey upon the highway of life, and share its joy and sorrow, its prosperity and adversity—that they may thus fulfil the designs of Heaven, and reap all the advantages and enjoyments of mutual love, mutual sympathy, and mutual assistance. The experience of the world proves the necessity and utility of

this union. In conformity to the example of the common parents of our race, marriage, either in one form or another, has been observed in all ages, throughout every nation and tribe on the earth. That marriage possesses many advantages over a state of celibacy, is a position so evident, it would hardly seem possible that it can be seriously disputed. True it is, that happiness under any circumstances depends much upon the condition of the mind and the affections; but these and all other things being equal, as matrimony is the most natural state for man, so it necessarily must yield the greatest amount of enjoyment. There is an inherent desire in all human beings to possess some associate, some intimate bosom friend, to whom they may confide all the various emotions of the mind; with whom they may sympathize in the hour of gloom, and rejoice in seasons of prosperity. Unless this intimate companion is found, the soul pines in loneliness; the fountain of its fine sympathetic emotions becomes stagnant and frozen, and its possessor is deprived of all those pure pleasures of association which, under other circumstances, would have gilded the path of life. This friend, this associate, this companion, is obtained in the husband or wife. Marriage furnishes a friend for counsel, an associate willing to bear a portion of the burdens of misfortune, and a companion to share in the happiness which is scattered along the way of earthly existence. All experience confirms the truth of the beautiful language of the poet:

"True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
Of hearts in union mutually disclosed;
And farewell else all hope of pure delight.
But souls that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And with a fearless confidence make known
Their sorrows and their cares,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength."

When I reflect upon the degradation, misery, and suffering of the whole human family, in consequence of disregarding the first and most important command given to our progenitors, my heart swells wide as eternity; when I hear the sighs of the poor "Magdalens," as they are called, and the cry of the little foundlings ascending to their father in heaven for redress, words fail to express the horror that I felt on hearing an eminent clergyman say it was time, in this age of progress, that marriage ceremonies were ended. But I will not weary my hearers with my sympathies. I will suggest to my audience a few simple rules in regard to reciprocal duties and obligations of husbands and wives. I would gently take the reader to some lofty eminence of observation, and as the mental eye scans the broad surface of life below, we will, at our leisure, trace the highway of matrimony through its various windings, that we may detect and guard against the many evils which throng its borders. And surely

if by this survey we shall be enabled to perceive and avoid one impending evil, or escape but one source of matrimonial wretchedness, the effort is worth making.

It is with a degree of hesitancy that I enter upon this task. The subject is one of much delicacy, surrounded by difficulties and impediments. It is solely by the urgent solicitation of friends that I have consented to lay before the public the result of my reflections. I find here and there one that has the same views with me on this great subject, upon which depends the happiness of the whole human race, here and hereafter. I greet them with joy as brothers and friends. Although my experience in married life has been comparatively short, fifteen years, during which time a little family has gathered around me, amidst its checkered scenes many things have suggested ideas to my mind that may be of service to those who have formed happy connections, and I hope will not be unprofitable to the unmarried, of either sex. The old adage is literally true, that "Without a friend, the world is a wilderness." A human being cannot remain disconnected with all others of his race, and experience the full amount of happiness which his nature is capable of yielding. In the circling arch of human society and earthly pleasures, matrimony is the keystone which gives strength, permanency, and symmetry to all the most dear and sacred rights of man. Strike out that keystone, abolish or neglect that sacred institution,

and the whole fabric would fall into ruins, the higher and nobler pursuits of civilized life would be arrested, the pure and heavenly nature with which our being has been crowned would be overwhelmed by the lower or baser passions of the body, and man, the offspring of Divinity, would be degraded to the level of the brute. Marriage develops our better nature, and brings into activity many valuable principles and characteristics which would otherwise remain dormant and unknown. It often works the most striking and pleasing transformations. How frequently does it change the sour, crusty, selfish bachelor into the kind, affectionate, assiduous husband, and the tender, watchful, smiling father. How often does it cause those who were careless and indifferent in regard to the great interests of humanity to become awake and zealous upon subjects vitally connected with the welfare of society. He who has entered the marriage state—who is at the head of a family—realizes that he has something of importance at stake in the world. He feels an immediate and powerful interest in religion, in literature, in the arts and sciences, in government and laws, in the principles of civil and religious liberty, in the rights of man, in everything that can have any influence upon the welfare, the prosperity, and peace of community, and of that family in whose condition he is so deeply interested. Marriage not only increases our usefulness, but it enlarges our enjoyments. Who does not know that to love and be loved by proper

objects, is a source of high pleasure. Hence, the reciprocal love of husband and wife, of parent and offspring, furnishes sources of pure and exalted happiness, which none can experience but those who sustain these relations. Marriage breaks the bars of selfishness, and becomes a spur to all the active duties of life. Our own personal wants no longer continue to monopolize all our attention, no longer form the line which bounds the sphere of our exertions. Our existence, our prosperity, our happiness, become merged in that of others. We are stimulated to activity, industry, and vigilance in the avocation to which our attention is turned, that we may experience the pure pleasure of contributing to the comfort and prosperity of those near to our hearts. This desire to benefit those connected with us, when once it reigns triumphant in the soul, becomes a deep, holy, undying principle of action. I speak from the lessons of experience when I declare that an ardent desire to impart aid, enjoyment, and peace to those who possess our heart's deep affection, and who are more or less dependent upon us, will make us willing to toil and labor—will stimulate us to exertions, and nerve us up to efforts from which in other circumstances we would shrink in dismay. Strike this principle from the human heart, and how much of the industry and activity which now fill society with its hum would immediately disappear.

An author of great fame, both in England and America, left this legacy behind him. A fourth

part of his labors would never have been performed had he not been a married man. Speaking of his family, he remarks: "They sharpened my industry, they spurred me on. A large portion of my nearly a hundred volumes may fairly be ascribed to the wife and children. And how is it now—how is it when the sixty-fourth year has come; and how should I have been without this wife and these children? I might have amassed a tolerable heap of money, but what would that have done for me? It might have bought me plenty of professions of attachment, plenty of persons impatient for my exit from the world, but not one single grain of sorrow for any anguish that might have attended my approaching end." This writer can truly bear witness to the appropriateness of the poet's declaration,

"When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends,)
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings—wife, children, and friends."

Abounding as matrimony does with numerous advantages and beneficial incentives, and with so great an amount of social and domestic enjoyment, it is hardly supposable that persons would be found who voluntarily abstain from marriage. Yet many there are who exhibit this eccentricity. By way of distinction, they are denominated "Old Bachelors." They are anomalies—exceptions from all other earthly existences—a kind of monstrosity, put forth in some unaccountable freak of nature—a species of Ishmaelites, "whose hands are against every

man, and every man's hands are against them." The contemner of woman, the voluntary bachelor stands out before the world as one who violates the laws of nature, disregards the commands of God, and opposes the design of his Maker in the creation of the human race—as one whose example, were it universally followed, would make man indifferent to the welfare and improvement of his fellow beings, speedily depopulate the world, and rob Heaven of the myriads of earthly spirits with which the blessed Creator designed to throng its pearly courts. There can be no doubt that celibacy entails many disadvantages and evils upon its votaries. It causes the sweet and tender emotions which are implanted in every heart to wither and pine away for want of proper objects upon which they can be exercised, and deprives their possessor as entirely of the happiness they are capable of imparting as though he had them not. It scars and benumbs the purest and best affections of the heart of man, and almost invariably causes its adherents to become exceedingly selfish, testy, and unamiable, and finally to sink into cold, cheerless misanthropy. In view of all the momentous and lasting consequences which flow from marriage, it becomes the most important connection that can be formed in this world. It is the great era in life, the prominent landmark to which the young look forward with pleasing expectation, and from which the married date the events of after years. The happiness or wretchedness, the

peace or discontentment, the prosperity or adversity, of the remaining portion of earthly existence, depend very much indeed upon our discharging properly the obligations of husbands and wives. We may have every desirable advantage, every necessary qualification in science or art, every possible facility for a vigorous and successful outset upon the great arena of business life; the brightest prospects, the most flattering anticipations, may smile in the future; yet if we are deficient in the matrimonial duties and responsibilities, all these favorable circumstances will be in vain; a cloud will overshadow our domestic happiness, the darkness of which will reach to the most remote sources of enjoyment. When the flame of reciprocal love and reciprocal duty burns low and feeble upon the domestic altar, it is worse than useless to flee to other scenes for pleasure, for when home is darkened, the sun of true happiness is sunk beneath the horizon. Looking at these considerations, how immensely important it becomes that the young, who have taken upon themselves the marriage vows, and those who contemplate soon to enter upon the important relationship of husband and wife, should possess a proper knowledge of that united state. In one short lecture I can only touch upon the most important points of this great subject.

I will first address the husband. You have now taken a partner for life. From the numerous throng around, you have selected a companion to whom you have plighted your vows of affection and constancy,

and whom you have promised before Heaven to love, to cherish, and protect, "until death shall part you." In the sight of God you and your companion are now one, and you are so considered by the laws of all civilized nations. Your interest, your prosperity, your enjoyment are now intimately blended with the interest, prosperity and enjoyment of her with whom your destiny has been united. The true happiness of husbands and wives is not derived from different and foreign sources—it rests upon one basis, one corner stone; and that which destroys or weakens the felicity of one, must destroy or weaken the felicity of both. When travelers journey long together, their enjoyment will depend much upon the estimation in which they hold each other. If one party looks upon the other with haughtiness and contempt, as unworthy of friendship or confidence, a mutual suspicion and dislike ensue, which deprive both of that happiness which is the fruit of friendly intercourse and sociability. The same principle holds good in the matrimonial journey. Unless the husband and wife rightly estimate each other's value and the peculiarity of each other's circumstances—unless they view one another in the light dictated by reason and revelation—how can they travel in harmony? how can they anticipate the enjoyments of peace, tranquility and contentment? As the liability to err in this respect lies mostly (I do not say entirely) with the husband, I have thought proper to submit a few remarks upon the estimation of the wife.

It must be allowed, that in quickness of discernment, in readiness to acquire, in brilliancy of imagination, in vivacity of thought, in chasteness of conception, in all that is ornamental, beautiful and bright, the mind of woman, whenever it has had an opportunity to develop itself, has far excelled that of the coarser sex. As the Creator endows different individuals with different characteristics, so has he bestowed upon each sex certain degrees of excellence. To some extent the minds of the two sexes differ, as do their bodies.

While the mind of man is strong, nervous, and often coarse, that of woman is symmetrical, elastic and beautiful. Providence here, as in all other respects, exhibits its strict impartiality, in equally, yet differently, blessing all the children of its care. "If we look into the female mind, we shall find virtues of a brighter hue, though not of the same colors of which we boast. If we have a greater depth of investigation, they have greater acuteness of perception. Our strength of mind is compensated by their liveliness. If we have more courage to brave danger, they have far more fortitude to meet distress. Our eloquence has more force—theirs more persuasion. Their virtues are feminine, but substantial and useful as ours. History is full of instances where women have not only equalled, but frequently excelled men, both in natural talents, and in intellectual attainments. In what department of literature has not woman resplendently shone? In history, in ro-

mance, in poetry, in moral and political economy, she has scarcely been surpassed by man. And the reader has but to call to mind the bright galaxy of female authors of the present day, who are to be found in both hemispheres, to perceive abundant proof of my assertion. These allusions to celebrated women of ancient and modern times are made for the purpose of impressing the conviction upon the minds of my hearers, and especially upon the mind of the husband, that the intellect of woman is not so much inferior to that of man, as many would fain believe; and also to support the position, that, aside from the fascinations of personal beauty, and all the feminine graces with which she is endowed, she is to be respected and valued for her high mental and moral capabilities and attainments; using the figure of St. Paul, the husband and wife are but parts of one body. 1st Cor. xii: 14, 17–21.

So evident is the station which the husband should occupy in the family, that every sensible wife is willing to acknowledge it, and to shape her course accordingly. Of all men, no one is more entirely the object of ridicule than he who is termed a hen-pecked husband. My motto is: Be to her follies a little blind, and to her virtues ever kind. In contemplating the important subject of mutual affection between husband and wife, (as Burns says): "The words come skelping rank and file." But if the patience of my hearers is not quite exhausted, I should like to relate a little anecdote that came under my own observation

of a noble woman. Some years since, I came in contact with a gentleman and his wife, belonging to the aristocracy of Washington; I met them in a western city where they had come to spend the summer. The husband's great amusement was fighting the tiger, as it is called. The lady was pleasant, no one could have thought she possessed such energy of character until the crisis came; one evening, or rather morning, he came to their room dejected, and intoxicated. Mary, said he, I have lost every dollar; this makes five thousand I have lost at that table; where are my pistols? I wish to ask my lady hearers what they would have done in such a case. I will tell you what she did; Charley, said she, without any regrets or murmuring, take some refreshments and a little nap, and you will be yourself again. Be cheerful, I will arrange the programme for to-day; no one here shall know our loss. She took her watch and jewelry, went to the brokers, and returned with a thousand dollars; here Charley, said she, let me direct you: take this money and go to the table, bet freely as though nothing had occurred. If you win, all well; if you lose, never mind; come to me, my extra dresses will get us all the money we need for our expenses, and we will leave as independent as we came; he followed her advice, and returned that evening with three thousand dollars; that was his last game. He is now wealthy and old, but will often speak of his little wife who saved him from the grave of a suicide.

To me, the right understanding of our coming into this world and the claim we have on each other, male and female, and the training of our offspring in the way they should go—on this hangs all the law and the prophets, temporally speaking.

Your humble servant that now addresses you once had a companion that shared with him for fifteen years prosperity and adversity, with the same heavenly affection, by precept and example. I thought I appreciated all her virtues while she was living, but now her sweet voice, her loving counsel, her enduring friendship, has passed beyond my grasp; it seems to me that I did not realize the blessing that I possessed until I was deprived of it. Would to heaven that all the human family could view these things as I do, and usher in the long expected day when Magdalen societies would not be needed, and every child would know its father, and in every clime and every place, we should then meet a brother and a friend. I thank you for your kind attention: I add no more.

The Kaweah Experiment in Co-operation

WM. CAREY JONES

Reprinted from *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, October, 1891

CAL.

THE KAWEAH EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATION.

I.

THE LOCATION.

The Kaweah River rises in the heart of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. Three principal branches, known as the South, Middle, and North Forks, contribute to send down a volume of water which, at the issue of the stream into the great valley of the San Joaquin, produces an extensive and luxuriant growth of magnificent oaks. On the drier land these trees spread out in beautiful groves; while in the swampy land they are closely matted together by willows and other trees, by tules and wild grape-vines. The South Fork rises under Kaweah Peak, not far from the Mineral King mining region; the North Fork, considerably farther northward, in the region distinctively known as the Giant Forest. This district of country lies in the north-eastern portion of Tulare County, between the 36th and 37th degrees of latitude and the 118th and 119th degrees of longitude. It is marked on the topography of California by an eternal monument,—the loftiest peak of the Sierras, Mount Whitney.

Some thirty miles by wagon-road east from the oak-groved valley town of Visalia, or forty miles from the rail-road that threads the San Joaquin Valley, we find on the North Fork, a few miles above where the three branches join, the little settlement known as the post-office and town of Kaweah. This modern village community is situated on both sides of this copious, powerful, and healthful branch of the river. The altitude is about eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level. The country

opens into a gently rising valley, several miles in length and having a greatest width of perhaps one mile. On either side rise ranges of mountains which seclude the hamlet from the world and protect it from the cold, storms, and winds. The bottom lands are covered with fine large oaks, the mountain sides with smaller oaks, with the smooth, red-barked manzanita, the green and gray chamiso, the fragrant, purple-flowered ceanothus, or California lilac, which together make the characteristic, impenetrable chaparral of California. In summer the only green is the foliage of the trees, the ground being burned to an amber-brown, as everywhere in the State. The luxuriant verdure of the winter grass is in spring further enhanced by the brilliant colors of a hundred varieties of wild flowers, including the yellow eschscholtzia, typical of the wealth of the Californian mountains, and the blue nemophila, typical of the azure of the Californian skies. Here the members of the Kaweah Colony own, either actually or potentially, about six hundred acres of valley lands and mountain slopes.

From the Kaweah village community we ascend along the road for twenty miles to an altitude of from five to six thousand feet. The road we travel is one of a fine, even grade, for most of the distance, displaying excellent engineering judgment. It was constructed, as we shall see, by members of the colony. To maintain its moderate grade it has to wind into many deep cañons, frequently to be blasted out of masses of granite bowlders or the steep faces of solid rock. We pass several smaller valleys, and one high, rolling valley, some three thousand feet above the sea-level, containing several hundred acres of land, the site of the former settlement of the Colony Gronlund, or Advance. Beyond this we come to some extensive chaparral-covered plateaus of the rich fruit-producing red soil characteristic of the Sierra foot-hills. At the end of this twenty-mile road we come to a dismantled lumber mill,

barns, several sleeping-houses, and a cooking-house. These are built on the "squatter" homestead claim of John Zobrist. Just before reaching the mill, from the saddle of the ridge, we may look west down over range beyond range to the San Joaquin Valley, and east from crag to crag and from peak to peak towards the seemingly ever-receding summit of the Sierras.

From the mill we may proceed by trail on horseback for seven or eight miles till we reach the Giant Forest. This region is known in the land-office as townships fifteen and sixteen south and ranges twenty-nine and thirty east, Mount Diablo meridian. It has for natural topographical landmarks within its precincts Cathedral Rocks, Kaweah Peak, Needle Rock, and Moro Rock. There comes from the north and east, dividing the forest by a deep, steep, and thickly wooded ravine, the cold, crystal water of the Marble Fork. Extending from the site of the mill east and north, there are many thousands of heavily timbered acres. Pine, fir, spruce, and sequoia, of size and age fit for the saw, exist in quantities sufficient to supply an immense market for many years.

The great timber belt of the Sierra Nevada, extending from where this range closes with the Coast Range on the north, in the vicinity of Mount Shasta, to nearly where they close again on the south, at Tehachapi, is especially distinguished in this south-central portion by the survival of groves of the *Sequoia gigantea*. Living specimens of these trees may be found over an area of some two hundred miles in length, from Calaveras County to Tulare County. The more compact "groves" of Big Trees in Calaveras and Mariposa Counties are known the world over. That of Fresno County has been coming more into notice; while the extensive Giant Forest of Tulare County, not marked by a grove or groves of *Sequoia gigantea*, but by hundreds of groups and individual Big Trees, has but slight popular fame. In fact, until the energy of the Kaweah colonists built their road, it was remote and inaccessible.

The general features of this portion of the Sierras were described more than twenty years ago by Professor Whitney, then State Geologist of California: "A transverse ridge," he says, "running obliquely across from Mount Brewer [from whence, he tells us, is one of the most sublime views which it is possible to obtain, even in this sublimest portion of the Sierra] to Mount Tyndall, forms the divide between the headwaters of the Kern and those of King's River."

South of this, the division of the summit of the Sierra into two parallel ridges is very marked, the Kern flowing in the tremendous gorge between them. The eastern ridge forms an almost unbroken wall for a great distance to the north; while the western one is less distinctively marked, being broken through to allow of the passage of the headwaters of the King's and San Joaquin Rivers. The highest portion of the western ridge is that extending between Mount Brewer and Kaweah Peak, twelve miles to the south. From the great elevation of this last-named peak and its peculiar position opposite to the highest point of the Sierra, and the immense depth of the cañon of the Kern between it and Mount Whitney, it would probably command the grandest view which could be obtained in the whole range of the Sierras. Kaweah Peak is distinctly visible from Visalia to one looking up the valley of the Kaweah River.

Of the terrible grandeur of the region embraced in this portion of the Sierra it is hardly possible to convey any idea. Mr. Gardner, in his notes of the view from Mount Brewer, thus enumerates some of the most striking features of the scene: "Cañons from two to five thousand feet deep, between ridges topped with pinnacles sharp as needles; successions of great crater-like amphitheatres, with crowning precipices oversweeping snow-fields and frozen lakes; everywhere naked and shattered granite without a sign of vegetation, except where a few gnarled and storm-beaten pines (*Pinus contorta, P. albicaulis, P. aristata*) cling to the rocks in the deeper cañons,—such were the elements of the scene we looked down upon while cold gray clouds were drifting overhead."

The finest view I had in my visit to the Giant Forest was from the vicinity of Moro Rock, a majestic mass of granite which rises perpendicularly seven hundred feet, it

is said, from its base. Round its foot winds the Marble Fork, so named because of the beautiful marble cliffs over which the stream flows in a succession of cascades. Across the main cañon, to the east and south, rise the spires, needles, crags, towers, battlements, and buttresses that make up the denuded, glaciated granite summits of the Sierras. Below, in the depth of the cañon, is the silvery line of the main stream, winding its way down to the San Joaquin Valley. Too distant to see the movement of the water, the frequent rapids look like patches of snow. Westward the scene discloses a succession of ridges, running transversely, and breaking off in an irregular line where the Kaweah River struggles through. In the farthest distance, to the north-east, not far from San Francisco, may be discerned two peaks of the Coast Range. Following down the main line of the river, to the west and south-west there may be seen the golden fields of grain, or the darker spots caused by the presence of oak groves, orchards, vineyards, or villages, marking off the San Joaquin Valley into spaces of irregular size. At the utmost reach of the eye, the expanse of water known as Tulare Lake sends back its shining signal. Perhaps a faint movement may be seen where the railroad train glides through the heart of the great valley.

Turning from the polished ledge of rocks whence we have viewed this scene, our horses carry us again in a moment into the seclusion of the forest.

The Giant Forest extends for a number of miles along the tributaries of the King's and Kaweah Rivers. In some places the growth of timber is dense, in others more or less open and sparse. Throughout the whole region where the big tree grows, however, the various timber trees are of sufficient size and quantity to make lumbering profitable. While the smaller specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea* would be profitable in the mill, the timber value of the forest does not come from these trees. The

pine, spruce, and fir, which grow in different belts, are the valuable and coveted timber products of the forest. The sugar pine, furnishing the finest timber of California, grows here abundantly and of great size. All the varieties of trees are of remarkable beauty and symmetry, preserving up to a great height a very slowly diminishing diameter.

The big trees are, of course, the distinguishing mark of the forest. They grow in this region in greater numbers than anywhere else, and their beauty is certainly not excelled by those of any other groves. There are thousands of them within the limits of the forest. The average diameter is probably ten or twelve feet. There are many having a diameter of twenty feet, and a number above thirty feet. What may be the diameter of the largest tree cannot be stated positively, nor whether the largest tree of California grows in this forest. Certain it is, however, that there are many trees, both standing and prostrate, a hundred feet or more in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet in height.

The beauty of the big tree consists in its fine red color, its majestic stateliness, its perfectness of form, its constancy of diameter. No foliage breaks the smoothness and symmetry of its contour until within perhaps fifty feet of its crown. The diameter which it has within a few feet of its top might be indicated by saying that, to gradually taper to a point as other single-limbed trees do, one of these big trees would have to double its height. There are none of the larger and oldest trees but have been shattered at the top by the stress of storms and the weight of snow. Many that lie prostrate bear traces of the violence that caused their overthrow. The Kaweah colonists have affixed the names of some of the apostles of socialism, such as Karl Marx and John Swinton, to the larger trees. Karl Marx, the largest one measured by the colonists, shows in a photograph twenty persons standing

shoulder to shoulder with their backs against one face of the tree. Emerson and others, too, have been remembered by them in the names given to some of the larger and more beautiful trees.

Visited in August, the forest showed the glory of the springtime at its full. A succession of beautiful and delicate wild flowers, varying in their kind and color with the altitude, the moisture, and the shade, was in full blossom. A musk-color and a purple lupine-bloom were the most constant characteristics. Numerous meadows, varying from two or three acres to a hundred acres in area, produced an exuberance of nutritious grass. Small streams and ice-cold springs are frequent. Birds are very scarce, but bear and deer are sufficiently plentiful. Thanks to the careful guardianship exercised by the colonists during the last five years, there were no traces of recent fires.

It is claimed that the marble veins in the Marble Cañon contain fine marketable stone. It was the declared design of the colonists to establish a marble industry, which, they claimed, would rival the timber industry in importance and value. I did not have time to make any examination of these marble resources.

II.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

The Kaweah Colony enterprise seems to have received its inception from a few persons of more or less definite socialistic tendencies. The idea of the colony antedated the appearance of Bellamy's book. Gronlund's *Co-operative Commonwealth* may have been an inspiration to it, as it is now the reliance, if not the foundation, of the completed undertaking. Whatever may have been the plans which were broached on November 9, 1884, when was held the first meeting of the nucleus that afterwards became

Kaweah Colony, a definite basis of operations was formed a year later. In October, 1885, forty-two men — most of them afterwards associated for a longer or shorter time in the Kaweah Colony — made preliminary filings under the laws of the United States on timber lands in the Tulare Giant Forest. As each of these men expected to receive one hundred and sixty acres covered with valuable timber, it was intended through co-operative labor to acquire wealth wherewith to develop their ideas of co-operative, and perhaps socialistic, reform. It is difficult to ascertain the real motives that prompted the enterprise. It is difficult to settle how much of co-operation pure and simple, how much of socialism, how much of private greed or personal ambition, there was in the inception of the project. I am not prepared, however, although I have heard and read a large amount of adverse comment and adverse testimony, to lay up any greater share of the baser motives than usually accompanies any undertaking. Any imputation of baser motives would have no better foundation than conjecture and inference. Certain it is that the obvious facts throughout the history of the enterprise bear witness to the best attributes of human nature on the part of the body of the colonists.

The colony has passed through several phases,— a voluntary association, a short-lived corporation, and a joint-stock company. The question in March, 1888, as to whether there should be a corporation or a partnership, resulted in the most serious of the dissensions in the history of the colony. When it was decided to form a joint-stock company, some fifty men, among them some of the claimants to timber lands in the Giant Forest, left the enterprise. Twenty-seven formally entered a protest against the change, and denounced the undertaking. The objection to an incorporation was that the stock of such an organization would be transferable to any one, and that one person could hold an unlimited number of shares. It was thought

that the safety of the organization consisted in the establishment of a personal relation between the associates,— in having individuals, and not shares or money, represented. Nevertheless, on March 9, 1888, a limited company was formed under the name of the "Kaweah Co-operative Colony Company, of California, Limited, a Joint-stock Company."

The deed of settlement has a number of ambiguities, resulting from a faulty construction of the sentences. The by-laws, adopted on the same day, are, however, in general, lucid and exact, and comply, as a rule, with the laws of grammatical construction. From these by-laws and from Gronlund's *Co-operative Commonwealth*, which is obviously the source of the ideas contained in them, we can gain a view of the organization of the colony.

The number of members is fixed at five hundred, and the capitalization at $250,000. This amount may be increased or diminished from time to time by a two-thirds vote of the shareholders. The relation established by admitting a member is a personal one, and each member is regarded as a trustee for each and all others and for the company at large. Membership commences on the payment of the first ten dollars of the amount of capitalization. Upon the payment of one hundred dollars in money, a member is entitled to residence and employment on the grounds of the colony, such privilege being granted in accordance with priority of payment. The membership contribution of five hundred dollars may be paid in instalments of not less than five dollars per month. One hundred dollars must be paid in money: the remainder may be paid in labor or materials. No special privileges, benefits, or emoluments may be granted to any member. Every member is entitled to an opportunity to work according to his or her fitness; and every member is required to render value in labor, money, material, or services, for everything he or she receives from the colony.

No person is allowed to hold more than one certificate of membership in the colony; but, as a premium upon marriage, a married shareholder is entitled to two votes in all colony affairs. One of these votes may be cast by the husband and one by the wife. Each member is entitled to a piece of land of not less area than one hundred and fifty feet square. Upon this he may erect a dwelling, of which he may enjoy the exclusive use and privilege as long as he remains a member.

Applicants for membership are required to fill out a blank form of application which sets forth the name, nativity, residence, age, whether married or single, number, age, and sex of children, occupation, capacity for employment, physical condition, religious connections. The form of application inquires whether the applicant is a member of any trade, labor, or economic organization, and the name of such, if any; whether he is a subscriber to any labor or economic journal; if so, of what one. It inquires whether he believes that he understands the "co-operative *spirit*"; and whether he is "willing, if elected a member, to honestly, truly, and persistently endeavor to harmonize others, to correct his own faults, to try and discover and do his *duty* rather than wholly rely upon his *right*." The applicant must send with his application ten dollars, which is returned if his application is rejected. He is requested to send his photograph.

The board of trustees provisionally accepts or rejects all applicants for membership. All names of such persons are published in a monthly report rendered to all members. If no adverse vote is received within thirty days, the decision of the vote stands. A negative vote of any five members suspends the applicant until the board sub mits his case, which they must do in their next report. In the vote taken thereupon, five per cent. of negative votes finally rejects. An applicant rejected by the board may, upon recommendation of five members, appeal to the

full membership, and is elected if he receives a two-thirds vote in his favor.

A member may withdraw at any time by giving three months' notice of his intention. He is entitled to receive back all that he has paid upon his certificate of membership, less any debts owing to the colony. This repayment "shall be made at the earliest possible convenience of the colony, but shall not be given priority over other liabilities whose payment is necessary to the perpetuity of the colony."

Children of members are eligible to become members at the age of eighteen, upon payment of the membership fee. This fee may, however, in the case of such persons, if they have been residents upon the grounds of the colony for five years prior to their majority, be paid wholly in labor. Certificates of membership are not transferable without the consent of the company.

All land and buildings, and all other property whatsoever, except private dwellings and the personal effects of members, and goods specially excepted by the company, are held in common by the shareholders. In the case of the withdrawal of a member, he is allowed the full value of a fair appraisement, made upon the basis of cost, of his private dwelling and improvements. In the case of the death of a member, the amount paid upon his certificate, together with the actual cost of his dwelling and other improvements made upon his building lot, is paid to his legal heirs. The right to withhold such payment for one year is reserved.

The colony keeps a store for the convenience of members, at which all articles of necessity may be purchased by them with the labor time-checks provided by the colony. Cost is set as the limit of price. No member or other person is allowed to keep a private store for the sale or exchange of goods or wares of any kind upon the lands of the colony. No member is allowed to employ directly

another member, but only through the medium of the company.

The colony is declared to be "a thoroughly democratic institution, *in the true meaning of the term.*" The implication here is clearly to the effect that the term "democratic" has not its true meaning in the political vocabulary of to-day, but that in the coming socialist state it will have found this true meaning. It is supposed that, in the cooperative commonwealth, society will be the incorporated whole population. Classes, and with classes rule, will be destroyed. Government will not be wanted by an incorporated whole people. Administration will be the only thing needed, and good administration will put every one in the position for which he is fitted. Administration by competent and qualified functionaries, whose interest is entirely coincident with their duty, is, then, the meaning of democracy.

The conditions of democratic administration, so understood, will consist in tenure of office during good behavior, appointment from below and removal from above, and the referendum.

Tenure during good behavior does not imply tenure for life, nor will the termination of such tenure rest upon any process of impeachment nor demand any charge of infamous crime. As every citizen will be a public functionary, he will have a life tenure somewhere. Discharged from one position, he will find his place somewhere else. Every public functionary will, in respect to his liability to removal, be to the whole people of the State, or to some group of the people, as the case may be, in the position similar to that borne by the physician to his patient: so soon as he fails to give satisfaction, he will be removed and replaced by another.

By good behavior is meant, first of all, efficiency. And every officer charged with overseeing others will be held responsible, not only for the efficiency of his own personal

work, but for the utmost efficiency from every one of his subordinates. "This personal responsibility and instant dismissal for failure will permeate the whole service from top to bottom." This may be regarded as the negative side of such tenure. On the positive side, when the proper man has got into the proper office and performs his work well, he will continue in it practically at his own pleasure.

The matters of appointment and removal are intimately connected with the form of tenure, and the methods provided flow perhaps naturally, although not obviously, from tenure for good behavior. The object to be gained is responsibility, which is regarded as the cardinal point of democracy. There must be a supreme authority in the general membership, an ultimate appeal to the collective control. But there must be division of functions to such an extent that every requirement of society may find its proper place for attention and performance. The great departments of social function, coextensive in territorial range with the co-operative commonwealth, are divided into bureaus, comprising properly related industries. Each central bureau of any given industry has its more or less numerous districts. In the several districts are the factories or other agencies for carrying on the industry. Now, the principle which would govern the co-operative commonwealth in the matter of appointments may be described as follows: In each of these factories, for instance, the operatives, representing perhaps subdivisions of the particular industry, would meet together and elect their respective foremen. These foremen would meet and elect a superintendent of the factory. And all the superintendents of the industry in question, who live in a given district, would elect a district superintendent. These district superintendents, again, from all over the commonwealth, would elect a bureau chief of their particular industry. This bureau chief, together with the bureau

chiefs of the related industries, would elect a chief of department. Thus there would be built up by appointment from below a system of directing officers of supposed greatest competency.

The main point now to be gained is to make continued efficiency secure by fixing responsibility. The dangers to be avoided are, on the one hand, an insinuating weakness in the administration, and, on the other hand, an overpowering bureaucratic influence and consequent corruption. This object may be gained and these dangers obviated, it is argued, by a proper method of removal. There must be responsibility to some one person for every act. Each directing officer is to be held responsible for the omissions as well as the commissions of every one of his subordinates. Each superior officer, then, being responsible for his subordinate officer, must have authority to dismiss him for cause. But there may be an officer superior to this superior officer, and the former may likewise dismiss the latter; and the action of the latter in removing his subordinate may conceivably be the cause of his own removal. So we should go on through the series until we come to the officers of the topmost round. There being no officers of superior rank responsible for actions of these highest officials and capable of securing efficiency in them, we must find some other agency for removing incompetent or otherwise unsatisfactory chief officials. The method that is suggested is to make every department chief, for instance, liable to removal by the whole body of his subordinates, both officers and operatives.

Such is an exemplification of the principle of election from below, removal from above.

In legislation the referendum is to take the place of representation. The charge is made that "the people are peculiarly unfitted for the function with which they are now constitutionally invested,—that of selecting men of whose qualifications they can know nothing for offices of

the duties of which they are ignorant." And the claim is made that they are peculiarly well fitted for passing upon laws submitted to them, adopting or rejecting them at discretion.

The chiefs of departments will be organized into a board of administration, national or other, as the case may be. It shall be the duty of this board to supervise the whole social activity of the commonwealth. These chiefs are to be agents, not representatives. Where laws must be framed, this board may agree upon the general features, and intrust the drafting of the bill to that chief whose department the measure principally concerns. Or it may be referred for this purpose to the chief of the judges. When this draft has been adopted by the board, it may, according to its nature, be submitted to the whole people or to the people of a particular department.

These principles of the ideal co-operative commonwealth the Kaweah Co-operative Colony assumes to put in practice, so far as their presence in the midst of an antagonistic "competitive" world will permit. Situated in California, regard must be had to the legal requirements of that State. An association must be organized which will have legal standing. An institution must be formed which, while subordinate to a political system and encompassed by a social and economic system which are built up upon foundations radically different from it, may yet seek to accomplish the special ends of its own community, and at the same time further the regeneration of these political and social systems. Consequently, the Kaweah Colony must form itself into a corporation or partnership. The latter, after a brief trial of the former, was adopted; and a board of trustees, who should attend to their necessary dealings with the legal and economic world, was placed in charge.

The supreme authority is declared to reside in the membership. A majority vote of this body, except in the

amendment of the deed of settlement, where a three-fourths vote is necessary, is in all cases of binding force. An appeal lies to the membership under all circumstances. The referendum is adopted in such form that ten per cent. of the membership may at any time demand the submission to vote of any measure which has been initiated by the officers of the company.

The trustees, as also any other officers elected by the membership, are elected upon the principle of the cumulative vote. All officers hold office during good behavior, and may be removed by the membership, in the exercise of the imperative mandate, at any time on demand of ten per cent. of the membership. Officers of a department may be removed by the workers of the department.

The managing authority is the board of trustees, consisting of five persons. Four of these are elected specifically as trustees, and the fifth as general secretary of the company, becoming thereby *ex-officio* trustee. The board elect from their own number a chairman of their own body and a general superintendent of the colony. They must appoint a book-keeper and such other officers, agents, and employees as may be necessary; and they prescribe the duties of such subordinates except as otherwise provided by the by-laws. They may presumably confer the duties of any office, such as that of treasurer or attorney for the company, upon one of their own number. They are directed to create from time to time such departments of administration as may be necessary, following the suggestions of Gronlund's *Co-operative Commonwealth.*

The duties of the general secretary are to keep the minutes of all meetings, conduct the correspondence, recruit the membership, receive, receipt for, and deposit in bank or with the treasurer all sums paid upon membership account, make monthly reports of the condition of the company, and issue all appeals and notices, and so on. The general superintendent oversees and directs the material

work of the company, under direction of the board of trustees. The membership at large elects also a chief of the department of education, whose chief duty has been to supervise the publication of a company journal. This journal, issued weekly under the name of the *Kaweah Commonwealth*, publishes the reports of the officers, educational matter, and general co-operative news. It is used by the secretary for the purpose of recruiting the membership.

General meetings of the company are held regularly on the first Saturday of each month. Special meetings may be called by the trustees, or by twenty per cent. of the membership, at any time. A quorum consists of twenty per cent. of the membership.

Eight hours constitute a day's work in the colony. Thirty cents per hour is the established basis of exchange for labor rendered to the colony by members and by the colony to the members. No money is used within the colony; but time-checks, evidences of so much labor performed for the company, and tickets of various denominations, are the medium of exchange. It is provided — a provision which is as yet of no avail — that at least twenty-five per cent. of all surplus in the hands of the treasurer at the end of each year shall be invested, under the direction of the colony, in a plant of some kind that will tend to promulgate the co-operative views of the colony and to benefit humanity in general. The balance shall be declared as dividends among those to whom time-checks had been issued, in proportion to the number of hours worked. All quarrels, grievances, and disputes must be settled by arbitration.

Subjoined (page 73) is an outline of the colony's projected frame of government. The tendency has been rather to simplify than to extend this scheme. It provides for a vastly more fully developed and complex social and economic system than the colonists have as yet at-

tained to. They seem, however, to abide by the scheme in its main lines and underlying principles. It is interesting in itself, although somewhat fantastic in some particulars. And this fantastic element, it may be remarked, representing the personal peculiarity of one of the members, is displayed not infrequently in the colony arrangements.

III.

THE CONTROVERSY WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

During the month of October, 1885, forty-two men made filings at the Visalia land office for entries on timber land in townships fifteen and sixteen south, in ranges twenty-nine and thirty east, Mount Diablo meridian. This land had been surveyed and placed on the market, under the provisions of the Timber-land Act of June 3, 1878. The filings then made fulfilled all the conditions required by law, and were followed by the necessary publication. On December 30, the day appointed by the register, final proofs were offered and accepted as satisfactory at the land office. The purchase-money, $410 for each one hundred and sixty acres, was then tendered; but it was declined because of a telegram from United States Commissioner Sparks, dated December 2, and reading, "Allow no entries for filings on land in townships fifteen and sixteen south, ranges twenty-nine and thirty east, Mount Diablo meridian, until further orders." On December 31 the register received from Commissioner Sparks a letter which directed him, on receipt thereof, to "suspend all entries of filings for lands" in the townships mentioned in the despatch. In a letter dated March 11, 1886, the Commissioner says, "The reason which induced the suspension of the townships named were supposed irregularities in the surveys, and alleged fraudulent entries of timber lands." As seen in his report for that year, Commissioner Sparks regarded this as one

among many suspected districts where gigantic frauds were being perpetrated under cover of the United States land laws. He therefore suspended the sale of these lands, together with others, in the hope, as he said, that the entryman, if knowing himself guilty of fraud, "would fear that the general land office would establish it, and thus make default."

Most of these filers, who afterwards associated themselves in the Kaweah enterprise, and thirty-nine out of a total of fifty-three who had made filings during the month of October, 1885, appealed to the General Land Office. The local land officers, furthermore, explained to the filers that, in their opinion, nothing was in question except the good faith of the filers, and that, such good faith appearing, the order of suspension would be withdrawn and patents regularly issued. Thereupon certain homestead claims were entered in an adjoining township, in the valley or cañon land which constitutes the approach to the forest. Moreover, acting upon the advice or with the countenance of the local land officers, certain "squatter" homestead claims were made in the suspended townships. These "squatter" claims were made in order to anticipate the removal of the suspension and to gain precedence over any other claimants.

The Kaweah associates — believing that the ground of suspension was, as stated, suspicion of fraudulent entries, and that, fraud being disproved, the order of suspension would be withdrawn; relying upon legal advice to the effect that such suspension could be made only on the ground of lack of good faith, could be only temporary, and to affect fraudulent entrymen; and believing that, there being good faith on their part, their title was practically perfected by their conforming to all the requirements of the act of 1878 and by their tender of the purchase-money — proceeded to render the forest accessible by building a wagon-road thither. In this labor they were engaged until the middle of the year 1890.

In the summer of 1890, having reached the outskirts of the forest, they placed a portable saw-mill and a portable traction engine on the "squatter" homestead of John Zobrist, one of their associates. A few thousand feet of lumber were cut upon this homestead, and later upon a neighboring timber-land filing. In August, 1890, at the instance of the local land agent, suit was brought in the United States District Court against the trustees of the Kaweah Co-operative Colony for cutting timber — namely, five pine-trees — on the lands of the "squatter" homestead.

On September 25, 1890, an act was passed by Congress, covering slightly more than two townships lying directly to the south-east of the land claimed by the colonists. This act, entitled "An act to set apart a certain tract of land in the State of California as a public park," had the following preamble: "Whereas the rapid destruction of timber and ornamental trees in various parts of the United States, some of which trees are the wonders of the world on account of their size and the limited number growing, makes it a matter of importance that at least some of said forests should be preserved." No provisos or exceptions were made in this act, and the park was placed under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior. The land specified in this act lies in the well-known Mineral King mining region, and contains many big trees.

On October 1 another act was passed, without preamble, entitled "An act to set apart certain tracts of land in the State of California as forest reservations." It is in three sections. Section one sets apart as reserved forest lands a large tract surrounding the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. It contains a proviso that nothing in the act shall be construed as affecting any *bona fide* entry of land "made within the limits above described under any law of the United States prior to the approval

of this act." Section two places the land thus reserved under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior. Section three, bearing every trace of an afterthought, was added, reserving and withdrawing from settlement and occupancy several different tracts of land, and among them, "subject to like limitations, conditions, and provisions," townships fifteen and sixteen in ranges twenty-nine and thirty.

What distinction, if any, Congress intended to make between the "national park reservation" of September 25 and the "forest reservation" of October 1 does not appear. There would seem to be some basis for the argument that has been urged that the language of the act of October 1 was purposely used in order that these lands might be more easily restored to settlement and sale at any time that Congress might desire. The Secretary of the Interior, however, has obscured any difference in the language of the two acts, and has given, under the exclusive control vested in him, the name of "Sequoia National Park" to all the contiguous lands reserved in this vicinity, embracing five townships.

Another suit was instituted against the colonists under the reservation act of October 1, 1890, for cutting timber on one of the timber claims.

In the first case, Zobrist had applied to homestead the land in May, 1888. This was two years and a half after the suspension ordered by Commissioner Sparks in December, 1885. Zobrist had made his filing in the land office, and built a cabin on the land, so as to gain priority when the suspension should be removed. He was associated with the timber claimants in the Kaweah enterprise. The colony's mill, together with several other necessary buildings, had been erected on the Zobrist homestead. The wording of the act under which this suit was brought (the Timber-land Act of June 3, 1878) provides that it shall be unlawful to cut or remove any timber growing on any

lands of the United States "with intent to export or dispose of the same," and that any person guilty of so doing shall be fined for every such offence not less than $100 nor more than $1,000. This is followed by the proviso that nothing in the act shall prevent any miner or agriculturist "from taking the timber necessary to support his improvements." The prosecution was based on the claim that the mill, barns, and cabin constructed on Zobrist's homestead were not "improvements" in the meaning of the act, and that the timber so used came under the "export and dispose" clause. The defence was based on the claim that none of the timber cut was used or intended to be used for "export or disposal," as these words had been interpreted by decisions of the General Land Office, but only for supporting improvements on Zobrist's homestead. The court, however, instructed the jury in accordance with the construction of the prosecution, and a verdict of guilty was brought in. The minimum fine was at first imposed; but, at the request of the defendants, this was increased to $301 apiece, in order that an appeal might be taken. When the grounds of error were taken before the late Judge Sawyer of the Circuit Court, the writ was granted. The second case was now dismissed by the government.

In the mean time — namely, in April, 1890 — the Secretary of the Interior finally rendered a decision on the appeal which had been made to him five years previously, early in 1886. The gist of his decision is that Congress must be presumed to have had all the questions involved before it, and that Congress had, by act of October 1, 1890, expressly and distinctly reserved and withdrawn from sale and settlement the land embraced within the claims of the Kaweah timber filers. The Secretary, therefore, denies the appeal.

The writ of error being granted, a bill in equity enjoining the colonists from cutting timber within the reserva-

tion was filed in the Circuit Court. This was followed by a cross-bill in equity from the colonists, in which they set forth their claims. These proceedings have been allowed as a *supersedeas*, and a case which, it is to be hoped, may now, for the first time, go to the merits of the matter, stands upon the calendar of the United States Circuit Court.

The cross-bill rests mainly upon the claim that the proceedings of the timber filers in October and December, 1885, together with the proofs and tender then made, amounted to a legal contract between the timber claimants and the government, and that the suspension of entries by Commissioner Sparks in December, 1885, and the decision of Secretary Noble in April, 1891, were without authority of law.

IV.

CONCLUSION.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Kaweah Colony has had the brightest possible material prospects, but that these prospects have been obscured, if not destroyed, by the action of the government. A further investigation discloses the fact that other difficulties have beset the undertaking besides the loss of the timber claims. Many persons who had joined the colony have silently dropped out, while others have withdrawn in dissension. Those who have stood by the undertaking lay most of the blame of their trouble, whether in the form of denial of their claims by the government or of internal dissension, to the machinations of the lumber companies of the Sierras. By the seceders, by personal enemies, and by the local land officials, the cause of the trouble is said to lie in unscrupulous methods and swindling designs on the part of the leaders of the colony. The truth it is impossible to ascertain. The ground of the last charge, however, I can-

not find evidence to sustain. That some of the leaders have been injudicious in some of the glowing accounts given of the colony and its prospects is unquestionable. Yet, in examining the company's letter-book for the last year or two, I find the secretary more often discouraging immigration to the colony than inviting it. But the printed descriptions have had their baneful effect in encouraging enthusiasts of all sorts to think that Kaweah offered prospects of carrying out their pet fancies and follies. Naturally, when these persons found out the real truth,— the hard pioneering life that would have to be undergone, and the general sobriety of the bulk of the colonists,— they became disgusted, and deserted the enterprise.

The present composition of the colony is heterogeneous. But, while the colonists represent many different nationalities in the one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons now resident at Kaweah, they are preponderantly American. They have come from occupations in the "competitive" world of all descriptions,— mercantile, professional, manual. They are of all grades of education, from the university graduate to the man merely trained in the common schools. They are all, perhaps without exception, however, intelligent, thoughtful, earnest, readers of books and journals, alive to the great economic and social questions of the day. They are of all sorts of faith and no-faith,— Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, agnostics, materialists. They have no church, and care for none.

The women are, in many instances, especially remarkable. Courageous, devoted, womanly, intellectual, they must interest any visitor. Some are quiet, taciturn, reflective; others, gentle, dependent, helpful; others, serene, motherly, protective; others, strong, buoyant, energetic. The conversation of one or more I found really brilliant, original in thought, informed in subject-matter, rich and fluent in vocabulary.

The comforts of life, while perhaps occasionally pinched, have been generally sufficient. Simple frame houses are replacing the tents with which the colonists have had to put up until recently. Comfortable chairs and beds are found in all the houses. Books of solid character are found in many homes. Good pictures, some the paintings of a colonist artist of promising talent, adorn many walls. Plenty of fire-wood keeps away any possible cold in this mild, equable climate. A home-like air pervades the settlement.

The resources of their home have not begun to be utilized. This year a sufficiency of fresh vegetables was produced; but, in a region adapted to fruit culture of all sorts, they are only now beginning to plant trees. There is room enough in their present possessions for raising all the poultry they could use. The number of swine could be largely increased. For the raising of cattle, grain, and hay, they need a larger acreage; and I can see no reason why they may not obtain it.

A large force of their men are at present engaged in cutting timber and sawing lumber on a quarter-section which they have leased. This timber land is remote both from their settlement and from the valley. Their income from this source cannot be great. Members have had to go out more or less, to work on farms and elsewhere, in order to supply themselves with such ready money as they needed. This is but a passing phase, if the colony obtains possession of the timber claims in the Giant Forest, or if they succeed in starting other industries now in prospect.

Although undergoing a change of officers on account of personal disagreement, I found the resident colonists satisfied with the outlook and determined to stand by the enterprise. I found, also, non-resident members (of whom there are perhaps four hundred, representing in their families twelve or fifteen hundred souls) awaiting and anticipating the opportunity to remove to Kaweah. The relief from

responsibility, from the necessity of making ends meet, the sense of being provided for, is a great deal to many. The thought that they are working for their own ultimate benefit and improvement, and for the propagation of an idea, is the motive power to others.

On the whole, I can say, although the comparison does not do them justice, that their life is fuller, better, and more profitable than that of either the average California farmer or the members of the average California village. Their food is more wholesome and varied than that partaken by the farmer's family; and there is a higher intelligence, more of a mutually helpful spirit, more of purpose in life, a better moral and social tone, than is found in the village.

In the matter of the controversy with the government, I can come to no other conclusion than that a great injustice has been done to those persons who in good faith made filings for timber claims in October, 1885. The number of these who are now connected with the Kaweah Colony is comparatively small. The number of those who labored in the building of the road and who still remain at Kaweah is likewise comparatively small. But partial, if not full, justice can still be done, and ought to be done, by the government. When it is notorious that thousands of acres of the most valuable timber and agricultural land in California have been illegally absorbed by individual capitalists and by corporations, with almost the connivance of the government, it seems unpardonably harsh and cruel that these men, most of whom are indubitably honest, who have given their energy and life to this undertaking, should be made the victims of even the government's repentance. The law of the case is not so clear to my mind. In fact, it is difficult to find consistency in the decisions of the Land Office. Nor do the decisions of the Supreme Court speak in perfectly unmistakable terms. But even the law seems to me to incline in favor

of the timber-land claimants. If this be so, these claims come under the saving clause of the act of October 1, 1890. If not, there is still an equity in the case which demands action on the part of Congress, to make compensation for the wagon-road to the Giant Forest and to allow timber entries elsewhere, or else to reopen the Giant Forest to settlement. That the big trees should be preserved, and that guarantees should be exacted for their preservation, all will agree. The ordinary lumber company would exploit the forest, caring nothing for what became of these big trees which might be too large for the saw. Whether the Kaweah colonists would proceed in the same way is, of course, uncertain. Their past acts seem to indicate that they would perceive that their own real interests lay in preserving the giant trees.

Wm. Carey Jones.

University of California.

SKELETON SCHEME OF ORGANIZATION OF THE KAWEAH CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

A Model of a Co-operative State,

consisting of

Divisions (3), each under a Manager;

Departments (13), each under a Superintendent;

Bureaus (58), each under a Chief; and

Sections (—), each under a Foreman.

Divisions.

I. Division of Production.
II. Division of Distribution.
III. Division of the Commonweal.

Division I. [Production.]

(1) Department of Collection.

Bureaus.

1. Fishing.
2. Hunting.
3. Woodmen.
4. Sand and clay collection.

(2) Department of Extraction.

Bureaus.

1. Metallic extraction.
2. Coal and oil extraction.
3. Lime extraction.
4. Slate, stone, marble quarries.

(3) Department of Growing.

Bureaus.

1. Fish culture.
2. Fowl.
3. Insect.
4. Flesh.
5. Forage.
6. Grain.
7. Vegetables.
8. Fruits.
9. Fibres.
10. Miscellaneous growing.

(4) Department of Handcraft.

Bureaus.

1. Bureau of food.
2. Clothing.
3. Shelter.
4. Machinery.
5. Decorations.

Division II. [Distribution.]

(5) Department of Transportation.

Bureaus.

1. Freight Traffic.
2. Passenger Traffic.

(6) Department of Storage.

Bureaus.

1. Warehouses.
2. Stores.

(7) Department of Delivery.

Bureaus.

1. Carrier Delivery.

(8) Department of Finance.

Bureaus.

1. General audits.
2. Accounts.
3. Cash.
4. Exchange.

Division III. [Commonweal.]

(9) Department of Administration.

Bureaus.

1. Legislation.

Sections.

a. Referendum.
b. Initiative.
c. Imperative mandate.

2. Executive.

Sections.

a. Assignment of colony labor.
b. Assignment of outside work.

3. Judiciary.

Sections.

a. Court of public disputes.
b. Of private disputes.
c. Of prizes and rewards.

(10) Department of Education. (Children and adults.)

Bureaus.

1. The Colony Journal.
2. Physical culture.

Sections.

a. Gymnastics (Turn-verein).
b. Drill: "Setting-up."
c. Boxing, fencing, wrestling.
d. Swimming.
e. Shooting, archery.

3. Mental culture. (Speech-craft.)

SECTIONS.

a. Science.—Heat, light, sound, motion, mechanics, electricity, chemistry, geology, zoölogy, mathematics, geography, history, astronomy, languages, philosophy, politics, sociology, metallurgy, logic, metaphysics, natural justice or law, medicine.

b. Literature.—Poetry, prose, belles-lettres.

c. Art.—Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, drama, tragedy, comedy, choral music, the dance, ceremonials and festivals, debate, declamation, the band, flower culture, modelling, drawing, design.

4. Moral culture.

SECTIONS.

a. To teach the colonists to love courage, fidelity, truth, kindness, purity, generosity, love, self-sacrifice, independence, modesty, gentleness, toleration, mercy, gratitude, justice, forgiveness, temperance, politeness, honesty, conscientiousness, speech-craft, firmness, judgment, prudence, perseverance, industriousness; *and to hate* cowardice, falsehood, treachery, infidelity, cruelty, impurity, avarice, niggardliness, hatred, selfishness, servility, vanity, ferocity, bigotry, vindictiveness, ingratitude, injustice, revengefulness, bestiality, indulgence, rudeness, dishonesty, unscrupulousness, garrulity, weakness, vacillation, rashness, stupidity, frivolity, desistance, and laziness.

These departments to be carried out by kindergarten, lecture, debate, classes, and the press.

(11) Department of Public Service.

BUREAUS.

1. Public health.
2. Drainage.
3. Fertilizing.
4. Roads.
5. Ditches.
6. Water supply.
7. Heating.
8. Lighting.
9. Pneumatics.
10. Post-office.
11. Telegraph and telephone.
12. Cleanliness.
13. Propaganda.

(12) Department of Amusements should co-operate with the Department of Education.

BUREAUS.

1. Of Scientific exhibition.
2. Athletic exhibition.
3. Artistic exhibition.
4. Social amusement.

***There should be constructed for these departments elegant, imposing, and artistic structures, which might be called the FORUM, the THEATRE, the AMPHITHEATRE, the ARENA, ACADEME, etc.

(13) Department of Defence.

BUREAUS.

1. Fire Department.
2. National Guard.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

SOME ODDS AND ENDS

— OF —

PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR:

So many have written to me with respect to the matters of which you speak, that I have concluded to print hereafter some few odds and ends of my answers to correspondents, with, perhaps, other paragraphs suggested by re-reading of letters and conversations on political topics.

First of all. If for convenience, etc., in private correspondence, I put such matter in type, I should set my word of congratulation, my testimony of profound respect for the people of our State. What a glorious record for a majority of the voters of California! However depressed I may confess myself to be on the general outlook, I do find comfort and cheer as I turn to the testimony given by our fellow-citizens of the Golden Commonwealth at the last election. Though the numbers were pretty evenly divided, so far as the canvass disclosed, we know that there were at least four or five thousand fraudulent ballots counted in this State for the bribe-taker, and we know, above all, that most of the 80,000 men who voted for the Democratic electors resisted some special corrupt offers for their suffrages.

Glorious people of California! A million of dollars were scattered throughout your borders by Republican agents, with the hope and expectation of securing a majority of at least 5,000 for the perjurer nominated by the Chicago Convention; but a majority of the people spurned the tempter and put the State in the roll of honor.

Of course a majority of the Republicans are honest men.

Of course they are. Who said they were not? False, venal leadership, or blind, bitter prejudice, amounting to bigotry, control many of them. A year ago I rode up from Los Angeles with George W. Julian of Indiana, and in the course of our conversation he frequently expressed his wonder, in exclamatory sentences, at the infatuation of many old-line Republicans. "Strange! Strange! How they stick to the party name! For that is all there is left of it, as measured by its record from 1856 to 1867."

In 1876 the tops of the ballot boxes of San Francisco were actually lifted, and thousands of Democratic votes taken out and thousands of Republican votes put in. That was not attempted or done in 1880. But two or three thousand fraudulent votes were cast in this city at the last Presidential election by repeaters. It was the intention and expectation of some of the more courageous managers of the Republican party to cast more than twice three thousand fraudulent votes. Their method of operations ought to be understood by the people generally. Perhaps you wondered why so many copies of the Register were made? Take a page like this:

D.

*John Day.....
†William Dedee.....
Henry Doe.....
James Due.....
oFelix Dye.....

Now, Day is known to be dead. Dedee is out of town. It is ascertained that Dye is a business man at the Cliff House. There are many other men, of course, that were indicated, but I give these as a sufficient sample. Put opposite the dead man's name was a star. Put opposite the absentee was a dagger. Put opposite the member of the Cliff House brigade was a circle. Republican strikers were watching at each polling place with lists to mark voters, so as to tell who had and who had not voted. At 12 o'clock the repeaters were started out in gangs of six or seven to go the rounds with these tallies, having a perfect understanding and system of simple cipher and sign signals to exchange with their acquaintances and "pals,"—the watchers at the voting places.

Mr. Ault, President of one of our Tenth Ward Clubs, followed a gang of these repeaters on the last election day, and broke them up speedily. The systematic challenging at the polls after half-past 1, in San Francisco last Fall, undoubtedly saved us from at least three thousand of these pious ballots, that had been prepared for Garfield and Davis. If the challenging had begun at 12 o'clock, we would undoubtedly have had a recorded majority of several thousand votes for Hancock and English; and this without reference to (probable) similar proceedings in Oakland, Sacramento, Vallejo, Marysville, Los Angeles and San Jose.

The *leaders* of the Republican party are lost to shame. See Carl Schurz denouncing the corruption of Radicalism in one week, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York City, in 1876, and taking a promise of a Secretaryship the next from Hayes' managers; after eulogizing Samuel J. Tilden and denouncing the class of politicians to which John Sherman belongs, turning squarely around and urging people to vote against Tilden and for Sherman's creature. The leaders of that party are wholly lost to shame. We have abundant testimony to that fact in the actions of the small fellows who lead that party in this State, and, who, by reason of their feebler intellects and lower grade of moral capacity, are not so greatly to be blamed. See Booth, and Swift, and Estee, and Pixley, and Pitch and Fickering and Company, a few years ago condemning the Republican party, and most emphatically protesting against any more bloody-shirt wavings, and at the last

campaigns squalling loudest and longest as, professedly, the most Radical of Radicals. What a spectacle to provoke ineffable contempt among men that are men. As well expect to tickle a rhinocerous on his shoulder with a feather as to excite any emotion of shame in the breasts of any of the foremost chieftains in the Radical camp. Don't attempt such a thing. They probably never experienced the sensation for any cause; certainly for no political reason. Every intelligent, thoroughly informed and *unprejudiced* and honest man, who was prominent in the Union party, who is now in the land of the living, is a member of the Democratic party. To this there are no exceptions. The prejudice of some men in politics amounts to impenetrable and immovable bigotry. So there is absolute excuse for many and charity for all.

The most insufferable hypocrisy is exhibited by the so-called Independent Republican Civil Service "Reformers." Take the most lauded one, the editor of Harper's Journal of Civilization (heaven save the mark!), George W. Curtis. I remember when the Harpers were the special friends of the slave-holder, and would permit nothing to appear in their magazine or other publications that would be offensive to their Southern patrons. In a day they lost their patronage south of Mason and Dixon's line, and their scruples in the way mentioned at the same time. "Civilization," indeed! The Harpers found a nice, smooth-spoken hypocrite for their literary Captain, in George W. Curtis. Does any respectable man undertake to tell you that he is sincere while he presides over a journal that lampooned, caricatured and vilified, to the uttermost, such men as Samuel J. Tilden and George W. Julian, and Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner, and Allen G. Thurman and Lyman Trumbull? At one time actually putting the emphasis of ridicule against such men on the score of their loyalty to justice and right. Of course, it is part of a great plan, of a cunning organization, to have loud-mouthed and smooth-tongued professors of "Reform" in the party of Radicalism, between whiles preaching and prating about the necessity of tenure-of-office acts for every office-holder, and all that sort of thing.

But it is said that Curtis is a "scholar," and a "scholar," and a "scholar." Not deep. But precisely what has that to do with this matter? No less a hypocrite for all that. Would a decent man, of the Republican party of 1856–1867, remain in the editorial charge of a paper that habitually caricatured Sumner and Greeley, and Gratz Brown and Trumbull, and Julian, and men of that stamp? Not for an instant.

You recollect, my dear Frank [Mahon] that I said to you last month that we must exercise great charity for the hardshell bigots of New England, who, (most of them) stayed at home during the war, but who are now honestly voting and voting the Republican ticket—even tickets bearing the name of such a branded perjurer as Garfield; for I said to you that these good men did not think it possible that a Democrat stood in any hope of heaven. You thought my words rather of the exaggeration order, as I could see by your smile. To-day I chanced to read George H. Holden's entertaining article on "Hawthorne Among His Friends," in the July (1881) Harper's Magazine, p. 263. Here is what he says: "I would advise no man, unless his faith in the greatness and purity of Hawthorne (as noble-minded, pure a man as ever breathed in America, and chief among our genuises) is established beyond the possibility of disturbance, to investigate too closely into the muck-heaps of local prejudice which to this day are to be found to exist among certain cliques of his native village. * * * * Hawthorne was a Democrat in politics, when by these people grave doubts were entertained whether a Democrat might by any possibility be admitted to heaven."

As to a Postal Telegraph, every day brings out fresh evidence and fresh emphasis, in every practical sense of the word, in favor of such an institution. I refer you to my lecture on that subject for detail of statement and argument up to the day of its publication.

I am unable to conceive of a more humiliating and disheartening spectacle than that presented by the principal newspapers of the country with respect to this very matter. Here are the people paying from ten to twenty times as much for a telegraphic dispatch as should be charged, the cost of sending being merely nominal, and yet rarely will you see, even in the most obscure portion of any of our more influential newspapers, a single paragraph, an accidentally quoted sentence, hinting the fact of imposition and extortion on the part of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Champions of the people, indeed! The Western Union Telegraph Company and the Associated Press, by bribery or by intimidation (not direct; Oh, no; too smart for that) dictate what the Press of this country *shall not say* in reference to a Postal Telegraph.

We ought to have a Postal Telegraph as the result of the passage of a bill by Congress of not more than ten sections. Within one year from the passage of such a bill—if its provisions were honestly carried out—the people of California would be able to send a ten-word message to the Atlantic States for 25 cents. Within twelve months after such a tariff had been inaugurated, under a properly worded bill, the people of California would be able to send a twenty-word dispatch to the Eastern States for 10 cents. Within twelve months after this last date—that is, within three years after the proper Postal Telegraph bill went into operation—the people of California would be able to send a twenty-word dispatch to the Atlantic States for five cents.

This Government of the United States, under the operations of a proper Postal Telegraph measure, could and would *make money*, five years after the beginning of the workings of Government telegraph lines, equal in extent to those now controlled by the Western Union Telegraph Company, with a tariff fixed at three cents for a ten-word dispatch between the most distant points to which the lines were run.

The truth of this promise and prophecy can be demonstrated. See facts and figures in my lecture on this subject.

The special cunning of the managers for the monopolies is now exhibited in getting up side issues and nursing all sorts of demagogues, from Denis Kearneys up, with a view to mislead and bamboozle the people. The lawyers and flunkies of the Central Pacific Railroad Company on this coast are most assiduous in their efforts, at various times, to bolster up some fellow who can bawl "reform" in the streets, or write a pamphlet or a book elaborately, and perhaps to some extent captivatingly, promising the millenium if something or other is done by the people, through their legislative representatives, *in some other direction*. Anything to divert the minds of the people from the real burdens under which they groan, and from the real reforms that ought to be established by law.

So you will hear or read about Leland Stanford's sympathy with the poor evicted peasantry of Ireland! Think of it! I have heard men get up and eulogize Leland Stanford as a man of "broad and generous sympathies"—evinced and illustrated by his sentiments on the Irish land question. The picture of the Old Patriarch in "Little Dorrit" is brought before the discriminating hearer by such remarks with dazing vividness.

Anything to divert the attention of the people from the supreme grievance at home.

What is that supreme grievance in Callfornia to-day? Extortionate tariff on the railroads and on the telegraph lines. That is what is the matter. You pay two or three times as much as you ought to pay when you travel on the Central Pacific Railroad Company's lines. You pay from ten to twenty times as much as is reasonable charge when you are compelled to patronize the Western Union Telegraph Company. That is what is the matter. Now, if you can be led to forget this fact, once knowing it, it's a great end achieved. Getting up a hurrah about some little five cent local extortion, and getting up a hurrah, and a hurrah, and a hurrah about good men for the city, and good men for the city, and good men for the city, and getting into office church-plate-passing hypocrites who are owned by Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and C. P. Huntington—that is the business that is mapped and modeled at the

corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, in the city of San Francisco.

The people fume and fret, and then are pacified and misled. They discover their false leaders, by whom they should never have been deceived, and then the game is repeated over again, with just enough variation to excuse, perhaps, the general public from a sweeping charge of perfect idiocy.

The game of bamboozle has been played and repeated during the last fifteen years in California by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and still there seems as little prospect as ever of relief from the extortions of that monopoly. We ought to have relief forthwith by the Congress of the United States.

The original Pacific Railroad Act provides for a reduction of fares by Congress, and a short bill of two sections, and not over a hundred words altogether, would secure for the people a first-class overland ticket from San Francisco to Omaha for one-half the present charge. Why does not Congressman Berry introduce such a bill? Will General Rosecrans introduce such a bill? Think of this matter and inquire.

I forcsaw what this railroad monopoly would be years ago. I was the first man on this coast to discern the signs of the times with respect to it. I made speeches on the stump and in the Senate of Nevada—as thousands can testify—in 1864–68, warning and foretelling perfectly in regard to this matter. I urged the passage of measures which, if they had been finally adopted, would have prevented this railroad monopoly on the Pacific Coast. While I was engaged in urging such measures I received the following letter:

"VIRGINIA, January 30, 1865.

"Colonel Sumner.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"As a very warm friend of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, I would like to receive a line from you defining your position. It is a question that is of great importance to us all, and *will be made much more of an issue at the coming Congressional election than it has been in the past.*

"If you are a friend to this Company, then I advise you to say so in strong terms, so that I can use the same in your favor.

"Respectfully yours,

"JOHN GILLIG."

To this I replied:

"SENATE CHAMBER, CARSON CITY, January 30, 1865.

"To John Gillig, Esq., Virginia City, Nevada.

"DEAR SIR:

"Your favor of this day has just been received. You will pardon me for saying that I was somewhat surprised to learn that you did not already and thoroughly understand my position on railroad matters. I shall be very frank, or endeavor to be so.

"As a *bona-fide* citizen of Nevada, I am truly anxious to have railroad communication from Pacific navigable tide waters at the earliest practicable time. I am in favor of the Epostien resolution, asking Congress to grant a bonus of $10,000,000 to the first company that reaches the base of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. [The Placerville and Washoe Railroad was then located, and plenty of pounds sterling were ready for the investment. See my lecture on 'A Trip to Pioche'—the foot notes especially.]

"I am, of course, heart and soul for a railroad across the mountains and the plains. But I judge that the Central Pacific Railroad officers have not acted in good faith.

"However: THEY have all they asked; and by half-way work they can conform to all prescribed obligations—all obligations precedent to securing the enormous government subsidies. Those subsidies can not now be repealed; nor would I have them repealed if they could be.

"I know not how far your intimation goes. I don't know of any rights that the Central Pacific Railroad Company have acquired to dictate in our elections. I know the unscrupulousness of the Stanfords, for I saw it illustrated on election day in San Francisco.

"I am for a Pacific railroad, QUICK. I think our State life and prosperity as a people depend to a great extent on the prospect and fact of railroad communication to the Pacific, and so on to the Atlantic States.

"I hope you will remain my friend, as I subscribe myself,

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES A. SUMNER."

Of course the letter from Mr. Gillig came under authority from the Central Pacific Railroad managers, and was to inform me, as it did sufficiently, that they would support me for Congress if I would do their bidding, and that if I refused to be their servant or slave I might expect their hostility. My reply to Mr. Gillig's letter was hurriedly dashed off while sitting at my desk in the Senate chamber of Nevada, and while at the same time paying some attention to the business of that body; and, of course, it is written in a familiar and off-hand style. But it sufficiently disclosed my position then, which was taken in full view of the fact that in all human probability my political aspirations from that time forth—as an enemy of railroad monopoly—might be considered as vain and foolish.

The people of the State of Nevada at their primaries twice nominated me for Congress, and twice was I defeated at the State Convention at Carson by the aid of money taken from the coffers of the Central Pacific Railroad monopoly in order to secure the office.

Others affected hostility to the Coming Monopoly; but, when they were once in office, they became the creatures of that gigantic monopoly.

Anything to keep the people's mind away from the Main Question. *For in the meantime monopolies live and grow fat and fatter upon their extortions.* Anything to TIDE OVER and sail along.

If the people once brought the Railroad and Telegraph monopolies under dominion of just law, the local monopolies of the several cities, and all lesser State and National monopolies, would soon disappear as such. The *giant* should be throttled. And simple, plain, straightforward, brief legislative enactments will accomplish the disenthrallment. It is all nonsense to talk about the impossibility of electing honest men to the legislature, or true men, who will stand right up to the front on this main question. You and I know in the several counties in this State men who can be completely trusted on this great issue, so far as integrity is concerned. And we know that a very small proportion of such men have found their way to places of power. And it does seem almost a hopeless task to strive for the election of such men.

[We have elected many barking demagogues to Congress and to the State Legislature who have introduced Reform bills, and allowed them to sleep; introduced them for blackmailing purposes, or to "make a record"—being instructed to "make a record" of this kind by their masters at monopoly headquarters.]

I have not been thus candid and explicit in this reply to your letter, because I have now no expectation whatever of occupying any place of power as a foe of monopolies. I have always been so outspoken. It is true, my strength must remain solely as an advocate before the people. I would speak as plainly if this were not so; but if any apology is needed for this direct and candid statement from me, it may be found in the conceded fact—confessed by myself—that I am such a demonstrated enemy of these monopolies that under no consideration would they permit my election to Congress or to any other place of power where I could affect their interests directly.

As an illustration of how the railroad and telegraph monopolies hoodwink and fool the people, look at the rise to party influence of this miserable creature, Dennis Kearney—a low, filthy-tongued, lying, cowardly fellow—without a grain of manhood in any fiber of his composition. Look at the placing in power of Beerstecher, who a few months ago was calling meetings in San Francisco for the purpose—to use his own language—of saving the Workingmen's candidates from the arts of the demagogue! What is he now? Just what I prophesied he would show himself to be—a mere flunky to Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker.

There is no use in disguising the fact—San Francisco is just now at a stand still. Houses that three years ago rented in central portions of the city for $250 are now let for $100—and the landlords are glad to get good tenants at that figure. What has brought this about? There was an incoming tide of the best kind of immigration five years ago. It was stopped in a great measure by the false agitation which the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the telegraph monopoly, through their independent organs, created and fostered. And in its place, or partly filling its place, in point of numbers, came the worst kind of immigration.

You have to pay $120 for a first-class passage from here to New York, when a first-class passage ought not to cost you over $70 at the outside. At this latter figure the railroads would actually make more money within a short period after the adoption of a proper tariff. And with such a tariff we could have our proportion of the better class of immigration: and thousands upon thousands would pour in to this coast from the existing communities of the East—of the very best class of people; there born and bred and educated into noble specimens of manhood and womanhood.

It does seem, just at this present writing, as if the sun of opportunity shone, or was about to rise, for the Democratic Party. I tell you candidly as to the reforms of which I have spoken:—if the reliefs against the railroad monopolies and the telegraph monopolies are not brought about through the agency of the Democratic Party, I don't expect that they will be compassed by anything short of Revolution. In other words, I expect (unless we have a change for the better through the instrumentality of the Democratic Party) that for years and years to come, far beyond my generation, the people of the United States will remain under the thraldom of the monopolies;—the rich growing richer and the poor growing poorer and poorer, until Revolution shall come.

Of course—as a matter of course—there will be all sorts of make-believes of relief and reform; or little, occasional alleviations. Even now, when the Western Union Telegraph Company reduces the price of a dispatch from Podunk to Poop Hollow two or three cents, the independent *Bulletin*, and the independent *Call*, and the independent *Chronicle*, and the independent *Alta*, and the independent *Record-Union*, and the independent Marysville *Express*, and the independent Los Angeles *Express*, and the independent *Independent* of Stockton, and the other newspapers of the same company, shout out in leaded paragraphs, items and column editorials. And that is but an illustration of what will be in the future in this respect. And by and by the suppressed inventions (see my lecture on the Postal Telegraph), and the inventions of which we already have a prophecy in the accomplishment of the past, will effect such a mighty reduction—palpably so—in the cost of running locomotives, and in the cost of rapid telegraphy, that the present tariff of the railroad and telegraph monopolies will be manifold more extortionate than now. The people will perhaps get a little fraction of the benefit from these inventions by a comparatively slight reduction in the cost of traveling by rail or sending word by lightning. And over this, I say, there will be a wild tumult of eulogy for the Stanfords and Crockers, and Jay Goulds, and James Simonton's—proceeding from the independent and Republican Press and the monopoly lawyers and the Denis Kearneys.

What we want, and what we should have, is simple, direct, positive and unmistakable National and State legislation, giving the people *at once* the *fullest* benefit of all inventions. Stanford did not invent steam. It seems necessary, in some "arguments" with the pettifoggers of the railroad company, to state that the inherent force of this great motive power was planted there by the Almighty. Neither Jim Simonton nor any other magnate of the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company invented or forged the bolts of Jove. Neither Mr. Stanford nor Mr. Gould nor Jim Simonton applied, with inventive capacity, steam or electricity to the practical purposes of mankind. [As for that matter, they never paid a cent for their railroad and telegraph properties.] With a reasonable reward for the inventor and patentee—if he comes within modern dates—inventions should pass to the benefit of the whole people. That is supposed to be the intended operation of the Law. And we should have, further, simple, straightforward, brief statutes effecting this very matter,—determining this result.

California is in a position to do great things on these subjects. If her true people—if her men of sound judgments and conscience and candid dispositions and resolute wills, come together this year and the next in the Democratic Party and choose and elect men to the principal offices in the State, and to Congress, we shall make a great step forward toward achieving the results so much longed for—for which you and I have so earnestly struggled during these many years last past.

No halfway measures, no halfway men. Every frank man knows in his heart of hearts that the only fractions of reform that we have had in this direction during the past ten years have been due to men and movements in the Democratic party. I will have no political affiliation—as I have no hope—with anything else.

I am aware that it is said that no reliance can be placed upon any party or any men in this great anti-monopoly struggle; that one professed anti-monopolist is as good as another—is as likely to prove true as another. This is all humbug. This is the talk which the C. P. R. R. Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company often put into the columns of the independent press. The Democratic party, by its leaders in Congress, has shown, I think, that it, as a national party, can be trusted on this great issue—if those same leaders are kept in leadership when the party attains general dominion at Washington. The *momentum* of the National party is right. The leading Democrats in the East, with few exceptions—and I will note some of them—have already proven themselves sound in this contest. And you and I can pick out men in this State—from one end to the other—who can be relied upon in this connection. Just as I write, the names of some of these men occur to me. There is Ryland, of San Jose; there are A. Hewell and J. D. Spencer, (there's a man that should be in Congress or the Gubernatorial chair,) and W. Grollman, of Stanislaus; there is Doctor Montgomery, of Sacramento; there is Kellogg, of Plumas; there is Biggs, of Chico; there is Judge Wallace, of Napa; there is Chapman of Los Angeles; there are J. V. Coffey and Frank Mahon, of San Francisco. Let me make the nominations and I will have solid and unpurchasable State Legislatures and Congressional delegation! There is no difficulty whatever in picking out men, who, in prominent State offices, and in our Legislature, and in the United States Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives, would stand true, and would be active and aggressive as anti-monopolist representatives of the people. There is no excuse at this point of time for the people, if they select hypocrites and frauds out of the ranks of the Democratic party for their principal nominees.

I know very well that the monopolists have their men in the Democratic party. I know very well that if the Democratic party would have consented to nominate Stephen J. Field for the Presidency in 1880, the C. P. R. R. Company would have contributed largely in his behalf. That is well understood.

The C. P. R. R. Company had a candidate for Congress in San Francisco last year—(he is still in the field)—who went about, in the early part of the campaign, saying a la Edinburg bagman, "Stow [boss railroad lobby lawyer] wants me. Stow wants me!"

And, by the way, no man who went to Cincinnati, in the delegation of the Democratic party from this State, in June 1880, and there supported this C. P. R. R. candidate for the Presidency, Stephen J. Field, should be permitted to have any voice of influence in our councils hereafter. The same should be said of those who went with the perfidious, to give them "moral" support; from Duke Gwin down.

We *know* those men well. Surely they are on the record. This proceeding was before the face of every Democrat on this coast, as flagrant a piece of personal treachery—that going hence from the Democratic State Convention of 1880 as a National Convention delegate, and supporting Stephen J. Field—as was ever perpetrated in the history of politics.

I know very well that the Western Union Telegraph Company would support, cheerfully, Beck, of Kentucky, for the Presidency of the United States. And, indeed, all the monopolists would sing sweetly in favor of the candidacy of Bayard, of Delaware—the "Democratic" pet of the Wall-street rings.

But I say there is no excuse for the people of this State or for the people of the Nation, if hereafter they put up such men, who cannot be relied upon as anti-noplolists, in the strictest and most imperative sense of the word.

Is it not time to check the tyranny of the monopolists? I tell you that the people only half realize the temper of these men who manage these robbing corporations. Most of them, of course, are ignorant as well as brutish creatures. Of the few who have received a little educational polish, it may be said that it has been demonstrated that no amount of culture could take the hog out of them.

Their disposition is well indicated by a remark which one of their kind—who married into their immediate circle, and has a side-show establishment—getting his goods at family freight tariff—by a remark which this man made to my former partner, Mr. William M. Cutter. He said:

"Yes, I am in favor of monopolies, and if I had my sweet way and will I would have a padlock on every man's throat in the State of California, and charge him a dollar and a half for every drink of water that I permitted to pass down his gullet."

There spoke the sentiments of the Central Pacific Railroad Company monopoly.

In 1864, the railroad company took $250,000 in U. S. bonds and hypothecated them for a sum sufficient to buy up all the coal oil in the market—bonds solemnly dedicated by the Government, and so accepted, to C. P. R. R. construction; and at once raised the price of coal oil 50 per cent. That was a specimen of the throat clutching of the Orphans of Nob Hill.

Having purchased the Santa Monica Railroad of John P. Jones, the C. P. R. R. Co. proceeded to tear up the splendid wharf that had been constructed from that grandest of sea-bathing watering places; naturally the most eligible location for such a resort that I ever saw. Crocker & Co. lied by saying that the wharf was dangerous. The real object of this "unconscionable piece of vandalism"—as Judge Niles fitly termed it—was to bear the price of real estate, so that the C. P. R. R. could gobble it up for a song. The consequent depreciation in value of landed property was expected to be much more, by far, than the value of the work destroyed. The company went through the formality of sending one or more of their tadpole engineers, with instructions to "condemn," as unsafe, etc. The object in this being to plead with owners and influential parties, having to do with the land titles at Santa Monico—and who were or naturally would be exasperated at the act of wharf demolition—that the "ripping up of the d——d thing" (as one of the Railroad Directors expressed it, in a burst of confidence) was not a wanton or a purely selfish act.

The property-owners there seem to have held out well; for the illustrated *Herald* of Los Angeles for May, '81, says that Crocker & Co. have not yet succeeded in perfecting their intended grab. When the railroad managers shall have compelled a "sale" of this magnificent property, to themselves, for a comparitively insignificant sum, then they will put up a big $4-a-day hotel, and put the whole front under extortionate toll. So it goes.

It is well known that "the money spent at Wilmington would have given Los Angeles a better harbor at Santa Monica, and at half the distance from the sea." Says General E. F. Beale: "The vandalism of the Southern Pacific in arresting the progress of the beautiful town which was growing up at Santa Monica, and destroying the wharf, is one of its *many* acts which has justly incensed the people against that corporation."

The Railroad Monopoly and the Telegraph Monopoly say that work can be done for the people a great deal cheaper in the way of transporting persons and intelligence, if the business is all in the hands of one company. The force of this argument—so far as it is an argument—belongs with the advocates of a Postal Telegraph. Let the United States Government have a monopoly of transmitting dispatches, and in less than ten years—under a proper administration—under Democratic control—the people will be sending their letters by lightning at about the same cost that is now attached to transmitting communications by mail. And there will be all the facilities of street corner boxes, general carrier delivery, etc.

The exactions of the Telegraph Monopoly are simply *stupendous*. It is a marvel of marvels how the facts in this connection are hidden from the eyes and the understanding of the people. You, sir, are charged from ten to twenty and in some instances, even as high as forty times as much for a telegraphic dispatch as the sending costs; and *inventions are suppressed*—bought up and suppressed—in order to prevent its being proclaimed, as an unquestionable truth, that you are charged a hundred times as much for a telegraphic dispatch from here to the Eastern States as you ought to be tolled, considering the expense to the telegraph company. See my lecture on the Postal Telegraph for highest authority quoted in support of this statement.

Jim Gamble, Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company at San Francisco, said in writing, over his own signature, in 1878, March 18th, that in 1876 the British Government "lost" $1,176,115 by the Postal Telegraph. Where did he get his figures? He is almost equal to Jim Simonton as a truth-teller. I have before me the official report of the British Telegraphs for 1876. By that it appears that there was a NET INCOME for 1876 of $1,225,580! And a twenty-word message in Great Britain from Leeds and to John O'Groats costs a sixpence. Think of it.

Shameless! Of course the Republican party leaders are shameless. The illustrations of that fact are innumerable. In days, or in months, when it has not paid the Independent Press to be dishonest—in interval days—or at times when that press has been under the absolute control of honest men, speaking in all honesty and candor, the truth has come out.

Henry J. Raymond was an honest man by instinct and disposition. He started, after the civil war was over, to act honestly in politics in connection with Southern affairs. The New York *Times* in 1866–68 spoke the political truth—speaking exactly the opposite of its utterances of to-day. At one brief period in 1869, the New York *Times* advocated a Postal Telegraph—in rice-watery style.

It was shown to Henry J. Raymond that financial ruin stared him in the face if he persisted in attempting to carry out his honest political reforms.

John Bigelow was summarily ordered out of the editorial rooms and management of the New York *Times* immediately after his mild editorial in favor of some sort of a Postal Telegraph system.

The New York *Tribune* spoke honestly and bravely for the political truth in 1872. Horace Greeley's last utterances upon the political relations of the North and the South should be gathered in one volume, for permanent use and preservation.

Where is the New York *Tribune* to-day? The creature of the monopolists—the most abject and servile and serviceable of all.

When Horace Greeley dictated in general outlines to Whitelaw Reid (a man of very small ability), Whitelaw wrote good words in a good hand. Now the scribe for Greeley, that was, is the flunkey for Gould and Simonton, that are.

Men that, as men and boys, remember the New York *Evening Post:* What a change has taken place there! Sorrowfully taking note of the steps of its decline we say: Behold it now! Edited by Carl Schurz, under the confessed dictation, under the boasted ownership, of one of the monopoly railroad corporations. What a fall from the management of Leggett & Bigelow! Behold and weep.

No wonder that so many children in this country are growing up without a belief in a God. It does not need the rabid denunciation of Holy Scripture by an Ingersoll to aid the devil in breeding the old average of infi-

dels. His contribution in that service is comparatively trifling. But these grasping and rotten corporations have made it plain to the young men of this country that no considerable political preferment can be obtained or held without their grace. And with all manner of flatteries and blandishments, as well as direct offers of bribery, these monopolists search out young men of ability, that they may warn them from the path of political rectitude and make them their servants—either their openly avowed or secretly bonded creatures.

And the shameless exhibition by the New York *Tribune* and the New York *Times* and the New York *Evening Post*—in the inconsistency of men still acting with those papers or selling out, knowing what the purpose of the purchases was—is one of the most potential of all demoralizing exhibitions, brought home to the young men of this country: to induce them to laugh at and despise all honor and decency in the character of a patriotic citizenship.

Unto every young man of ability in this country, the monopolists say by every channel of communication—and they say it daily, in substance and effect, by the history and hissing of the Independent Press, from one end of the country to the other: "If you don't take a salary or a pension from the corporation monopolists of the land, you are a fool, you are a fool, you are a fool!"

Shameless? You think that our Independent Press is more shameless than any other? Well, it is as nearly up to the standard of the New York *Times* and *Tribune* and *Herald* and *Evening Post*, as it is possible for the smaller brains and the more insignificant souls who rule and rot and stink in the "Independent Press" managers' sanctums in San Francisco to make it.

At the present time, and for several years past, the *Alta* and *Bulletin* and *Call* have not pretended to be anything but railroad and telegraph monopoly flunkies. The most influential flunky of the railroad and telegraph monopolists on this coast has been the *Chronicle*. Between times, it is instructed to play the part of the people's friend, and all that. The *Call* and the *Chronicle* are to do this with the poorer classes of the community—the *Chronicle* being specially effective in this line. The *Bulletin* and *Alta* are to work in what its managers call the upper crust. Everything is to be salved over with respectability and respectability and respectability, so called. The *Call* and the *Chronicle* will take turns—will alternate—in nursing up the Dennis Kearney's and Stephen Maybells, as the word may go from the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets.

Undoubtedly there is some real rivalry between the managers of the *Call* and *Bulletin* and the managers of the *Chronicle*. This is with respect to small advertisements and the amount of subsidy to be obtained from Republican committees and railroad and telegraph treasuries.

My advice to the people is to drop these papers altogether. You will feel better, you will know more, you will be clearer in vision to do the right thing, if from this time forth you neither patronize nor look at any one of these sheets.

No; the New York *Sun* is not to be relied upon either. The management there know very well that the majority of the people in New York are in favor fo Democratic principles. They know, furthermore, that the field of direct and continuous advocacy for the monopolies is well occupied, in New York, by the *Times* and *Tribune*. It is entirely a mercenary matter with ths *Sun*.

The hypocrisy and venality of that sheet can be illustrated by a hundred instances of comparison and contrast. The *Sun* did not originally advocate the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency. When the Electoral Commission was first proposed, the *Sun* did not object to it. Not until after the passage of the Electoral bill was a foregone conclusion, did it say one word against it.

And, you may have noticed that when the Democracy of Indiana commenced holding public meetings, in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Tilden (which suggestion, acted upon throughout the United States, would have resulted in the inauguration of Mr. Tilden) the *Sun* denounced such meetings; and expressly said that anything of the kind would meet with its opposition. And the *Sun* fully indulged in the hush, hush, hush business, which the monopolists instructed their organs to begin and continue, while the work of President-robbing was going on—aiding to make the people in each State believe that the Democracy in every other State only wanted peace, peace, peace, at any sacrifice.

Several times during the last four years the *Sun* has announced that Mr. Tilden would not be the President of the United States; so saying voluntarily, without provocation, at the time when it was most likely to have effect with all classes of readers. Then, when it was known that Mr. Tilden would not receive or would not accept the nomination at Cincinnati, the *Sun* began its hurrah for the Sage of Gramercy, and all that. This being done so as to be in a good position for that most outrageous piece of treachery—if it can be called treachery—of which it was guilty near the close of the campaign of 1880—the "No-use-in-mincing-matters" editorial business.

No; the monopolist managers are very cunning. They have all sorts of organs—newspapers in every party, demagogues in every organization and every clique. But, I have said and I say it again: By this time the people should know who the true men are, and know what is desired and what is desirable. The people at this stage of the great national battle should not be misled by journals of any sort.

Yes; I know Frank Pixley. I have known him for twenty-five years. He has been in every party, and has begged for office in every political camp. He is the most effective worker—notwithstanding the fact that he is such a slop-over—the railroad monopolists have on this coast. He published a pamphlet reviving all the vile slanders against Broderick in '59, and afterwards he wrote editorials eulogizing him; the same man. He is himself a sort of a Dennis Kearney — after his own kind—about the same apparent amount and character of conscientiousness, cunning and—indifference to pecuniary reward. He blatherskites and makes money. He is the most respectable of the Independent Press gang in San Francisco.

I think myself that there is to be another high rising tide of anti-monopoly talk and promise. I would not be surprised if Conkling and Gorham—who have been as obsequious tools of the monopolists as have been Blaine and Pixley and Garfield, and that ilk—I would not be surprised if they undertook to head another Sham of Anti-monopoly within the next two or three years. Such are the present indications.

You say that you cannot understand how the people of California could tolerate Gorham as a professed Anti-monopolist. I tell you, my dear sir, the people forget the record of the past. They forget that in 1867 Gorham was the candidate of Stanford and Huntington and Crocker. And we have many new comers. And many people will forget that Conkling has been an attorney and flunkey of the banks and of the Express monopoly and of the Telegraph monopoly. The people have to be reinformed and re-enlightened, again and again, in regard to these matters. I know it is unpleasant to do this work. I hate to do it. I would a thousand fold rather speak well than ill of any human being. But it is a part of our duty—a solemn obligation resting upon us—to do this very work of reminding; so that the people shall not have the shadow of a shade of an excuse, if they again elect frauds and bilks under an anti-monopoly platform.

Yes; the people of the State of California have been most tremendously deceived. The defeat of Henry H. Haight signified a long lease of power to the monopolists on this coast. No wonder that General Lewis of Tehama, upon that defeat, to use his own language, "threw up the sponge;" and saw "no use in trying any more to serve the people as an anti-monopolist."

Anything as an expedient for a new lease of tyranny; the people fume and fret, and follow false leaders, and the monopolists wax fatter and fatter.

Yes; I well remember the awful—I thought it blasphemous—declaration of Booth after his election, as to the service he would do for the people. Look back upon his record in the Senate, from that text!

Will the people again be mislead by our rotten Independent Press into putting such a creature into the United States Senate? They will be led to do precisely that thing, unless you and I exert ourselves to the uttermost to defeat the plans of these conspirators against the liberties and rights of the people, whose immediate organs these Independent newspapers are.

The people do not even get the benefit of inventions. "Rapid telegraphy" has been suppressed. Gas is cheaply manufactured from crude petroleum and fresh water (in New York City), but the people generally derive no compensating benefit from these discoveries.

It is simply ridiculous for any newspaper managers to pretend to be anti-monopoly and honest in their record, when the fact is that they supported such men as Hayes and Garfield for the Presidency—especially where the record is that the managers supported Garfield against Hancock.

One of the managers of the Central Pacific Railroad Company returned to California from the East shortly after the nomination of Hancock and declared that the General had a "walk over." It subsequently transpired that the managers of the great corporations of the country believed, that it was impossible to defeat Hancock; and believed, still further, that he could be brought over to at least a non-combative pledge in their behalf. It will be recollected—it was a matter of common notoriety—that General Hancock was approached with an offer of a very large supply of money for the Democratic campaign if he would agree to confirm the nomination of certain parties for Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Interior and Postmaster-General. It will be remembered—to the everlasting credit of General Hancock [Fit to put in parallels with Joseph Reed's reply to the British emissary in 1775: "I am a very poor man, but, poor as I am, the King of Great Britain has not money enough to buy me."] and to the honor and glory of the Democratic party—that the proffer was rejected. Then it was that the monopolists' managers held a meeting and determined that Garfield must be elected, if it was within the bounds of possibility. Prior to this meeting Conkling and his sateliites had been in the sulks. Prior to this the New York *Sun* had declared that it was impossible to defeat General Hancock. Immediately after this meeting Conkling entered the canvass vigorously in behalf of Garfield, whom he had so often in private denounced for his lying and bribe-taking. Conkllling, as wel as Dorsey, went to Ohio and Indiana on a campaign mission. Not alone with Star Route money was Dorsey supplied. The treasuries of the railroad and telegraph and bank monopolies poured out immense sums for his purse. It was at the direction of the agents of the great corporations that Garfield made his promises to Conkling, by which that chief of spoilsmen was induced to give the signal of energetic support to his creatures in the New York Custom House and elsewhere.

And shortly after the purchased Indiana October election, the *Sun* came out with its treacherous "No-use-in mincing-matters" editorial—instead of denouncing the corruptionists for their work in Indiana, and striving to move the people to a sense of the peril to our institutions from the Conkling-Dorsey-Ingham methods of manipulating elections.

Nothing could be more absurd than a profession of anti-monopoly sentiments on the part of any newspaper or any journal that supported Garfield. Many of them will be directed to *now* cry ont in favor of "Reform," and, in some general, diffusive, blubber-cheeked way, against the exactions of the great corporations; so that when the focalizing time comes they—these same newspapers—may be in a position to aid in demoralization, on a vaunted Record—from whence to say "We, we, we, have always been opposed to this monopoly, but this bill realy won't do" etc. That has been the history of this thing all along.

Intelligent men in California should take no hints. nor accept any species or line of leadership from newspapers or men who supported Garfield in a prominent way. Of course, there were thousands of good men who voted for the bribe-taker on sheer prejudice, and from entire rellance on just what they read at that partlcular season from their party organs. It does seem as if such men cannot stay much longer in the Republican Party.

The monopoly managers reasoned that if they only succeeded in 1880 in putting the bribe-taker into the Presidential chair they would have a comparatively easy time thereafter. Their thought and policy was then to break up the Solid South—so-called—by the power of their combinations on railroads and telegraphs in that section of the country. And the first illustration of their efforts may be seen in the State of Virginia. Mahone is a good outcome of the schemings and investments of Central Pacific Huntington and the telegraph monopoly managers in the Old Dominion. It remains to he seen whether the majority of the people of the South can be corrupted by the methods and the machinery adopted or invented and employed by the nabobs to whom we have referred.

We are often told that there will be relief from the thraldom of the national monopolies through competition. [The Republican and Independent organs are instructed to talk this way, sometimes.] There has heen occasionally, and there will or may be in the future, some slight relief, undoubtedly. But no speedy and adequate, no complete and permanent relief. The extortions of the telegraph company are so enormous that competition here and there—and probably, by and by, across the continent—is inevitable. But the reductions will be very small, under the rise of rivalry, at the best; and only temporary. There will be the old, old story of soliciting and securing stock or patronage—and then selling out.

For instance, we pay $2 for a day dispatch and $1 for a night dispatch of ten words from San Francisco to New York. Now, the tariff ought not to be at the very outside over 25 cents for twenty words for day and half that by night sending. That to begin with. And reduction upon reduction, as business increased—as it would inevitably and immensely on such a tariff—until it came down to the point at which communications by mail would be practically superceded, between distant points, with reference to all business transactions.

The true way, the quick way, in every respect the only proper way of relief, is by a Postal Telegraph. Expectation elsewhere is foolish.

Think of it. You can telegraph a twenty-word message from land's end to land's end in Great Britain for a sixpence. And further reductions are expected. And the cost of telegraph work extensively for business purposes is proportionately reduced—night messages going at less than a shilling for fifty words. Five hundred words of press dispatches for country papers, four shillings—one dollar. And telegraphing costs more, construction of telegraph lines costs more, than in the United States. The cost of maintaining lines and of transmitting is far more in that more humid climate. There is no point from which you can view this matter without having your wonder raised to inexpressihle amazement at the ignorance and stolidity of the majority of our people—to say nothing of other qualities—as illustrated in submission to the extortions of the telegraph monopoly, when a Postal Telegraph bill of a few plain sections would bring about the desired relief and reform within a very short period.

And the advantage of such a system, and its ultimate beneficent results, are many and vast, aside from the mere matter of convenience. Among the items, note increase in wages for operators, and a demand for the services of twenty men and boys and girls in the business where one is now employed.

And the telegraphic news columns of our metropolitan papers bear evidence to any discriminating newspaper man of an utter lack of an intelligent system and comprehension on the part of the chief managers of the Associated Press.

The San Francisco *Daily Herald*, in '69, for a few months, had its own special Eastern dispatches by cypher, and its vast superiority over the Associated Press messages was so great that it had to be conceded by every reader. [So far superior to the Orton-Simonton hash-up that the Western Union Telegraph Company, in very desperation, broke the contract it had made with the *Herald*.]

Everything in the way of political news is twisted and tortured—where there is no suppression—in the interests of the Republican Party, which is practically the property of the great Telegraph and Railroad Companies.

Is it not a good thing for you and me, and for the whole country, to have honest and able men in Congress?—as it is a good thing for us to have able and efficient generals at the head of our armies in time of war? Now, it is not only a fact that the best men in Congress and in the Senate of the United States within the past few years, have been machined out of these great deliberative bodies by the monopolists of the country; but it is also a fact that now, as well as during the past ten or fifteen years, the people are not justly informed by the Associated Press dispatches from Washington and elsewhere as to the proceedings in which our real statesmen are present. The words of Tilden and Thurman and Austin E. Blair and General Joseph Palmer and Andrew Curtin and Horatio Seymour, are not telegraphed broadcast over the land when they make political speeches or issue political addresses, unless it is first ascertained that by some private enterprise the addresses referred to will be generally disseminated by telegraph. And even then the speeches of those patriots will be garbled and shorn of half their statesmanship and strength. But for years we have had the vaporings of Blaine and Conkling and Garfield, and creatures of that infinitesimally small mental caliber and incontestibly rotten character, spread full upon the telegraph minutes all over the land, with eulogy piled on eulogy over their "eloquence" and their "wisdom" and their "foresight," etc., etc., etc., etc. The people of this country have not known what their strong men have said in strength and honor and justice, so far as the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company could keep them from knowing it. The Diligent Cunning of Suppression is the long name for the the short Art that is one of the Tricks in their catalogue.

This is sometimes termed an Age of Mediocrity. The monopolies are determined that no man of brains *and* honesty shall receive a nomination even, in a party where there is any probability of success. And if such a man gets into the chief councils of the nation, they will misrepresent wherever they can, and suppress where they can, to the uttermost of their endeavors.

Now, a Postal Telegraph would brush away the whole of this infamous business; and the people would learn and realize with proper sentiments who their great and good men were.

How dare Jim Simonton come into San Francisco and talk about the Postal Telegraph as something that would be an injury to the country newspapers? What an exhibition of superlative mendacity! In Great Britain the weekly newspapers have their special dispatches which they receive for a nominal sum. Give us a Postal Telegraph and the Modesto *News*, and the Colusa *Sun*, and the Yolo *Democrat* and the Petaluma *Herald*, and every other country newspaper in California, and throughout the country, would be able to receive, and in the natural course of events would take and publish, the latest authentic tidings in regard to great matters of public concern—receiving their telegraphic dispatches from their own private sources at the last hour before publication. Can these papers afford to do anything of the kind now? Why, this is one of the reasons why the country papers have been appealed to by me to take a lively interest in this matter.

No, my dear sir; the people do not realize the extortions of the monopolists. These should be brought right home to them with facts and figures, day by day, so that they felt it on every occasion of patronage.

Every time, sir, that you pay $7 for a round ticket from Modesto to San Francisco you are simply robbed of three dollars; every time you pay fifty cents for a dispatch from Modesto to San Francisco, you are robbed of from forty to forty-five cents. And so in proportion between almost all other towns and cities.

An honest Railroad Commiseion, having the power to act, would provide that your fare from Modesto to San Francisco and back should not exceed $4.

Pass a National Postal Telegraph bill, and the inev it able consequences will be that within two years there after, you will not have to pay over five cents for a ten-word message from Modesto to San Francisco. Now, you just think of this every time you are robbed by the tariff referred to. And talk to your neighbors about it. And understand whether your candidates for the Legislature—no matter who they are—are in favor of passing a set of resolutions favoring the Postal Telegraph. [Not whether they will introduce blackmail or Sleeping Resolutions of the nature indicated.] Make a missionary of yourself—a citizen missionary—in regard to these matters.

If every citizen in this State who reads this little pamphlet will follow this bit of advice, the next Legislature will see a sweeping majority there anxious and resolute to enact all, and pass all, resolutions with respect to this telegraph monopoly that come within the province of that deliberative body. And we will have a delegation in Congress unanimous for a Postal Telegraph bill.

The Great side-fret, just now, of the *Call* and *Bulletin* is in regard to the water monopoly. Occasionally they will babble about the gas. Here again they expect the people to forget. For years and years the *Bulletin* and *Call* supported these twin local monopolies; owning stock to a large extent in one of the companies. Both sheets then ridiculed the idea of sinking artesian wells—which measure of relief, as against the Bensley and Spring Valley corporations, was first recommended to the people and put into practical operation by Jacob C. Beideman and myself. The managers of the Independent Press have no real care for the interests of the people. They are simply and purely mercenary. They have not got one particle of the flavor of human sympathy in their arterial circulation. They are cold-blooded fishes. But they succeed—they have succeeded and they do now succeed, and for some time to come it seems probable that they will continue to have a large measure of success in pretending to be champions of the people.

Why, some of them have lied and lied and lied about the Postal Telegraph and concerning the Associated Press in a manner and in ways so flagrant as even to astound the oldest observer of their mendacity. Others have pretended to favor a Postal Telegraph until they were given dispatches; or while there was no danger of their editorials having any helpful effect on the movement.

A great want in San Francisco to-day is a good Democratic evening paper. And among the marvel of marvels is the fact that that want is not responded to.

Of course, if we had a Postal Telegraph, such papers as the *Bulletin* and the *Call* and the *Alta* and the *Evening Post* of San Francisco would be speedily superseded by decent and honest newspapers—real daily *Journals*.

Yes, sir: we should travel more rapidly, as well as much more comfortably, by water. We should make the trip to Europe in three days. But the inventions that have led up to this "indication" towards this consummation, have been suppressed. How long?

The monopolies are continually egging on their organs to cry for a reduction of salaries; and the organs are accordingly grinding out new prophesies of a political millenium to be had by such reductions. It is every way in the interests of great corporations to have salaries of public officers put at the lowest figure. In that way it is reasonable for them to expect that a poor order of talent and a low sentiment of morality will be represented in public stations, in official positions. Men in offices which it is desirable to control in the interests of the great corporations are often directly pensioned by these corporations, and by that means absolutely owned by them. Sometimes it is sufficient for the purposes of these great tyrants, to get weak and timid men in office, whom they can bulldoze with their pugilistic pettifoggers, or mislead and dictate to by independent newspaper editorials.

The grasping avarice of these corporations extends in all directions. A few years ago a plan was laid to capture some of the county offices in each county, by an absolute transfer of county official duties to corporation

agents. And the movement was adroitly started in a Democratic county. Some of the influential citizens in that county were bought up, and some prominent and conscientious men were deceived into favor for the movement. The plan was for a transfer of the moneys and the duties of the County Treasurers into the local banks or into the office of the express company (Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express now being owned principally by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.) And from that beginning—after a general, hoped-for adoption of the County Treasury transfer—the scheme was to bring at least the County Recorder and the County Surveyor directly under the same management.

The talk was: "What is the use in paying a salary to a County Treasurer? The money can just as well be passed over by the Sheriff or the Collector into the local bank or the express company's office, and there kept, with a bond for safe-keeping, by clerks whose salaries will not be charged up against the county!" (The monopolists having the use of the money for many months).

Again: "We have plenty of civil surveyors lying around loose, whom we can easily detach for special services in the various counties, at a nominal charge to the county." So they would have the people's money and the power of profit thereof; and so they would have the county lines and subdivisions under their mapping; and so they would have had all the far-reaching power springing therefrom.

That country is prosperous, that state is rich, where every industrious citizen is well-to-do. And the plan of the monopolies is directly towards making the rich richer and the poor poorer. This is undisguised and avowed within their own circles. They despise the people—these managers of the monopolies and these managers and flunkies of the independent press. They do not believe in a God or in a Judgment, though some of them pass church plates or serve as deacons or vestry. men;—and they all join in the grand jubilee chorus whenever they can succeed in cutting down the wages of a hard-working public officer. For as soon as official salaries are cut down, they have a fresh excuse for cutting down the wages of their clerks and bookkeepers, and engineers and superintendents.

"Employ Chinese?" Yes. Charles Crocker once said at Reno, Nevada, in the presence of a number of persons, shortly after the track was laid to that place, that within a few years the Central Pacific Railroad Company would have Chinese engineers and other Chinese train officers.

In 1867-68, ex-United States Senator William Sharon proposed to introduce Chinese into the mines on the Comstock. His purpose coming to the knowledge of the miners and preliminary preparations being made by them to resist the introduction of Mongolian labor, one of Sharon's agents declared to the Reverend Father (now Bishop) Manogne, of Virginia City, that the militia would be called out to sustain this movement to displace white laborers by coolies, and that Governor Blasdell had been telegraphed to, at White Pine, with that purpose; that a company of regular United States soldiers had been stopped at Reno with the declared design of having them aid in this project.

The Rev. Father Manogue told Mr. Sharon's bookkeeper and next friend, N. A. H. Ball—(Mr. Ball notifying the Rev. Father voluntarily and advising him to aid in keeping the peace)—that he could not be held in any way responsible for the actions of the white miners, in case the attempt *was* made to supplant them by coolies. And Father Manogue told Mr. Ball that he believed that if the attempt spoken of was made, there would not be a hoisting works building or a mill between Cedar Ravine, in Storey county, and Empire City, in Ormsby, that would not be in flames within twenty-four hours.

Charles Crocker & Co. and Sharon & Co. dared not carry out these plans. But their disposition was clearly manifested, and it illustrates the wish and sentiments of their kind as they exist unto this day.

You say that it is "funny" to read Hayes' attack on Conkling. Well, I suppose it is left to us to extract some enjoyment out of all such things. But to me it is such a humiliating spectacle that I can hardly afford to laugh at it.

Hayes and Conkling are both men of very small abilities. If you have never heard Conkling speak, you have a disappointment in store;—if you have placed any reliance on the high-sounding eulogies which the Associated Press agents have repeatedly bestowed upon him. There is no real logic in the man. Witness, in proof of this, his "reasoning" in his speech at the New York Academy of Music last summer, wherein he attacked the South by a showing of exports and imports! Even the New York *Evening Post* could not abide, but had to ridicule, such false premises as he laid down and such incorrect deductions as he drew even from his unjust and slanderous statements. And in point of ability, his highest achievement is seen in constructing an elaborate sneer at some other Republican in power, whom—although quite as likely a man as he is—he chooses to denounce. He is a cheap, sinister fellow. Frank Pixley complains very bitterly of his treatment of Pixley at the Chicago Convention of 1880. Frank had cause of complaint. Frank and Roscoe are of about the same pattern in morals and manners and intellect; and after Frank's toadying to Grant in San Francisco, Roscoe had probable cause for believing that he would be the General's friend in the campaign.

Conkling is not any smarter than Frank Pixley or any of the turn-coat corporation flunkies in California. In intellect he is not above Creed Haymond, Grove L. Johnson, Newton Booth or T. G. Phelps. He is not a man of as much ability as Henry Edgerton or Judge Sanderson—by no manner of means.

Now, it seems to me that the talk of Hayes against Conkling, as recently reported, is simply another great disclosure of shamelessness. Conkling knew that Hayes had no right to the Presidential chair. Hayes was informed at the time, he now states, that Conkling so expressed himself. And yet as a Senator of the United States he sat still and unprotestingly witnessed, and even took a part in, the consummation of that great fraud. So did Roscoe Conkling; only great—if there be any bigness in his mind or manners—only great in infamy.

As for Hayes! He must be an exceedingly small brained creature, as weighed in the catalogue of "statesmen!" Look at his opportunity! Opportunity as was never before given in this country to mortal man; such an opportunity as Cæsar did not have. How insignificant Hayes must appear in the conjunction of his intellect and conscience, when we consider that opportunity. And look at it even in the points of a wise selfishness.

If he had said in 1877 to the Visiting Statesmen of the Republican party and to all the people of the United States: "No; I have not been elected to the office of chief executive of this nation. The man who has been chosen by the voters to fill that office is Samuel J. Tilden, of New York."—What a splendid immortality of renown would have been obtained by him, by such a declaration of that which he knew to be true! Better than to have been President all the days of his life. And what a patriotic service for his country! What immense, immediate moral and material benefits would have flowed from such an act of supreme honor. O blind, foolish man!

Messrs. Hoar, and Dawes, and Blaine, and Chandler, and Rollins, and Hawley, and their colleagues in the national legislature from New England, *do not believe* one syllable about the alleged atrocities in the South, to which they pretend to refer with such holy horror and heart-felt sympathy. They know better. Pshaw! Of course they do! The leading politicians and principal clergymen of New England, are to blame for the abused minds of thousands upon thousands of good people in that section of the country who regularly vote the Republican ticket, and who *do* believe the Anna Pinkerton stories.

When you go into New England and find a man who is liberal in his ideas, and has integrity conjoined with real independence of thought, and industry in personal investigation as to political matters, you find a Democrat.

I know that nine out of every ten of the leading Democrats in New England, to-day, are men who were either absolutely in the Republican ranks or the Union ranks during the war—actively engaged therein—or the sons of such men.

Yes; it does not seem possible that another National campaign can be conducted on the sectional cry. And yet, that is what we said four years ago.

Talk about men in New Hampshire voting for General Jackson twenty years after he was dead; why, there are hundreds and hundreds of good people in New England who will continue to vote the Last War just so long as the monopolists can keep such creatures—such small, lying creatures—as Hoar and Dawes and Rollins in seats in the chief councils of the nation, and in the opening speech-desk of the New England State conventions.

A Postal Telegraph would break the back-bone of sectionalism as an element in national politics. A Postal Telegraph would speedily result in informing the people as to the comparative littleness of such creatures as Dawes and Hoar and Rollins and Chandler and Blaine—as well as serve to meet with instant, nation-wide refutation their "Southern outrage" falsehoods.

Because honest journalists could afford to start newspapers, and have direct and correct intelligence from the Capitol at Washington, and full and just reports as to the public consultations and debates and arguments; and direct and correct tidings from every point of alleged excitement or interest.

The People now do not know the greatness of their great men, or the feebleness of the so-called political giants of the day. Such men as George W. Julian and Austin E. Blair and Jos E. Palmer—O, I have not space to go through the catalogue that is familiar to my daily thoughts—such men are driven out of politics or driven out of public life, driven out of Congress, and their words and actions are hidden from the people, by the instrumentality of the telegraph monopoly and its side departments—including all its Independent and Republican organs.

If Daniel Webster was alive, in all his intellectual strength and glory, to-day, and a member of the United States Senate, and should get up on the floor of that Council Chamber and, with his masterly method of statement, expose and denounce the telegraph and railroad monopolies, and argue, in his ponderous way, in favor of measures for the emancipation of the people from the tyranny of these monopolies, there would be two or three little paragraphs concerning his speech telegraphed abroad to the Associated Press—conjoined with the statement that "the old man is breaking down;" that it was evident that his faculties were sadly impaired; that there was great expectation and great disappointment in the Senate and in the galleries respecting his speech.

And there would be, at the same time, columns devoted to Hoar's and Blaine's and Edmunds' "exhaustive and overwhelming reply to the pragmatical old gentleman:"—imagining the least of puffs, puffs, puffs for such as Edmunds is, and the least of indecency in expressions of contempt for Webster and respecting his speech.

And at the very next session of the Massachusetts Legislature which had a Senator to elect, under the force of monopoly bribery, and intimidation and blandishments, some such crawling, shiveling, whining, sneaking, lying creature as Dawes or Hoar would be sent to the National Legislature, to snivel and shuffle and "rattle around" in the place which the God-like Daniel had majestically and magnificently filled.

You press me to know what my confidence is or what my expectations are in regard to the anti-monopoly movement, in its largest sense considered. That is, whether I have any real hope or expectation of a future victory by the people over these tyrants this side of Revolution? I must confess that I am not as sanguine of the future in this respect as I was up to the defeat of such a man as Hancock by such a man as Garfield. Still, it seems to me that the burden will grow so insupportable that some measure of relief will be adopted, through the Democratic party, before another four years shall have closed.

To tide along and tide along—meanwhile growing stronger and stronger—is what the monopolists now seek. Their art is to amuse the people with side-show issues and excitements; and to try and make them believe that the political millenium can be reached by reducing the salaries of public officers to a nominal sum. Their agents will raise and inflate local issues about comparatively trifling extortions, by local companies in San Francisco and elsewhere on this coast, just before every election—so as to blind and divert the people. And, if necessary, such men as George Wm. Curtis and Carl Schurz will be instructed by their owners to whirl around aud make a new pretense of sympathy with the people and hostility to monopoly domination. Anything to keep the real power in the hands of the avowed or recently-pledged servants of the Rings. The avowed agents of the railroad and telegraph monopolies will make their influence felt, with money in hand, in regard to candidates for important office in any party or organizations that have the present promise of success. The George Wm. Curtises and Carl Schurzs and Whitelaw Reids, and Frank Pixleys will, mayhap, denounce Republican candidacies (put up to be defeated) and advocate railroad and telegraph monopoly "Democrats."

Meanwhile, there will be thousands of blatherskite demagogues who will preach to scores of expectant office holders that, no doubt, within three or four years, the great question before the American people may be, "Whether the monopolies or the people shall rule in this country?" But, at the present time, the great question is as to who should be Auditor of the county!

All helping to tide along; perhaps unto that day when Relief and Reform will be impossible—save by 1776 methods.

You say that George Gorham announces that the railroad companies were against the nomination of Grant at Chicago. I have always felt convinced that that was so. But, of course, Gorham does not give the right version of the matter.

The difficulty with Grant, as a railroad monopoly man, was, that he could not be considered entirely reliable as a *direct* servant.

Blaine was the railroad companies' man. And, when they could not get Blaine, Garfield was their choice. With Blaine, it was a straight road—between the railroad and telegraph quarters and the White House. With Grant, there might be some difficulty, on account of his obstinacy in nominating Cabinet officers, and such little matters, in which the corporations would be interested during his Administration! Not because of any suspected latent hostility to monopolies—nothing of that kind—certainly not on account of any ever declared hostility;—but because—on account of some "whim"—he might insist on putting in "the wrong man in the right place"—some Bristow or Devens, who would not be entirely at the command of Jay Gould and President Green and Jim Simonton and Huntington and Stanford and Crocker.

It was a matter of preference, of absolute preference. The monopolists, the railroad monopolists especially, have been nursing up Blaine for years and years. He is preeminently *their man*. Unsuccessful in their efforts to secure Blaine's nomination—(and the monopoly agents who worked for his success at Chicago must not be blamed too much by their masters—for the country is large, and a national nominating convention is unwieldy—and the railroad and telegraph companies had not, as yet, got any of the Southern States well in hand)—failing to secure Blaine's nomination, they succeeded in obtaining the next best thing—Garfield,—Garfield at the head of the Presidential ticket.

No intelligent, unprejudiced and honest citizen will undertake to question for a moment the fact, that all the powers of the monopolies were exercised in favor of Garfield and against Hancock.

The monopolists are cunning in having such papers as the San Francisco *Chronicle*—directed to profess anti-monopoly sentiments during three years, and then giving all the "benefit of their circulation" in favor of the candidate of the monopolists for the chief executive chair.

This ought to be among the simplicities by this time; and no intelligent person should be deceived or influenced by the branded sheet, or "the like of it."

No; Conkling never has been an anti-monopolist. He has been the servant of the gold ring and of the railroad ring, and preeminently of the telegraph ring; voting even against allowing railroad telegraph lines to carry private commercial messages when there was a threat of competition from that source; and his present speech, and the present talk of his flunkies about anti-monopoly sentiment on his part, is supremely audacious and absurd. Conkling, and Beck, of Kentucky, have been the strong pillars of the telegraph monopoly for several years past in the Senate of the United States; and, in return for his services, the Telegraph Company have puffed, puffed, puffed Conkling on every occasion.

Beck is one of that class of men who have swung from the Protection and Internal Improvements doctrines of ultra-Whiggism to the other side of the circle. And the telegraph monopoly have nursed him tenderly and shrewdly as one of their next friends in the United States Senate. While Field is the railroad's pet, Beck is the choice of the telegraph devil-fish—in the Democratic party.

"A Postal Telegraph" is an original Democratic proposition, as shown in my lecture on the subject.

No. There was not any bribery by Fair in Nevada. There was no necessity for any. All the hurrah on that occasion was gotten up for the purpose of heading off investigatiou in regard to the use of money in the State of California, which resulted in the election of the President of the Fur Seal Company monopoly to the Senate of the United States. Nevada is naturally a Democratic State. Take away the corruption of money and Federal patronage from that little commonwealth, and its vote would have shown a majority of thousands instead of hundreds, for General Hancock. I know the State well. Senator Fair had no occasion to contribute anything more than a reasonable amount to the legitimate campaign fund of the Democratic party in that State. He was known to be a very wealthy man.

Bill Sharon was of the opinion, doubtless, that Senator Fair might spend large sums in the contest, and knowing that Nevada was legitimately a Democratic State, and that Senator Fair could spend as much money as he, if he was so disposed, in such a canvass, Sharon drew out; and, keeping his purse-strings closed, the natural result was a Democratic victory, in spite of the Federal pap influence, and the money that was tossed in from the outside General Fund of the monopolists.

You know very well that the same thing may be said of the State of California. Permit the people of this State to once vote uninfluenced by bribery and intimidation and promises of Federal offices, and they would poll a Democratic majority of from 25,000 to 40,000 votes.

The corruption that resulted in sending the President of the Fur Seal Company to Washington, as Senator, should have been investigated. That is to say, an attempt should have been faithfully made in the California Legislature to investigate this matter. I am not prepared to say that such an investigation was prevented or warded off by the lies in regard to the Nevada election, which I have referred to. But those lies were studiously invented and circulated with that very purpose in view.

It is, indeed, from one standpoint, a great marvel that these monopolists should insist upon their extortions and go into all their rotten schemes in order to keep them up. If they would charge reasonable rates they would in the end—within a year—make, at least, as much money as they do now, and would be regarded by the people as public benefactors. But they are such hogs that they cannot look over the dollar and a half of to-day and see the greater yield of the coming year—as compared with the present receipts.

If we had a postal telegraph, there would soon be twelve persons—men, women and children—employed, where there is now one person on the roll of the Western Union Telegraph Company. And the demand for operators and workmen would rapidly increase, with maintenance at good wages, and with clear opportunities for inventors and the more skillful employes.

Suppose the railroad charged one-half its present fares from here to the East. Three passenger trains would be required daily, where one now meets the demands of traffic. And in the end the railroad company would be the gainer, while thousands would find employment; and business from without, from other portions of the globe, would pour in upon us with an immensely increased volume.

Competition may ultimately do something in the way of reducing the freights and fares on railroads, for a short time; competition may do a little towards reducing telegraph tolls within a few years; cheaper fuel and more inexpensive locomotives, etc., will probably bring about this result. But what the people ought to have is not a slight or a temporary reduction, but *an enormous and a permanent relief from the burdens of extortion.* Competition may reduce the cost of a ten-word dispatch from San Francisco to New York from $2 down to $1, or to 50 cents, within the next five or six years. But what the people ought to have is the opportunity and right—fixed at a maximum—of sending a twenty-word dispatch across the continent for not more than 25 cents;—so tariffed at the beginning of the Postal Telegrapb operations. And then the law should prescribe reductions in proportion to the income; should (and would, under a faithful administration by the Democratic party) soon bring the tolls down so that for 5 cents a ten-word message could be transmitted from *our* Land's End to Land's End.

It was undoubtedly proper that the Congress of the United States should require the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the Union Pacific Railroad Company to pay in the amounts which the Thurman bill provided, on their indebtedness to the Government. This measure ought to have been passed, but another measure should have been first enacted.

There is provision in the original Pacific Railroad bill, under which the fares can be reduced on these two national roads one half, by a single stroke of legislation. And, for years past, it has only required the presence of one resolute, honest, energetic man in either House of Congress to have made the Representatives of the people, and the people themselves, understand this fact. A majority of Senators and Congressmen are ignorant of the privilege and opportunity that they have had in this respect. The railroad companies have been very careful in making sure that no man was sent from this coast who would introduce such a bill, or advocate it vigorously and earnestly, if it was introduced.

Yes; I was amused on reading the declamation of Daggett of Nevada, about anti-monopoly. When I lived in that State, he thought I did wrong in warning and urging legislation—(1864 to 1868)—against Railroad Company tyranny. I hope that he and others who are associated with him are sincere in this change of attitude on this question, and will make proof of sincerity whenever reformatory efforts in legislation come to a focalizing point.

Yes; I can give you any amount of illustration of the stupendous extortions of the Western Union Telegraph Company. As long ago as 1879, I procured from one of the most accomplished electricians in the country—a gentleman experienced in building lines on this coast—the following estimate for the construction of a line of overland telegraph from San Francisco to Omaha—a two wire line:

San Francisto to Sacramento, per mile:

Polcs	$ 30
Insulators	6
Wire	106
Labor	10

$152x117 miles—$17,784

Sacramento to Reno, per mile:

Poles	$ 75
Insulators	12
Wire	110
Labor	20

$217x154 miles—$33,418

Reno to Omaha, per mile:

Poles	$ 56
Insulators	7
Wire	120
Labor	20

$203x1,573 miles—$319,319

Total cost of line completed from San Francisco to Omaha, $370,521.

The total cost of instruments and office-connecting wire will not exceed $60 for each office.

Line consists of two thoroughly insulated wires on same set of poles. Poles capable of carrying eight additional wires.

On this line, worked to full capacity for twenty hours per day, at one cent per word, the receipts would be $710,800 per annum. Worked one-half the time at one cent per word, the gross receipts in one year would nearly pay the original cost. Worked one-fourth of the time—five hours per day—the income, in one year would pay all expenses, and *twenty-eight per cent.* per annum on the investment;—the tariff, mark you, being one cent per word!

The bonanza people have an opportunity to invest their money in such a way as to secure the benedictions of the people and reap large profits. Let them extend their narrow gauge roads throughout the State and across the center of the continent, and put the freights and fares at a reasonable rate, and, while they will get good interest for their money, they will not fail of that reward which comes in the form of a recognition of a true and generous business enterprise by the long-suffering American public.

It is in "the nature" of the monopolist, according to experience and observation, to co-operate and coalesce with his fellow, when that fellow monopolist gets so large and powerful that there is a real rivalry in the business of the twain. "How long will it he after the new trans-continental roads are completed across the centre and north of the continent before they combine openly?" Not a long time, in all probability, judging from the past. But we should seek for legislation and a strong public sentiment meanwhile, to combat the projects of such union of interests. Can't we make *some* of our rich railroad men appreciate the excellence of justly conducted railroad enterprises, by force of public sentiment—as well as hold them to fair terms by the iron word of law?

Yes; some people talk of the corruption of our Courts by the monopolies as if it was a matter of recent occurrence or development!

The monopolists have been electing judges—forcing their nomination upon the Conventions—for at least twelve years last past. And they have got their creatures in most of the United States District Courts of the land. It is notorious that the Central Pacific Railroad Company bought votes in the California Legislature, years ago, with the promise of U. S. District Judgeships in adjacent territories. And the Central Pacific Railroad Company was able to fulfill some of its promises; and it now has some things in territorial judgeships, before which, with a parade that is even ludicrous, they roll their directors' car, full of railroad lawyers!

Well; perhaps it is necessary, or at least expedient, to marshal this display of legal talent in one of their cases in order to hoodwink some people. These monopolists are fearful; "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

One good, honest, upright and thoroughly informed Democratic majority in both houses of Congress, co-operating with a Democratic President, would accomplish all the anti-monopoly reform that is needed, and that I have outlined. It can all be done in one session. The Postal Telegraph bill need not be many sections long. I have shaped a model many times. And the enactment of a plain, simple bill of two sections would give us reasonable passenger fares across the continent forthwith.

Anything to keep the people's minds away from learning and understanding, fully comprehending, and honestly and inflexibly resolving, and wisely putting resolutions into practice through competent and courageous and conscience-bound representatives. Anything, any device, any hurrah, any funny or side-show business, that the national *monopolies may live* and grow fatter and fatter and stronger and stronger. Any Kearney that has got a new yell for reform, or any independent sheet that has got a new groan or howl for Reform elsewhere, can walk up to the captain's office and get small change for such bamboozling business.

Yes; I know there is some pretense of concentrating anti-monopoly sentiment through anti-monopoly leagues—expressly so-called. *That is a device of the enemy.* Honest men are to be trapped again by the George William Curtis breed of hypocrites. There will be no adequate and speedy relief accomplished through those organizations. If the people do not get it through the Democratic party, they will never get legislative relief until after Revolution. I do admit that we have some black sheep in our fold in Congress, as a matter of course; but they are few and far between, thank God.

In the character of the majority of the men in the Democratic party in Congress during the last six years, I have had a high and abiding confidence. What they have omitted to do cannot be put to the account of a lack of a right disposition and pure hearts. Noble has been the record of the majority of the Democratic Congressmen and Senators since 1873.

I doubt not that if there had been a man from this coast, during this period, to have stood up in either House, with the information and the will and the power of speech requisite for a commanding statement in regard to our railroad and telegraph monopolies here, the cause of anti-monopoly in this country would have had an immense start forward; if a comprehensive and conclusive victory would not have been absolutely won.

This is not a new-born zeal with me. The letters which I have given elsewhere in this little pamphlet, disclose that fact. And in the Nevada Senate, on many occasions, I prophesied all the woes of railroad monopoly thralldom to the people of this coast that have come upon them in the succeeding fifteen years—showing plainly, at that time, the way in which all this pictured tyranny and all this flood-tide of corruption in politics, caused by these tyrants, could be obviated, prevented and rendered impossible.

I knew the Stanfords, and the Crockers and their associates. I knew them, warp and filling. I knew what was to be expected from them. If they once got their hands on the throats of the people, I knew—and I prophesied in a speech which was reported by Mr. Cutter, and of which I have the short-hand notes—that the Railroad Company would be a great and the corrupting lobby power in California and Nevada; that the people would be charged fifty per cent above a reasonable railroad tariff, and their State and Federal legislators induced not to pass anti-monopoly laws.

I could have been Congressman, I could have been United States Senator, if I had held my peace on these topics or agreed to act under monopoly dictation. But those places are barren to me if I have to go there knowing that legislators are elected with the money of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, or that their votes are bought and paid for with the money of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, in my behalf. Life is too short for these things—if you put the moral consideration no higher than that. I believe in a God and a future judgment upon every man's actions. And I consider every man who takes a public office, knowing that it is bought and paid for with the money of corporation-monopoly, as no better, in any respect, than the traitor or thief who is not hedged about with the "respectabilities" which these monopoly monarchs enlist or build up!

I have no confidence in, and no respect for, the public representative or the judge upon the bench who talks anti-monopoly and then goes and dines and wines with the monopoly corporation masters, in their palaces; eating and drinking and making merry with these dukes of plunder and debauchery, on Nob Hill or Fifth avenue.

We must not speak plain about these things! Oh, no! We must not whisper about them. Oh, indeed, many is the man in San Francisco who pretends to be a man, who will cry "hush," on the street, if you lisp, before the nominating conventions meet, your hostilities to these monopolies — you being known as an earnest anti-monopoly man. Of course these same shadows of humanity, skeletons of manhood, will get up in Workingmen's Conventions, and Dennis Kearny Conventions, and Stalwart Conventions, and denounce monopoly. And some will crawl barefooted into Democratic Conventions, and loudly proclaim their anti-monopoly sentiments. And then they will take a free pass and two or three thousand dollars and go to Cincinnati, and try and secure the nomination of that cold-blooded piece of railroad and telegraph monopoly, known as Stephen J. Field.

You must not use harsh words about these railroad kings. You must not name their doings, with an opprobrious epithet for the doers. If you do, you are not a gentleman!

How shall you speak of them, if you speak of them at all? Have they not robbed this people? Have they not corrupted our legislators? Have they not nominated and secured the election of creatures as Governors, and corrupted this commonwealth? Do they not own men, body, boots and breeches, who are the nominal representatives of the people, in the National Legislature at Washington? Shall you say nothing about them? Nothing but sweet words! Because they are church deacons and vestrymen, and what not? And give good gifts to lawyers and doctors and ministers, who have passed into places or positions of influence on the strength of anti-monopoly sentiments, and then sold out to these lordly millionaires?

I tell you, sir! When you pay fifteen cents for a ferry passage from San Francisco to Oakland, you are robbed of ten cents. When you pay fifty cents for a ten-word message from San Francisco to Sacramento, you are robbed of forty-five cents. And so you can go through the tariff.

These charges should have been brought down to a reasonable standard by honest legislatures, National and State. They are not so reduced, because Legislatures, National and State, are corrupted by the men who take the benefit of these enormous exactions and put them into treasuries out of which they can and do buy the professed representatives of the people.

Is that plain enough?

No; I don't speak as plainly or as fully as I ought. I have to bear the expense of my own speech, whatever it may be. I cannot give publication to all details with which I wish the public was supplied. But to the uttermost of my ability and opportunity, I speak.

The monopolists and their creatures in the Republican party are determined not only to rob and to rule today, but they are determined to write history for the coming generations.

One thing I shall do—and that I shall do without a grain of personal ill feeling in the premises. However insignificant it may now appear, I will announce it—and woe unto me if I do it not: I will leave memoirs after me that will give the true history of many men in California who are now high in public honor or public confidence, but who, for their treason to the State and their help to tyrants, deserve nothing but public execration. And when we shall have all passed away, let my children or my children's children—if time shall continue so long—use a wise discretion in spreading them before what I hope will be an interested and appreciative and grateful people.

If we had a Postal Telegraph, every Democratic paper could, and naturally, and, you may say, necessarily would have its own reporters at Washington, New York and other main points of NEWS. What a different (because correct) idea the people would soon have of discussions and orders in our National Legislature. Even the Associated Press, while it lingered in existence, would be compelled, by force of such clear and enduring rivalry, to occasionally approximate a fair report. * * * * Undoubtedly Conkling had a bargain with Garfield at Mentor. Of course, it was not put in writing, and, perhaps, it was not explicitly stated in detail in words, but it was perfectly well understood by both parties; and, on the strength of it, Conkling used his usual methods for and in behalf of the perjurers' and bribe-takers' ticket in New York and elsewhere. Of course it is the fact, that Garfield has added to the iniquity of the original covenant, the fact (call it sin or no) of treachery and ingratitude. He may think to hide the former by the virtue which some will attach to the latter.

He "goes back" on Conkling, but not on the monopolists. He is true to the holders of the great outside cash-boxes of corruption.

The Dorsey Banquet was a great champagne-fed chuckle over the success of the confessed corruption by which the State of Indiana—an admittedly "Democratic State"—was put in the roll of "Radical," in October and November, 1880. A more unblushing exhibition of the moral degradation of the Republican Party could not have been prepared. Of course Garfield's congratulations were there.

Compare the leaders of the Radical party with the leaders of the Democrtic party, and, if you are an honest, intelligent man, you cannot hesitate as to your associations in party lines. Can you imagine Horatio Seymour, or Horace Greeley, or Samuel J. Tilden, or Winfield S. Hancock asking for party aid from branded thieves, or sitting at or sending sympathetic messages to such a banquet as the Dorsey affair! * * * * O, yes, they will make much of every such thing. Garfield is not a scholar, in the higher sense of the word. But, of course, he will be declared to be a great linguist, and all that. One sentence from the opening pages of Ollendorff's German Teacher is enough for the Associated Press. "He speaks German like a native." He said, in parrot tone, "Welcome all," in German! O, Heavens! what a linguist. [What did he say to the Boat Club *after* election? It was not "welcome all."] Garfield made two gross mistakes in his speech at Chicago, which the telegraph boy corrected. [See *National Telegrapher*.] Garfield said that Xerxes led the Greeks; but the telegraph boy knew better. * * * *

You feel the convenience of the postal cards and the city street-corner P. O. Box. It comes home to every poor man's door and heart. Would you have the tariff turned back to 16 cents on each letter, and then give the practical monopoly of carrying to a private express company? When you write a postal, and immediately appreciate the cheapness and comfort of the dispatch by mail, reflect on the immensely greater advantage of communication you would have if your words were to be taken from the green letter-box, or at the Postoffice station, and forthwith transmitted by telegraph to your relatives or friends, your dear old mother, or your dying school or college comrade, now in the East! (or your lass or lover!) *This* is an advantage of civilization, under our general government, you should NOW have; that you would have with a Postal Telegraph.

There is no originality in J. A. Garfield. I have read his speeches and letters—prompted thereto, of course, by the candidacy and the laudations of the man. Most of what he has written on political matters is as insipid as chalk. He would not supply with his whole cranium the material for the northeast corner of such men as Tilden, or Thurman, or Austin E. Blair. His greatest point seems to have been the quotation of some Bank Ring sophistry, and then striking an attitude and challenging: "Let the gentleman wrestle with that, if he can." And this, over and over and over again, *ad nauseam*. He is a mediocre man, but most distinguished in his utter and educated obsequiency to the money and monopoly powers of the land. But Garfield has such a brilliant war record! In 1866 the Radical house of Harper Bros. published "Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by Wm. F. G. Shanks, a war correspondent, in which Sherman and Grant and other Generals are highly extolled. See page 266 of that book, for, incidentally, a mention of Garfield and an old woman, at Chickamauga—two miles from the field of battle—*guessing* where the *fighting was going on!*

The fact to which you refer may be accurately stated in this way, I think: The people were deceived into per-

mitting Sherman and Garfield and Morton and Sargent & Co. to swindle them out of the rightful President of 1876-80. There can be now no sort of question with any sane man that Samuel J. Tilden was duly elected President of the United States in 1876. Although his words during the canvass, and between the election and the seating of the hypocrite and taker of stolen goods, Hayes, were unreported or misreported, as far as the managers of the Associated Press thought it prudent for them to suppress or garble or altogether misstate in this connection, it did come to our ears even by the tardily delivered telegraphic message—(bound to come in due course of mail, and therefor allowed to leak through the monopolists' tub of "news")—it did come to our knowledge that Samuel J. Tilden said and sought to proclaim that the people should assemble in mass meetings in their respective towns and cities, and hear the facts stated, and formally demand the inauguration as President of the man who was elected to that office. Necessarily following, consequent upon such meetings, there would have been an effective organization of the people in support of such demand; and the outcome would have been the installation of Samuel J. Tilden in the Chief Executive chair of this Union.

The Democracy of Indiana began to act upon this simple and sage and sufficient suggestion from the man who had been elected President. Then the "O hush!" and "O hush!" "sh—sh—sh—sh!" began. All the managers of the Independent Press—some of whom had blurted out a confession of the most obvious fact—the most obvious fact in the world—that Samuel J. Tilden had been elected President of the United States—I say that all the Independent Press managers took a new fee and began to bawl "sh—sh—sh—sh!"—being very noisy in requesting everybody else to keep very quiet. Especially, with great condescension of manner and emphasis, with the very air of magnanimity, these venal, cunning creatures turned their special appeals to "leading Democrats," as they fondled the men whom they dominated, and begged them to be quiet, and to see to it that no one of the rank and file made noisy protest against the robbery that was in course of perpetration.

More than this. Worse than this, infinitely. The avowed Radical and the Independent Press managers editorially endorsed the lies of the Associated Press Telegraphic column in this: The telegrams from one portion of the Union to the other bore the statement daily that the Democrats here and the Democrats there were, in mind and heart, indifferent upon the question as to who should receive the votes of Louisiana and Florida and South Carolina in the Electoral College. The people in the several States were, in great measure, deceived as to the sentiments of the Democracy in the other portions of the Union, by this infamous misrepresentation of popular judgment and desire. The Democracy in Indiana were informed that the Democracy in California desired nothing but peace, peace, peace, and were only fearful lest some imprudent, hot-headed, prominent Democrat should propose organization in an effective way for the purpose of *seeing to it* that the Jefferson of our generation was inaugurated in the office to which he had been elected. Those who called or attended the few meetings that were held in Indiana were specially informed by the lying Associated Press that their acts were wholly disapproved by the Democracy elsewhere. Every effort on the part of honest Democrats in any large town or city to secure action in accordance with the advice of the President-elect, was watched, and, so far aspossible, thwarted.

Unfortunately, most unfortunately, by bribery or intimidation, or some sort of blandishment, the monopolists found it no difficult matter to bring to their aid in this infamous business men who had been accepted as leaders in the Democratic Party—many of whom had held, or still occupied, high positions of honor and trust, in which they had been placed by the Democratic Conventions and Democratic votes.

Finding that it was impossible to get our committees in this city—at least it was impossible for me to secure the desired action—to call a mass meeting for the purpose above indicated, I engaged Dashaway Hall, and wrote out notices for publication for a meeting of this kind. I showed my form of notice to Colonel Hoge and D. B. Woolf and Henry George. I was going to the printing office when Mr. George met me in the hallway of the Supreme Court building. He said he would co-operate with me, but he thought it best to try and get some of the members of the State Committee to take the initiative. I told him that I had already made an appeal to individual members there in vain; but I was willing he should make a similar application. I was always willing to take a back seat, and I have always paid deference to regularly constituted authorities when they came anywhere near doing their duty.

Well, Mr. George went to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where it had been announced that State Committee men and other prominent men would have a consultation with respect to calling public meetings for the purpose before stated—consultation about this matter especially, as well as about some other matters. George came back from this consultation gathering, at which William Irwin and Eugene Casserly were present, in a state of utter demoralization. "Why," said George to me, "they laughed at me! They said it was the most ridiculous thing they ever heard! Everything was going along all right, and nothing could be more unwise or absurd!" I understood either from George, or from some one else, that Pickering of the *Call* was either present at that meeting; or had his hushing advice quoted thereat. (If Tilden had been inaugurated, this old dye-pot would have professed to have been his next friend, I suppose. But the idea of taking his advice on such a question! There is absurdity for you—unless you attach a sinister motive to the action at that time and in that place of William Irwin and Eugene Casserly and other so-called "leaders"—present and approving.)

I was going on to hold a meeting, notwithstanding the State Capitol lodgers had met the mind of Pickering in the hush business. Just then Leander Quint came to me and said that E. D. Sawyer—an old line and well known Republican leader—would preside at such a meeting, it being agreed that I was to make the opening and principal speech of the evening. I told Judge Quint that I was more than willing that some one else should have charge of such a meeting, and that others should speak to the exclusion of myself, providing it was an up-and-up Tilden-inauguration-demand assemblage. And Judge Quint told me that that was precisely what Judge Sawyer desired. I put my testimonial of respect in every letter that I write about this matter, for Judge E. D. Sawyer and E. T. Batturs, of this city, both of whom were ready to act at a public meeting, at which resolutions should be passed declaring that Tilden had been elected, and must be seated as President of the United States. Then, persuaded by the plea that the Electoral Commission "settled all things," this plan was abandoned by Judge Quint and his immediate associates. I thought then that it was too late for me to do any effective work with a meeting of my own summoning; as indeed it was.

If a mass meeting had been held in San Francisco at the date to which I first refer in this connection, I am firmly of the opinion Tilden would have been inaugurated. The Associated Press could not have altogether concealed the largeness and importance and emphasis of the meeting; knowing that private dispatches and private letters would bear the text of the resolutions to Indiana, and New York and elsewhere; knowing that similar meetings would follow in Sacramento, and San Jose, and Marysville, and Los Angeles, and Virginia City, and Portland, Oregon, on this coast. We could have broken up this "O hush!" business.

We should have had an investigation into the election last fall in New York and Indiana. At least, we should have had a searching investigation. Such an investigation was started, and the "O hush!" business of the monopolists again brought to bear. The hands and hearts of our brethren in Indiana and New York should have been strengthened for the purposes of such an investigation, by the expressed sentiment of great public meetings in San Francisco and elsewhere. I proposed to call such a meeting myself a few days after the last Presidential election. I very respectfully gave the State Central Committee the option of calling such a meeting; and after hearing my statement with respect to it, the Committee agreed, and went so far as to engage Union Hall, music, etc., for the occasion.

I will tell you some other time precisely how I understand the State Committee to have been brought under the pressure of the "O, hush!" business. It is sufficient for me now to say, that that committee was induced to reconsider this appointment.

You can rely upon it, that hereafter I shall hold my own camp-meeting, without consultation with any of the elders in California.

I believe that it may be truly said, that but for the action of the railroad monopoly lawyers and office-holders in California, in 1876–77, as above noted, we would have had a mass-meeting in San Francisco, the positive and reflex influence of which would have resulted in the inauguration of Samuel J. Tilden as President of the United States. Honest and valiant Democrats must act as their best judgment dictates hereafter, when committees and pompous office-holders refuse to act, in the matter of calling the Democracy together in public assemblages.

In Great Britain the country newspapers have their latest telegraphic dispatches of news, the same as the city dailies, including the very latest market quotations, at the rate of three words for a cent, and less. With a Postal Telegraph our Democratic country papers on the Pacific coast would have similar facilities for news. There never was a more audacious attempt to deceive the people and to enlist the country newspapers on this coast on the side of monopoly than that noted in Jim Simonton's recent lecture, so-called, at the Mercantile Library Hall, in San Francisco; when he affected to snivel over the loss, the deprivation, to country newspapers in the event of the establishment of a Postal Telegraph. A very sublimity of mendacity!

As an indication of the popular use of the Postal Telegraph, consider how the demand for Postal Cards has risen from 100,000 a year to 40,000,000 a quarter, and the demand still rising.

The railroad and telegraph bosses and runners in this State have adopted a new plan for hushing up the editors of Democratic country newspapers—a new plan for inducing such men, when they cannot be bribed, to cease from troubling the public with information about and comments upon monopoly, extortion, etc. Even some of the bosses condescend to this work. It shows how mightily they fear popular enlightement on the subject, and how their grasping avarice goads them on to industrious deviltry. Bosses and runners go into the country and form the acquaintance of ranchmen or miners, or improve such an acquaintance already formed, for the purpose of suggesting to the aforesaid ranchmen or miners—or merchants, perhaps—that Mr. So-and-so, editor of the ——— is devoting too much space to complaints about railroad and telegraph extortions. The original suggestion may or may not go to the extent of advising the farmer, or miner, or merchant, or viniculturist, or mechanic, to go directly to the editor whose paper he subscribes for, or otherwise patronizes, and deprecate "so much talk about monopolies." If the country newspaper patron referred to takes the cue quick, and, in his simplicity, says at once: "Yes, yes; I will go and speak to him about it," then nothing more need be said by the boss or runner, or striker, or flunky of the railroad or telegraph company. If the country subscriber gives no hint of purpose of remonstrating with his country editor, as desired, he is artfully and explicitly prompted to do so; the whole message being very polite, except in cases of contumacious citizens in the interior, upon whom the boss or his agent can bring the pressure of freight charges or depot privileges of any kind

Some of the best men in the editorial chairs of Democratic country papers, who have never failed to speak out plainly about the enormities of monopoly extortion, have told me that they have been showered with letters of the kind which the above paragraph would indicate; not suspecting, at first, that there was a moving spirit behind their good, honest old patrons, or that this or that wheat-man or ore-seller was acting under duress when he wrote: "I know that the management of the railroad and telegraph is outrageously extortionate, but I would not say so much about it, if I were you."

Yes; I knew Senator Broderick intimately. I was present in his rooms when Calhoun Benham brought the Terry challenge. One other person was there—Ben Butler's brother. Broderick was eating his breakfast in his bedroom when Benham came in. I said at once, as I had said repeatedly, that Broderick certainly ought not to fight Terry, and that if Edmund Randolph was chosen as one of the Senator's friends, a duel would be avoided. Broderick agreed that I should call Mr. Randolph for him. But Randolph was not in his office at the time, and I did not find him at his home on Telegraph Hill; and before I could communicate with him Butler had persuaded Broderick to call in other and less judicious counselors. * * * It is ludicrous to hear and read eulogies on Broderick, which are put forth for the purpose of making capital politically, by men who were enemies of Broderick in his life-time, or who had no personal acquaintance with him such as they now profess. I heard one of the railroad company's flunkies delivering a horrowed eulogy on Broderick as his own, and pretending to have had a close acquaintance with Broderick or a full knowledge of his biography, when, in point of fact, he did not know Broderick's first name. This railroad orator then spoke of *Daniel* C. Broderick. This eulogist was a State Senator, and announced himself as W. W Stow's favorite "Democratic" and "Workingmen's" candidate for Congress. In another speech, made on the following day, this same fellow denounced the railroad monopoly! It is enough to make one sick, to witness the gullibility of the public, when such bilks—not only without character but really without education—are chosen as reform candidates to a State Senate. It is from such creatures that you may expect sham Postal Telegraph resolutions. I have heard that some of them returned from the Legislature with carpet sacks full of stationery and office cutlery. Said to be great friends of Denis Kearney and wandering political parsons. * * * Yes; many of the speeches made in Congress and other deliberative bodies are written by "outsiders," as you have supposed. I was told by a Congressman in Washington, in 1875, that he saw the manuscript of one of John P. Jones' silver speeches before Jones himself saw it! We have members of our State Senate who are entirely ignorant of the rules of grammar, and who have not written a letter for several years on that account. Yet they talk very learnedly, sometimes; very pompously, always. I am credibly informed that one of this class copied an oration which I delivered in Sacramento, St. Patrick's Day, 1867, and read it as his own at a St. Patrick's Day celebration in this State in 1872. I learned of this fact through a friend, who inquired of me how I could so exactly prophesy what the fellow referred to would say on such an occasion, four or five years in advance! * * * No; Broderick did not leave any will. The document probated as such was a forgery. Broderick told me several times during the campaign of 1859 that he had no will written or recorded anywhere; that he once made a fool of himself by writing or dictating a will, shortly before the Smith duel; that the State of California could have his property, if he was killed. * * * The "water warfare" in San Francisco has been a humbug from the beginning, so far as the Independent Press is concerned. The pets and saints of the *Bulletin* and *Call* have made the most out of it. One lawyer, so-called, agreed to "fight" the water company in the courts for five thousand dollars, which was four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents more than he was worth in the case. He was ultimately paid twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand dollars for his services in behalf of the people against the Spring Valley Water Company! Just think of it! He wrote a "brief," which in its way was a curiosity. It began with stealings from an encyclopedia, and concluded with an exhortation to be virtuous and you will be happy. The whole business was a gross outrage and an everlasting shame; but it was upheld throughout by the hypocrites of the *Bulletin*, the *Call* and the *Chronicle*. * * * The Independent Press of San Francisco has been the curse of curses to this city and to the State. With varied professions of saintliness—it was not sufficient to assume to be simply honest—it has been able to hamboozle and sell out our people to the monopolists, regularly. * * * It ought to be enough to disgust any intelli-

gent, thinking man, to see a paper that has a direct and avowed interest in company with the telegraph monopolists, professing sincere hostility to our water and gas monarchs. If we had a postal telegraph, men of brains and common honesty would immediately have such equal opportunities and advantages in the way of geting telegraphic news that they could successfully start and continue the publication of daily journals that would weed out the Pharisaic and the avowed Judas organs of San Francisco. Bear that in mind. * * * San Francisco would have double her present population and wealth—with prosperity as evenly divided as any of our most favored Eastern cities—if San Francisco had not been cursed by the most infamous Independent Press that ever afflicted any community.

Yes; that is one of their stereotyped forms in which they slander the rest of mankind: "Anyone else would do the same thing under the same circumstances." Not so. Some have endured martyrdom for the truth and honor; why not expect many to resist the utmost of temptation or intimidation from the source indicated?

If Tilden had accepted the Presidential office under the same terms and circumstances as those marked for Hayes—or anywise similar terms and circumstances—would not you and I have denounced him for his venality? I know I would. I am thankful that I am acquainted with some old line Republicans who openly denounced the hypocrite, Hayes, for taking the stolen property passed to him by John Sherman, Jas. A. Garfield & Co.; and who thereupon gave assurance of their entire sincerity, by quitting the Radical camp.

It is true that many a man has conducted a great business with a just and even generous consideration of his responsibility to the people in his immediate employ and to the community generally, and to the government of his country. These dominating money-bags of today do most grossly libel their fellow men when they declare, and have proclaimed for them, that any other person or persons would be as selfish and extortionate and corrupt as they are in a like position.

Jim Fisk, with all his many and well-known vices, was an incomparably better man than any of his companions or successors in monopoly power. They have all his faults with none of his good qualities, in their business operations. He exhibited many redeeming traits of character, which are entirely foreign to the composition or self-culture of the railroad or telegraph bosses who are now on the throne.

Railroad Commissioner Cone goes directly to Stanford for counsel as to the action of the Commissioners. He is honest about this. He states such is his habit. So stated to Judge Hewel, of Modesto. Nice Railroad Commissioners for the people! It is a little refreshing, though, to note that he does not lie about his service, and pretend that he has no communications with the railroad dukes, or their lawyers, or lacqueys. For what small things do we become grateful.

If the railroad and telegraph graspers did not charge extortionately they would have no occasion to debauch legislators and other public representatives or officers. They rob you by extortionate freights and fares, and then, out of their robber's fund, they buy the election of legislators and judges; or bribe representatives and courts, after the legislature and the tribunal of justice has been opened.

The article in the July Scribner (1881), headed "The People's Problem," is monopoly-defending in its ultimate and general effect. It belongs to a class of articles which the lawyers and lick-spittles of the great railroad and telegraph corporations write for the leading magazines, whose editors and managers are, from ignorance or collusion, ready for their insertion. This article describes "politicians as *plundering* Jay Gould, and Jim Simonton, and Cornelius Vanderbilt and Leland Stanford." That is the drift and bent of the article; and, in some parts, this statement and challenge is direct; although, of course—of course—of course—there are the usual (most inconsistent) paragraphs deprecating monopoly. The monopolists sometimes pay directly for just such people-libeling, hoodwinking, bamboozling articles; and the authors of such will frequently be found gnzzling at the dinner-tables of the railroad and telegraph company magnates.

The people are more than willing—they are anxious—that all legitimate and fairly conducted business enterprises shall return large profits to proprietors and managers. This statement, in the simplicities, confronts, and, if held in contemplation for a moment, will confound the maudlin magazine flunkies of New York and California.

Exasperated, sometimes, even by the shadow of protest against their exactions—though the protest be made where it cannot avail—the real temper and sentiment of our railroad orphans crop out. A few days ago, Stanford said, at a meeting of the California Railroad Commissioners, that no one was opposed to or aggrieved by the railroad management in this State, except "bumming politicians, who spend most of their working hours with their feet up on a table, etc." Now, there spoke Leland Stanford: This "gentleman," this "prince of entertainers"—whose biography, as a beauty, is stuck under the nose of every reader in this State in a dozen different prints almost every month in the year. This is the way he classes you—honest man and decent citizen, merchant, artisan, or toiler in a profession—if you presume to complain of the extortions and the corrupt practices in business and in politics of the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

Now, if Leland Stanford will point out one "bumming politician" in this State, who is not now, or who has not been, as occasion called, a servant of the C. P. R. R., he will gratify a laudable and wide-spread curiosity. I undertake to say that every morally rotten creature in the form of a man, who makes a business of bargaining his vote or influence in politics—living a life of comparative idleness in every other respect—is a hireling of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. And no one has better reason to know that fact than Leland Stanford.

I would like to see the people roused up to a full sense and appreciation of the character of our monopoly tyrants. Here is an illustration of it. They hate every one who is opposed to their outrageous management, and who expresses that opposition in sincerity and for the purpose of stimulating reform disposition and movement against them—whose honest opposition they know and *feel* to be true and intelligent and influential and effective.

What a foul slander is this quoted statement, coming from the blubbery lips of this purse-proud, arrogant Railroad President—a lordly millionaire in ownerships of railroads which were built with the money of the people. Yet Scribner's and Harper's managers, and Kearney and Fitch and Pickering and Pixley—from the top to the bottom of the scale of influence and "respectability"—will join in unstintedly praising such men, and by every means in their power helping such men to continue to bear extorting and tyrannical rule in this "Land of the free and home of the brave."

It is an everlasting shame that the people of this State should be held by the throat by a Board of Railroad and Telegraph Directors, in conjunction with the directors of local monopolies in San Francisco, a majority of whom are so ignorant that they buy their pictures by the yard, and their statuary by the ton—or were accustomed to do so until some of them took friendly advice and purchased through competent agents. There may be something of added exasperation in the gross ignorance of these men. But that is a very little matter, and you should not dwell upon it.

Their petty spitefulness is illustrated by their ignoring Modesto in their folder maps, which are supposed to give accurate and full namings of important stations,

etc. Stanislaus County seems to be irreclaimably Democratic, and Modesto is the shire town thereof. Hence, although a place of 3,000 inhabitants, its name is not given on Crocker's travelers' map;—although that profile of the railroad contains scores of names of little hamlets along the road. What sweet revenge on Modesto and Stanislaus County. Fully indicative of the length and breath and heighth and depth of the brains and souls of the Crockers and Stanfords & Co. * * * The Modesto people pay $7 for a round ticket to San Francisco and back. I know of many roads in the East, who for a greater distance, for 140 miles, sell round tickets for $2 50. And that on roads built with private funds, of course. The railroad magnates charge at least twice as much as they should; and the Modesto people know it and feel it, and talk about it.

Yes. I suppose you may say that some of these monopolists are sensitive about having any one speak of them personally. In general discursive phrases—such as they give their shams to use, when they *put them up* to bamboozle the people with anti-monopoly affectations—they do not find much annoyance; but when a man of the people speaks of them with any appropriate individual, personal reference, they are very wrathy. It is too much the prophecy of time when the Lord of all, whose is the silver and the gold, shall single them out and denounce them for their perjuries and robberies and oppressions and rascalities of every sort.

They establish and hire slander and smut mills all over this State, and all over the Union, to blacken the character of decent men and outspoken politicians, whom they know they cannot corrupt; and they sometimes direct their *Spirit of the Times*, or *News Letter*, or *Argonaut*, or *Daily Chronicle*, to begin firing;—whenever, by incorruptible patriots, the dukes of monopoly in California are challenged and exposed and denounced. If deemed absolutely necessary, the *Bulletin* will also be ordered up to this work. They hide themselves behind low mud-batteries, and grin and giggle while their scavengers come up from their cess-pools under the embrazures and cast mire in the face of the sincere champions of human liberty, who know and denounce and battle the greatest living and acting foes of Republican institutions and popular rights.

Talk about shame! Witness the shouting over the alleged Morey letter, and then note the substituting of the name of Charles Francis Adams Jr. for that of Charles Francis Adams,—pretending, as the *Chronicle* and other rotten Radical organs did, that Charles Francis Adams stultified himself with respect to his own grand charge of ineffaceable fraud against the Republican Party; taking the words of his runt son (a stipendiary of the railroad monopolists,) and putting them into the mouth of the venerable and venerated father. Talk of the Morey letter? See the forged report from the free-trade League,—ascribing to it an endorsement of the Democratic Party, when it never made any such endorsement; when its officers never dreamed of any such thing.

The Morey letter never made a vote against Garfield. The men on this coast who had made up their minds to vote the Democratic ticket at the last Presidential election, on the basis of the Chinese question, had come to that conclusion long before the Morey letter made its appearance. I believe that if it changed any votes at all, it changed them the other way. When it first made its appearance, I did not believe it. The words "Personal and Confidential," which were written over it, made me discredit it, and I never made any use of it. I never spoke of it in public, nor did I ever say anything about it in private, except to pass the common remark that it was less emphatic as indicating Garfield's sentiment on the Chinese question than his action in Congress or his Cleveland interview. It bore no comparison—even supposing it to have been a forgery—to the Radical iniquity of the Charles Francis Adams falsehood and the free-trade League forgery; and these latter, though proven beyond a question against the managers of the Radical Party of 1881, have never been retracted or apologized for by any Radical or Independent paper—not even by the much bepuffed saints, George W. Curtis and Carl Schurz.

The merchants and the farmers of California should be able to ascertain market rates in New York and Liverpool, within shortest telegraphic dispatch time, for twenty-five cents for each ten words. With a postal telegraph the tariff would run from this cost down to one-quarter the figure named. As it is now, the managers of the telegraph monopoly own, for all practical purposes, the market news of the world. Every merchant and farmer in California should be able to get latest Liverpool quotations for wool and other staples in half a day's time, for a quarter of a dollar. See my lecture on Postal Telegraph.

It is rumored that some of the monopolists in New York City are about organizing a telegraph company, which is to be called "The Postal Telegraph Company." Here, by the way, is a confession as to the growing popularity of the name and that which it stands for. It would seem that the name "People's Telegraph Company" has been worn out—as a delusive title. I can count sixteen "People's" Telegraph Companies that have risen with great threats against monopoly and suddenly sold out. The charges of the Western Union Telegraph Company are so enormously extortionate that genuine competition will frequently spring up between main points. But one of the principal tricks of the telegraph monopoly nowadays is to get up sham "competing" companies and go through the motions of fighting *it* for a year or so. Then there will be a pretense of buying out the new concern. In this way real, honest competition is warded off; outside capitalists and the people being made to believe that competition does exist or is about to be permanently established. And, at the same time, here is a cunning device for covering another immense watering of stock. When the "new concern," so-called, is bought in, or professedly purchased, there is an inflation of stock which is out of all proportion to the actual cost of the additional wires that are now avowedly taken under Western Union management. The general public has been completely hoodwinked by this maneuvre several times. With this watered stock, some of the independent press managers have been largely enriched—in payment for special services as suppressors and misrepresenters and wholesale and retail liars on behalf of the Western Union Telegraph monopoly.

Be not deceived. A National Government Postal Telegraph is what we need. Any other establishment will fail to bring the people speedy, adequate and enduring relief from extortionate telegraph tolls; anything other than this will fail to afford us the benefits and advantages of telegraphy, which it is the right of the people to have and to enjoy.

The real monopoly proprietorship in the New York *Nation* is now sufficiently disclosed, when we see its editor lock arms with Carl Shurz in the management of the New York *Evening Post*—a paper now avowedly the flunky organ of the Northern Pacific Railroad monopoly.

Time was when these monopolists seemed a little more shrewd, or at least more secret about their newspaper proprietorship. They disclaimed a monopoly management, after the fashion of our own delectable *Evening Bulletin*, and *Morning Call*, and San Francisco *Chronicle*. But here we have the grand old New York *Evening Post*,—that journal of splendid record, with its Legget and its William Cullen Bryant and its Park Godwin and its John Bigelow, on the editorial list! Now we see it with that soldier of fortune, Carl Schurz, spindled on its tripod; with the *Nation* nest of Radical hypocrites squatting and chatttering around him.

Yes; it was bad enough to see the New York *World* pass from Manton Marble's management to Jay Gould's direct and avowed proprietorship. But the humiliation in that spectacle is far less than that which is felt by observing the debauchery in the office of the New York *Evening Post*.

I began the advocacy of the National Postal Telegraph in 1851, when I had charge of a junction office at North Adams, Massachusetts. I was then a lad of fifteen years. At that time I had not seen or heard of the re-

port of President Polk's Postmaster General on the subject, and such an establishment had not then been thought of by the rulers in Europe. The proposition was entirely original with me, though I presume it occurred to thousands of others immediately on the announcement of the success of the Morse telegraph; and I well remember how I was laughed at and ridiculed for my "boyish ideas about sending all letters by lightning." In local papers, and in such metropolitan journals as I could find correspondence-access to, I plead for the plan. Presently I learned that a Democratic Postmaster General had "apprehended the situation" in 1847, and I then began writing to Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives in reference to the matter. [See my lecture on Postal Telegraph, appendix, for extracts from President Polk's Postmaster General's Report.] From that time on I was emboldened and stimulated to press the subject; really and confidently expecting—so manifest are the advantages of the system, so great are the extortions and impositions, of various kinds, of the tyrants of telegraph monopoly—that every succeeding year would witness the practical inauguration of the American Postal Telegraph.

I have sent Postal Telegraph bills to many United States Senators and Representatives in Congress, on their agreeing to introduce and advocate such a measure. Some have been introduced and referred and urged; some have been offered and allowed to sleep quietly in the committee room. Two or three of the well-known—leading, in fact—flunkies of the monopolists in the National Legislature, recognizing the importance and probable ultimate adoption of such a measure, have "hedged" for a record by introducing a sleeper of their own. A. A. Sargent, for instance.

Distinguished Senators and Representatives have positively assured me many times that they would offer such a bill, or make a speech in favor of such a measure when introduced, and have then *mysteriously* failed to keep their word in either respect. I know that such men—some of them—have indulged in favoring talk about the matter in committee and cloak rooms at the National Capitol—general conversation; and I know that thereupon agents and missionaries of the Western Union Telegraph Company have been very active in buzzing such Legislators with discouraging "*arguments*," so-called; including and rising from lying statements about the British and Continental Telegraphs. I am sometimes lost in wonder, as I go from poin to point in reflections on the extortions, tyrannies and infamies of the Western Union Telegraph monopoly! Despite the fact of suppressions of information and all true statement on the subject by our venal press, how can the people fail to realize the enormity of the tariff and the outrage of monopoly in political and market news-transmission, the outrage in the falsity or suppression of intelligence, and the tremendous overcharge for services actually rendered! Do try and *wake up* all your acquaintances on this subject, and let us see if we cannot have a National Government Postal Telegraph *during the next Administration.*

Very respectfully,

CHARLES A. SUMNER.

San Francisco, July 1, 1881.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the foregoing was written and put in the hands of the printer, an assassin has shot James A. Garfield. Every decent citizen must feel a heartfelt sorrow for Mr. Garfield and for his family, on account of this dastardly deed. Why shoot James A. Garfield? I did not suppose he had a personal enemy in this whole country. He was not and is not the man to make personal enemies. He is one of those men who started out in life with a pleasant disposition, and who has educated his amiability to the utmost. There is a profoundly wise selfishness in this. James A. Garfield always sought not to hurt anybody's personal feelings. And certainly no citizen of good sense could desire to substitute Arthur for Garfield in the Executive Mansion.

I will express gratitude because it was not a lunatic from the South who committed this horrible act. If it had been, it would have made capital sufficient for the prolongation of Radical rule at Washington during the next ten years to come, at the very least; although it might have been established beyond the shadow of a shade of a reasonable doubt that no other human being in the South or on the face of the earth had the slightest fixed-star-distant thought or suspicion of the deed before it was done.

Now Garfield is to recover. Good. I am heartily glad of it. But is he less the man who went down to Louisiana and help steal the Presidency from that incomparably noble statesman, that splendid patriot, Samuel J. Tilden?

I know that every possible use will be made of this unfortunate occurrence to build this man Garfield up in popularity, and continue his administration over another term. But, unless the people lose their wits in a sympathy pushed beyond the proper bounds of personal pity, it will not be a success.

I am sorry, sorry, sorry, that James A. Garfield was struck down by the bullet of the cowardly Guiteau. I am glad that James A. Garfield is recovering, and I hope he will live out his term, and as much longer as the laws of nature will permit him to live. But I protest against popular forgetfulness of public life and character on his account because of this murderous act.

See how the masters behind the Presidential chair uncover themselves to-day! Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington, J. M. Green and Cyrus J. Field and William H. Vanderbilt come forward to make up a purse of a quarter of a million for Mr. James A. Garfield. You may say that they ought to do it? As Thomas A. Hendricks asserted and demonstrated, he, James A. Garfield—*above all other men* — was instrumental in carrying out the plans of Chandler and John Sherman (who were *then* more immediately the servants of the monopolists) for defrauding the people out of their rightfully-elected Executive, Samuel J. Tilden.

And the people ought never to forget, but ought ever to be reminded of the fact, That if Samuel J. Tilden had been allowed to take the Presidential chair to which he was elected, *the rule of honesty in public affairs and of justice in national legislation, as against monopoly tyranny, would have long since been inaugurated and established in these United States of America!*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF MY

DEAD-BROKE FRIENDS

REMARKS DELIVERED BY WM. M. CUBERY BEFORE THE CHURCH UNION OF SAN FRANCISCO, MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 13, 1876

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1876

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF MY

DEAD-BROKE FRIENDS.

Apology..

For the first time in many months I appear before the Church Union; and I desire to explain why it was I disappointed you so often in an effort to set before you the lights and shadows of my dead-broke friends.

Those residing in San Francisco of late years are aware that there was a man on one of the principal streets of this city who proclaimed to the world that he endeavored to "paddle his own canoe."* At the time the promise was made to deliver the essay, his canoe was afloat on a smooth sea, but a sudden squall upset the craft, and the owner found himself, after a somewhat checkered life, on his fortieth birthday, and after upward of twenty-six years of earnest labor, cast on the world without one cent, with a

---

* A true friend has suggested that it is not well to try to "paddle your own canoe," but experience teaches that one is always safer who does.

wife, two little ones, and others dependent on him. He was therefore in no mood to write essays, even on his associates, and he laid aside his notes, never expecting to use them; but some time since, Mr. S. C. Gray, who was President of the Union a year ago, informed the dead-broke essayist that *he* had also rashly promised to deliver, he knew not what; and that if I would take his place, he would forgive my past remissness, and hereafter be more circumspect in promising. I realized his embarrassment, so I agreed, if my better-half were willing, to also engage in the leather business by appearing in my friend's shoes. If any present are disappointed at the exchange, I will state for their comfort that they are not half so disappointed as I am, as it is far more pleasant to sit in a comfortable seat and witness a performance than to be trotted out as chief speaker.

INTRODUCTION.

I now propose to read the essay as originally prepared. If it contains aught that offends, forgive; if anything worth remembering, treasure it; if it causes one to rejoice, I shall be glad; if it lightens a single heart of its heavy burden, it will more than repay for the trouble it has given me, and the misery and agony my late experience has cost me; and if I appear too earnest—pleading for the protection of the innocent, the weak and the unfortunate—I know you will forget and forgive, when you remember that it is the farewell pleadings of a dead-broke man.

An Appeal for the Church Union.

I am aware it would be out of place for me, or any other member, to give in detail the charitable work of the Church Union of San Francisco. To its detriment it has followed the injunction of Scripture: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." If I were permitted to mention but an iota of the deeds of mercy performed, cavillers would cease to censure, and its empty coffers would overflow; for I know of what I speak when I say there never was an institution on earth that has done more, in proportion to its means, to relieve distress, to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, to comfort the widow and the fatherless, than the Church Union; and those who have longest known it, love it best. Though clouds may sometimes hover around it, all feel that the Good Father in heaven will not permit it to be annihilated; but if its numbers do become reduced, He will cause the faithful few that remain to grasp each other's hands with a stronger fraternal grasp until better days dawn, and the world at last be compelled to acknowledge how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, especially when associated together for the good of suffering humanity, uninfluenced by selfish motives.

Tricks of our Dead-Broke Friends.

I will now allude to some of the tricks of our dead-broke friends: It would hardly be gallant for me to state all I know about the crafty ways in which the weaker vessels excite sympathy, and how one's sym-

pathy moderates in listening to the oft-told tale of want and misery which only exists in imagination. It does not seem possible that in broad day-light an aged woman, dressed in black, could tell you of her want and suffering, while her children were enjoying the benefits of a private school, and she was the recipient of a handsome monthly rental from stores on one of our principal business streets; and the only clew to the discovery of those facts was, that she took great pains to keep her face concealed by a dark, heavy veil; that another was found with a long wire, striving to obtain letters from the boxes of stores, but perhaps this is easily accounted for—as what lady exists that will not peep into a letter if opportunity offers! That another pallid creature brought tears to a better-half by relating her misfortunes, which were, upon examination, found untrue; for it did not seem reasonable that a lady could live uprightly in this city for years, without acquiring friends enough to aid her, thus precluding the necessity of appealing to strangers; that another was found in a miserable hut, on a stormy Sunday noon, without food or fuel, and she and her three little ones were thus suffering because she loved drink more than she loved her offspring; that many hours of anxious watching have been spent, by some of our faithful lady members, at the bedside of those who either feigned sickness or were made sick by their uncontrollable desire to drink the health of their friends in something stronger than cold water; that often excellent situations are obtained for those pretending to seek for work, and it is impossible to suit them, either in quality, quantity, location, or any thing else that would be classed as a

situation. We will strive to deal gently with these maids of fortune, as we wish you to reserve your contempt for the professors, and I only regret that language fails to do them justice.

Ah! methinks I see one of those professors now! How mournfully he approaches! That is a graceful tip of the hat he makes, or it is quickly placed under the arm until it is his turn to speak, and it is sure to be his turn soon; for they never wait like those in real need, realizing that the chances are against them, and the sooner they find out their fate the better for them. Now listen to his talk: "For the love of God give me two bits to get a meal, for I have not eaten for forty-eight hours. I am just from the County Hospital, Chicago fire, Nebraska, Virginia, or some other warm or desolate place, as the case may be. [His breath smells very strong of liquor; upon inquiry we learn.] Never drank a drop in my life — am a Good-Templar or Dashaway. Am acquainted with Mr. Allen, the San Francisco Benevolent Association agent, but he will do nothing for me. [Upon inquiry, find he is *very* fond of work, as follows:] Yes, I can work, but I can find nothing to do." [Send him to a place and he never reaches it.] Perchance he is lame, and this is an excuse for his poverty; but you happen to refuse aid, and in most cases the lame walk and the dumb speak with fluency! Don't think you have got rid of him with a single trial; ere long he will wait outside and send a friend up; *he* don't know Mr. Allen; he has drank, but will do so no more; all he wants is a few meal tickets until he gets work. You yield, but grit your teeth as you see the

two cronies going away together. It is not ended yet: In a few months number one appears again, with another story; perhaps some other city is in ashes, or a grievous misfortune has visited a sister State, and he is one of the sufferers. Listen to his story with attention, and then calmly tell him you have gazed on him before, and he will assure you that you are mistaken in the man; and if your memory is poor, he will convince you against your will, and to secure his forgiveness you will aid him this time.

Unless one has lived in San Francisco for years he has little idea how many of these professors are in our midst. As a rule, they get an excellent living; for so many prefer to give money than spend their time in listening to their stories. Of course they are driven to desperate straits, so as to appear in different characters. One of them was seen retiring from a church and taking up his position at the door. He first takes out of his pocket some pieces of money and places them in his hat; he then rolls up his eyes and personates a blind man to perfection; he then recovers his sight, takes a look at the money, stirs it about a little, tips the hat up to a better angle, and impatiently awaits the result. The audience not making their appearance, he appears lame (apparently just to see what he can do), and thus he manœuvres for half an hour or more, expecting every moment that his patrons will make their appearance. Like some other frauds, he is not so familiar with church services as he appears at first sight. He has mistaken the hymn *before* the sermon for the one that *pre-*

cedes the benediction, and so an unknown friend had the pleasure of watching him, and of discovering that even a beggar earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and that sweating considerably does not make it certain that the bread will be forthcoming; for in this case a mysterious friend made his appearance just as the congregation was dispersing, and was so solicitous about his health and the state of the weather that he found it impossible to get his hat to the front, and he was obliged to go away without any addition to his possessions, and doubtless wondering why it was *that* stranger took such a deep interest in his health when there were so many other sickly people in the world!

Like other mortals, these professors sometimes carry their jokes too far. One of them excited the sympathy of a minister's wife by stating that at his house was a new-born babe, and that the poor mother was destitute of food and clothing, and in great distress. Hastily making up a bundle suitable for the sad case, the good woman started on her errand of mercy. She had gone but a short distance when the anxious father remarked that she need not trouble herself about going further, as his humble abode was too filthy for a lady to enter. His remonstrance was unheeded, and the couple plodded on together until they came opposite a narrow lane, when the gallant father snatched the bundle from the angel of mercy and suddenly disappeared. Returning home, she told her husband, with tears in her eyes, of the result of her last charity case. But she had her revenge; for a few evenings after, her husband was met by a hun-

gry man who appealed for aid. Like most ministers, he had neither silver nor gold, but, as his custom is, he invited the *poor* man to his home. A nice supper was spread before the stranger, and just as he was doing it justice the lady of the house entered. Their eyes met for an instant, when it appeared as if the guest had a sudden call; dropping his knife and fork, he rushed out of the house as if by magic, and they have never seen him more.

An intimate friend of mine, who has since joined the dead-broke army, got into the furniture business, and became a landlord in his endeavors to help one of these professors, who was a youth of about twenty summers, of fair appearance, and ruddy, country countenance. Working in his establishment, my friend noticed he was very industrious, and on inquiring into his circumstances, found he was blessed with a wife who was an accomplished music-teacher, but they were too *poor* to get suitable apartments in order to have pupils visit the house, but if he could remove to better quarters, he was sure she would be able to earn at least one hundred dollars per month. In course of time an opportunity offered to improve the *poor* young man's condition by enabling him to take the house his employer had occupied. He sold him the furniture at the buyer's figures, and in order that the rent should not be increased, the *duped* "old man" kept the house in his own name. Payments were to be made at certain times, but they were *not* made. The *poor* young man was going to sacrifice his wife's piano and all her relations to raise the money. The piano was never found, but some

of the relations came and lived with him. In the meantime, landlord No. 1 spoke to landlord No. 2, and told him the rent was due. He replied that he was aware of that solemn fact, but that *his* tenant was not so prompt as *he* had been, and that No. 1 must have patience. In the meantime No. 2 did not realize either any rent-money or any furniture-money, but he had heard of notes, and he got the *poor* young man's note for $250.

It is astonishing how musical some dead-broke men are. Notes flow from them as freely as warbles from a bird's throat; and they are generous too—for they never want them back—they seem to prefer that you should keep them, and if you insist that it is time to take them up, they calmly echo: "Never more! Never more!"

But to return: No. 1 landlord's patience getting exhausted, he pays a visit to No. 2, and informs him that he wants his rent; and No. 2 says that expresses his sentiments exactly, but that his *poor*-young-man tenant has neglected to remember the fact that his rent was due. No. 1 turns red in the face, and tells the *duped* old man that he don't look to the *poor* young man for the rent, but that he alone will be held responsible until he delivers the house, free of all tenants. No. 2 turns redder in the face than No. 1, and says "he is another." After cooling off and inquiring of a legal light, he finds that he has really become a landlord against his will, and he proceeds as quickly as possible to get rid of the honor. The result was, he brought suit to gain possession of the house, and the *poor* young man remained until the law would not let

him stay any longer. The furniture he carried to auction, but thus far he has neglected to remit, or pay one cent on his note.

I do not wish to weary you with illustrations, but the following may interest you: An agent of a benevolent society was one day visited by a young girl, who stated that her father had just died, and that they needed eight dollars to pay for the coffin. The rules of the society required the agent to examine each case, so she proceeded with the girl down to Pacific street. After reaching the house, they climbed up three flights of stairs, and on entering the room she found a poor woman in tears, surrounded by four little ones. In a dark corner of the room was a coffin containing the corpse of the father. After a hasty glance at the remains, the kind agent laid the required amount on the table and proceeded down stairs; but on discovering that she had lost her handkerchief, she quickly returned to the room, and, to her astonishment, found the corpse sitting up in the coffin, counting the money she had left on the table a few moments before!

REFLECTIONS.

Perhaps some miserly soul, after listening to these incidents, will rub his hands, and joyfully exclaim: "I know these facts are true, and I never have helped anybody, and never will." Well, God help you, then; for that man, no matter how wealthy he is, who will not help a fellow-man in distress, is poorer than a beggar — unfit for heaven, a pest to earth, and, it would seem, a reproach to hell.

These incidents illustrate the necessity of judgment in almsgiving. Great caution is necessary in order that you do not condemn unjustly, and the following remarks may serve as good rules: Always listen with patience to the applicant's story. If he is a professor, he will rattle it off with fluency, for he knows his lesson by heart. If you are certain he is a fraud, kindly give him a small lecture on the benefits derived from earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. If this does not satisfy him, earnestly, heartily, feelingly, give him — what costs but little but is prized by many—your blessing!

Avoid giving money in all cases. Give meal tickets, provisions, clothing—anything but money. Give men *work*. That is all true men ask for. "*Work! work!*" is their cry.

Some prating philosopher may say poverty is beneficial; it develops character, etc. But, Father in heaven, I pray thee give me not poverty—that I may not see loved ones shivering with cold, naked and hungry. Give me not poverty, that I may not tremble with fear every time a fellow-man speaks to me, thinking he is a creditor. Give me not poverty—that I live not in the narrow lanes of a crowded city, and never gaze on the beautiful landscape, or wander in green fields, or ponder on the banks of bubbling brooks, or listen to the whispering of forest trees. Oh give me not poverty—that I may not be a burden to others in my old age, or be led over the hill to the poor-house. Oh give me not poverty — give me not poverty.

Neither ask I for riches. Give me not riches, that I may not be puffed up with pride and behave myself

unseemly, and forget that I am mortal. Give me not riches, that I be not a tyrant, and oppress the poor. Give me not riches, lest I forget thee, the Creator of all wealth, and bow down to Mammon, and while thus worshipping in some dusty, gloomy garret, die—and be buried, unwept and unhonored.

Give me neither poverty nor riches; but give us each day our daily bread, and provide sufficient for our needs, that with grateful, loving hearts we may look to Thee as the Giver of every good, and, as a token of our gratitude, strive to benefit our fellow-men, feed the hungry, clothe the poor, that all may bless us who leave our door.

ADVICE TO DEAD-BROKE FRIENDS.

And now, my dead-broke friends, what advice can I give to you? If you are frauds, the less I say to you the better; because you will only get angry, and the more angry you get, the better I shall like it. You are well aware that State's prison is too good for most of you, and that hanging would scarcely do you justice, so I bid you a long farewell.

But I really do desire to express my sympathy for the real, genuine, truly "blue," disheartened, dead-broke man; he well merits sympathy, and it does not brace up his courage to receive anonymous notes (you know it takes a very *brave* man to write anonymously), informing him that he is a "religious hypocrite—that he better pay his honest debts," etc. As a rule, no one would be better pleased to do this than the man favored with the communication.

Pay no attention to such barks, my friends. Do your duty as you understand it, and if your own conscience and your God approves of your actions, fear not. Never swerve from the path of duty; never lose your grip; never despair. In times of great disappointment the following lines have been of great service to despairing men:

A swallow in the Spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again—and last night, hearing calls,
I looked—and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

—R. S. S. Arnold.

FAREWELL SUGGESTIONS TO THE CHURCH UNION.

Permit me, in withdrawing from active work in the Church Union, to present the following thoughts:

At the first meeting of the Church Union, the President called attention to some of the things that might be accomplished by the organization. He recommended that at least ten per cent. of the funds collected be set apart for a hospital fund. He showed what could be accomplished by the Committees on the Poor and Destitute, Church Extension and Reading-room. These committees have done well, all things considered — particularly the Women's Committees; but I desire to add another burden upon the ladies. There is, I believe, in this city an organization to aid fallen women. What I want is, that our ladies do all in their power to prevent the downfall of any more girls in our midst.

AN APPEAL FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR GIRLS.

While writing, my infant daughter is playing at my feet, in childish innocence. Her pleasing smile and winning ways seem to make her each day dearer and dearer to me, and she is so entwined in my heart's affections that I would rather part with my right hand than have her die. Yea, more! I would lay down my life to save hers and make her happiness secure. Any sorrow that comes upon her seems to cut my heart. Her little songs have many and many a time caused me to forget my poverty. I feel that I am not poor with such a jewel, and no man is really poor who has. If ever an earnest prayer reaches the Almighty, it is that my little one may be

preserved from temptation, kept from evil company, and never wander from the paths of virtue.

But if, perchance, it flashes across my mind that daughters as pleasing, as affectionate, as well-beloved as my own, have been led astray by devils, in the likeness of men, I realize as I never did before the necessity of doing my part to elevate public opinion; and I feel grateful that at least one representative of the press, the editor of the *Golden Era*, is manly enough to pen the following, and though it is sad, it is sadder yet that it is true:

How our Girls are Destroyed.

"We heard a police officer of good standing remark, the other day, that there were more innocent young girls destroyed in San Francisco than in any other city of its size in the world. It would seem that it is no longer safe for a girl, from fourteen to sixteen years, to be allowed to go a moment beyond the strict surveillance of parents or guardians. When they are, there is no knowing what moment they may fall victims to some creature of coarse passions, or the no less dangerous wiles of the polished seducer. Persons of this character, who have no honest calling in the sight of men, daily and nightly lounge about certain street corners. They have regular stands, just like hackmen or expressmen, and are always to be found there, except when, like the hackmen or expressmen, they are off on business. They are well dressed, and, so far as the mere appearance goes, would pass for gentlemen. But, as to their vocation, they are gamblers, swindlers, and thieves; while their favorite pastime is to lay in wait for innocent and giddy young girls, whom, by means of flattery, bribes, wine, or drugs—little they care—they may lure to their ruin. At all times they are ready, in the way of business, to fleece a countryman with their

winning ways and dishonest acts; or in the way of pleasure, to insinuate themselves into the society of unsuspecting young girls who happen to come in their way, corrupt them, rob them of all that is beautiful in childhood and womanhood, and finally cast them loose, to drift, as they naturally do, into the putrid channel of vice. And what is more, the Chief of Police knows these persons. He knows every one of them, and sees them every day. They congregate on the street corners, some of which are within a stone's cast of the City Hall, and he passes and repasses them on the street every day, well knowing that they are ready at any moment to exercise their hateful calling. But so long as they let *him* alone—so it seems to us—he wont disturb *them*. What business has he to meddle with them so long as he gets his salary? This may suit him, and no doubt suits them admirably, but it is rather bad for the fathers and mothers of the young girls whose virtue is menaced at every corner." — *Golden Era, October* 15, 1876.

Blessings on the man that penned these lines! He merits the gratitude of all parents, and for one, I heartily thank him.

How Seducers are Treated.

And yet, ladies and gentlemen, you know, as well as I do, that while the woman who falls receives her desert by being cast out of decent society, yet the man, who often is the greater sinner of the two, can keep his head erect, enter drawing-rooms, and receive the greetings of the hostess, as if he were a hero. Yea, more; he will often assume a pious garb, apply for admission to our churches, and be admitted, too, when it is well known how base and hellish his passions are! God grant that better days may soon

dawn on our fair city — when the press, and the pulpit, and the people, with one united effort, will proclaim their abhorrence of the sin of adultery and kindred crimes, and on all occasions and at all times, in season and out of season, be ready to point with a strong, steady hand, and to proclaim with a loud, unfaltering voice to those who are guilty—"Thou art the man."

How Seducers Should be Treated.

I think it is the candid opinion of most persons that shooting is too good for the seducer, and that the sooner he disappears under ground the better; and yet I have heard the impressive and beautiful services of our own church said over the remains of one who had destroyed the happiness of a faithful husband.* The leading preacher of our age never better expressed the sentiments of thoroughly honest men than when he invoked the following on one of that class:

"Oh Prince of torment! if thou hast transforming power, give some relief to this once innocent child whom another has corrupted! Let thy deepest damnation seize him who brought her hither! let his coronation be upon the very mount of torment, and the rain of fiery hail be his salutation! He shall be crowned with thorns poisoned and anguish-bearing, and every woe beat upon him, and every wave of

*The rector took charge on the occasion alluded to; the church was crowded to excess; there was fine music, and plenty of it. The next day a poor woman was buried from the same church; the assistant minister officiated. There was no music whatever; the husband and two members of the Church Union acted as pall-bearers, and four weeping orphans composed the audience; and their mother would have filled a pauper's grave had it not been that the Church Union freely provided her a last resting-place in its lot in Masonic Cemetery.

hell roll over the first risings of baffled hope. Thy guilty thoughts and guilty deeds shall flit after thee with bows which never break, and quivers forever emptying but never exhausted! If Satan hath one dart more poisoned than another; if God hath one bolt more transfixing and blasting than another; if there be one hideous spirit more unrelenting than others; they shall be *thine*, most execrable wretch! who led her to *forsake the guide of her youth, and to abandon the covenant of her God.*"

CONCLUSION.

I have so many themes, I know not where to stop. I intended to suggest that we lay apart a portion of our income to beautify the grounds of St. Luke's Hospital; and that we all agree to march out there on Christmas morning, with a choice tree or shrub, to show the doctor* we wished him a "Merry Christmas." I was going to give our young men a lecture on well doing. Ask our ladies not to offer them wine, or praise their generosity when they drive fast horses, and then throw up their hands in holy horror when they discover they are defaulters. All I can do is to wish all the members prosperity, and in the same language used on a former occasion, I desire to congratulate you on the happy prospects of the Church Union. Organized for a worthy object—the benefit of our fellow-men—it cannot fail to succeed if we do our duty. There is reason to expect great results from this Society if we are really united; and al-

* Dr. T. W. Brotherton is the faithful and efficient Superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital; and to his self-sacrificing labors, aided by the early efforts of that noble Christian soldier, General N. J. T. Dana, and a Board of Trustees, who have shown their faith by their works, the Pacific Coast is indebted for this noblest of all charities.

though we may not receive the world's applause, and may have to struggle against many difficulties, still the thought that we are not laboring for our own glory, but for the good of others, will give us encouragement. And at the end, when all distinctions and struggles and sufferings shall have ceased, and the redeemed shall have joined that more perfect and enduring Union above, you may receive consolation by finding some there who were saved through your instrumentality, and this will be abundant reward for what was endured in their behalf.

At the conclusion of these remarks, the speaker made an appeal for a contribution, as follows: $100 for St. Luke's Hospital Chapel; $100 for a life member's certificate for the Rector of Trinity (as a slight acknowledgment for the kindness of that church in giving the free use of the Sunday-school room to the Church Union for monthly meetings), and $50 borrowed from Oakland Sunday-school scholars, by a member of the Church Union, to aid a case of distress in San Francisco. Although there were not over fifty persons present, $75 were promptly subscribed, and Mr. S. C. Gray was appointed a committee to raise the balance, which he will, doubtless, do by the next meeting of the Union.

It will do no harm here to state that $5,000 would build a very good chapel for St. Luke's Hospital; that $1,500 is needed by the Church Union to build a wall and beautify its plot in Masonic Cemetery; and any surplus could be used in paying dead-broke men $2

per day to work on the grounds of St. Luke's Hospital, thus causing them to blossom as the rose, and at the same time enabling many a poor stranger in our midst to earn an honest living.

As the holidays are approaching, it may be some generous soul, grateful that he has been blessed with this world's goods, will see his way clear to make a Christmas or New Year's gift by aiding some one or all of these worthy objects; if such prove to be the case, half the agony your dead-broke friend has endured will be forgotten in the thought that his sufferings may have indirectly shielded some other fellow-man from the corroding rust of want and the agony of despair, and from a grateful heart he will exclaim:

God is great, His name is mighty, He is Victor in the strife;
For He bringeth good from evil and from death commandeth life.

Any contributions for the objects specified in the preceding remarks can be sent to the following gentlemen: GEN'L R. W. KIRKHAM, Treasurer St. Luke's Hospital, 109 California street; HENRY H. NAGLE, Treasurer Church Union of San Francisco, 416 California St.; S. C. GRAY, 418 Battery St.

☞ The manuscript of this California Romance was found near the docks of San Francisco and was deemed worthy of publication. The author will confer a favor by making his name known; if found it will appear in future editions.

The Monarch Philanthropist

SAN FRANCISCO:
CUBERY & COMPANY, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
587 Mission Street, below Second.
1892.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

TO THE
FARMERS' ALLIANCE, LABOR ORGANIZATIONS, AND ALL
WHO ARE TRUE DEFENDERS OF FREE INSTITUTIONS
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

Copyright Applied for.

Chapter I.

THE principal street of one of the loveliest of the suburban villages that rest upon the shores of San Francisco Bay stretches away to the northeast, into a region where as yet the face of Nature has not been hidden by the improvements of man. When you have passed the last new and pretentious residence of the long rows which lengthen month by month, and the fields open to the right an- left, the view is one whose beauty strikes the most thoughtless observer, and its air of peaceful quietude comes like a balm to the spirit of all who have been wearied by worldly cares. Over hill and vale rising and falling on either side, stretching away to the dimpling waters of the inland sea, or on to the mountains, far away, is spread a rich covering of verdure embroidered in the gold of the harvest king, proof of the fertility of the soil, that bountifully rewards the labors of the husbandman.

On a gentle eminence, that stands a little way beyond the point where city and country meet along this street, Joseph Addison built a home. All about it were forest trees, crowning the elevation, but their ranks were not so close as to shut out the view of the broad acres to the north and west which should produce for him a golden harvest with each succeeding season. Before it the ground sloped away to the street, three hundred yards distant, where a line of stately eucalyptus trees marked the border of his land.

The house spoke the character of its builder; like him it was individual and unconventional, differing widely in appearance and plan from the villas which throughout the town close at hand repeated the idea of one architect. Octagonal in shape, its walls rose three stories with little of outside ornament, windows on every side lighting each floor, and the whole was surmounted by an observatory, also eight-sided, and commanding a range of view such as few buildings even in this exceptionally favored neighborhood could claim. Within, its arrangement was no less striking, but its many rooms were all bright and cheerful, and each had the charm of homelike comfort.

It was more than a home to Joseph Addison—it was a retreat, the realiza

tion of his dreams for years. In all his struggles with untoward circumstances and efforts for honest gain the picture of such a place, a haven of rest for the afternoon and evening of life, had been kept ever in his mind. He had known no prouder, happier moment, than the one which saw the home completed and within its walls the true and loving wife, the fond and trusting daughter, who were dearer to him than his own life. He had known much of hardship, and while he had conquered, at least so far as to make seemingly secure the future for himself and those he loved and guarded so tenderly, his nature had not been embittered or his generous heart hardened. He had reached the prime of life, but while his work and opportunities had drawn him from the home in Maine, where his boyhood days were spent, far away to the Golden West, his form was still erect and stalwart, his face frank and open, and his hands, even if seamed by toil, ever ready to do a kindly deed. Courteous to his equals, kind to the unfortunate, firm in defense of what he believed to be right, despising hypocrisy, he endeavored to prove by his life that he belonged to the "Aristocracy of Manhood."

The partner of his joys and sorrows was such a mate as such a man would choose—a wife whose unselfish care, loyal faith and noble aims appealed most strongly to every generous impulse, and in the years the two had passed together their tastes, desires and hopes almost insensibly had grown identical.

Rose Addison, the flower of the household, the pride of this loving pair, was the one child whose coming had gladdened their hearts, whose beauty had ripened from day to day until at length, a child no longer, it made her presence the radiance of their home, and to those who knew her was only heightened by her gentle, unaffected manner, and sincerity of heart.

Never was there a happier home—a more contented family, and Joseph Addison sometimes felt that his reward had been too great, his blessings earned at too little cost. Resting at the close of the day, his wife at his side, her warm hand clasped in his, her patient face leaning against his shoulder and wearing a smile of love and contentment, in their ears the music of a young, sweet voice singing softly just within the door, unbidden tears of joy and gratitude would rise to their eyes, and the clasped hands press each other more closely and trembling lips meet in a caress that told the fullness of their hearts.

A few short years of this blest quietude and rest had passed and then a cloud, suddenly and without warning, came into the sky which had been so clear and bright. The Addison farm had attracted the attention of an official of a railway corporation that planned the building of a line into the suburban town, and he decided to buy the place for use in the scheme. Addison was approached, but would listen to no proposition that deprived him of the home he had worked so long to realize. He could set no price upon the farm. He felt that his home had become a part of himself, a spot around which already the dearest memories

clustered, and to give it up, no matter how large an amount of money was received in return, would bring bitter sorrow to himself and his dear ones. It was all his own, in plan and purpose, and safely sheltered in that home the harvests from the smiling hillsides all about it would make him through life as wealthy as he cared to be.

The farmer may have thought the matter settled by his refusal to listen to the magnate's offer, made in person; if he did, he little knew the man he had to deal with, or the principles which dictated his course in life. A second and slightly increased offer was made for the place, and this, like the first, was firmly but respectfully declined.

"I do not wish to sell," said Joseph Addison. "I hope to end my days here, and so long as I am able to keep it I shall remain on the place."

"Then I will see that you are made unable to keep it," returned Eland Lanford, and his face darkened with the anger he was unable to suppress. "You may take the price I offer you and give it up willingly, or you may sulk and attempt to beat me, only to find yourself crushed in the end. The place I will have, even if I have to ruin you to get it!"

The two men parted, but Joseph Addison's step had lost its lightness as he turned back to the house. To his wife he described his second interview with Lanford, and repeated the threat the man had made.

Mrs. Allison was taken by surprise, and the look of grave consideration upon her husband's face alarmed her.

"You must have misunderstood him, Joseph," she said. "Mr. Lanford has the reputation of being a good and very charitable man. He could not mean to do us harm. Why, all the newspapers praise him, and almost every week speak of some new work for good that he has begun. I have just read that he is to found a charity, and he is already called 'the monarch philanthropist of the nation!'"

"And others say that his real character is the opposite of all this. It is said just as openly that he is anything but truly good or charitable, and that he should be called 'the monarch robber of the nation.' A philanthropist does not borrow money and refuse to return it; he does not refuse to pay his taxes; he does not manufacture intoxicating liquors; he does not attempt to rob poor men, as he has threatened to rob me. All these things I hear charged against Lanford, and since he began his efforts to gain possession of my farm all I can discover about him from those who know him best only makes his nature seem more contemptible and vile."

"We need not fear him, Joseph," the wife said, laying her hand upon his arm. "We are secure and happy here. Our child and our home make our earthly joy complete. Let us forget that we have ever heard his name."

"I do not fear him," rejoined her husband, "and still there was something in his face that I cannot forget. Whatever he may try to do in the way of injuring

me cannot be of much importance. What do I need beyond your presence and love, and the light and music which Rose brings to us?" And the strong man drew his wife closer and smoothed the brown hair, just beginning to be marked with silver.

The way of those who work for evil often is made easy beyond their hopes. Lanford had all the power of wealth and many unscrupulous helpers at his command, and while his threat to Addison had been uttered with little idea of the means by which he could carry it out, he did not doubt that he should find in time a way to accomplish his end. One of his tools found it even sooner than his employer anticipated.

Addison had paid the greater portion of the purchase price of his farm, leaving a part due in yearly payments, which he expected to meet easily. When he had finished his house and the other buildings required upon his farm, he found that their cost had far exceeded the estimates and the money he had planned to use for his first annual payment would be required to settle with the builders. He went to the agent, from whom he had bought the farm, stated his case, and at once was put at his ease. The agent said that the owner of the notes and mortgage did not need the money; the payments could be deferred a year, each in turn, as all were perfectly secure. This arrangement had been followed and the payments had been met with their accumulated interest a year later than the date set at first for their maturity. No agreement further than the word of the agent had been given, but as time had gone on and all seemed perfectly satisfactory, Addison had almost forgotten the extension of credit given him.

Lanford's agent discovered these facts, and also that the mortgage, as usual contained a clause declaring all deferred payments due on default in the payment of any one. Some little strategy was required before Lanford's man was able to buy the notes and mortgage for his master, as the agent for the owner was an honorable man and would have protected Addison had he believed that a danger threatened him. He was not told that Lanford wanted the notes or his suspicions would have been aroused, and the whole transaction was arranged through deceit on one side, little suspected by the other.

The notes and mortgage once in Lanford's hands the way was made easy, and Addison was soon apprised of the hold that had been secured upon him.

"I will not be hard on you," said Lanford, while the ring of triumph in his tone told how well he knew that his terms could not be met by his victim. "I will give you a week, or say ten days, to raise the money due. Of course I mean the whole amount unpaid, as all the notes are due under the provisions of the mortgage. In ten days pay me $18,000 and the notes are yours and your place free of incumbrance. But don't think that I can wait any longer than that. I shall proceed to foreclose on the eleventh day if the mortgage is still in my possession."

This came like a flash of lightning from a clear sky upon Addison. He could not bring himself to realize the terrible truth for minutes, and while he heard the smooth words and malignant voice, and saw him turn away as if ashamed to stand face to face with the man he proposed to ruin, the poor man could only stand silent, suddenly stricken speechless and devoid of feeling.

All too soon the awakening came, and with a groan he slowly dragged himself up the path to the door that he felt might soon be closed against him by the tyrant.

With reflection came hope.

"I can find some one who will lend me the money to meet this demand," he cried. "The security is four times the amount of the debt. Surely I can secure a loan within ten days."

But it was not so easily done. Many expressed their willingness to aid him, but the amount was too large for their unemployed capital. Others listened with seeming interest until Lanford's name was mentioned and then suddenly grew cold. One after another of those who had money to lend proclaimed their inability to furnish the sum required, giving various reasons which seemed specious and insincere to Addison. He had borrowed money, but never so large a sum, and never had he sought a loan in such stress of circumstances. His anxiety made his perceptions all too keen, and he seemed to feel even before he was answered the chill of the reception given him in office after office, where he sought bankers and brokers. Only one banker spoke frankly:

"I would be glad to assist you Mr. Addison, but our institution makes it a rule never to interfere in any matter where Mr. Lanford is concerned. I would not like to incur the man's displeasure, or disturb his plans. He would be a powerful and relentless enemy."

Day by day Addison's hope diminished. His heart was heavy, his head bowed down. He had said to himself in the beginning of his struggle that he would not be conquered, that he would fight to the death, and the Puritan blood in his veins tingled and his courage rose as it rose in the breasts of his ancestors on New England's battle fields. He said the words over to himself now, "To the death," and they took on a more terrible meaning. It was not death to him, it was distress and poverty for those nearer and dearer than all else on earth. He could fight to the end, but that end was not far away, and the end was defeat and ruin. He was in the grasp of a monster whose power was only equalled by his cruelty, and who thirsted for his destruction.

Happy the novelist who, by easy artifice, can rescue his hero from the direst trait, and preserve unharmed his heroine, surrounded by the greatest peril. The historian can use no such device. This is a record of events as they transpired, and most unfortunately Addison's case was only one of many whose somber episodes darken the pages of California's story.

Ruth Addison had borne many a sorrow but the possible loss of the beloved homestead inflicted a mortal wound, and before the day arrived, which was to see Lanford's threat put into execution, she had closed her eyes wearily, and with her hands folded across her breast, rested in peace for the great day that shall search the hearts of all.

Beneath a drooping willow, only a little way from the window through which she had looked for the last time upon the world, Joseph Addison made the grave of his wife, and there she was laid one summer evening while the birds sang in the boughs all through the grove.

Those who had known Joseph Addison well in former years would scarcely have recognized him as he stood by the mound of freshly turned earth. His face was sunken and ghastly, his eyes burned with a light which was strange to them, his movements were those of one walking in his sleep. No mortal enemy whose heart had ever known a tender feeling could have gazed upon him and not been filled with sympathy.

The few friends who had gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed one went away and left Addison beside the grave, and there he remained through the summer night. The dawn of the day, which was to see him dispossessed of his home, the acres which had become still more precious to the stricken man as the resting place of the one who had been most dear to him, found him still there, crouched upon the earth, his face and hands livid as those of a corpse, his eyes bloodshot and wild.

The sound of wheels upon the drive from the street aroused him. He gave one glance at the approaching vehicle and, with a groan, staggered to his feet. It brought the agents of Lanford, eager to serve the notice which should mark the beginning of the legal farce speedily to end with Addison's eviction.

The half-crazed man stood for a moment watching its approach. His hands clenched and the great veins upon his temples throbbed with a fury that overwhelmed him. With one sharp cry, almost like that of a hunted animal brought to bay, he sprang to meet the carriage, then, turning suddenly, plunged into the leafy covert on the other side, and disappeared forever from the spot which he had reclaimed and beautified.

Chapter II.

LANFORD came to California from the East, but years before Joseph Addison, and his career had been a more favored one. Its true history, if told without embellishment or extenuation, would read more like a story from the Arabian Nights than the life of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. This brief sketch can do little more than present a few flash-light views of the man, but they are absolutely true in feature and expression, even if unartistic in pose and attending circumstances.

Born in one of the larger towns of the Granite State, he received a fair education, and almost from his boyhood spoke his ambition to become rich and powerful. The reports of the treasures found in the sands of California inflamed his avarice, and his early manhood saw him established in a mining camp on the Pacific Coast, at a time when the long and perilous journey from the East made many an older and more experienced man hesitate in his decision to seek the gold fields.

Not for him the pick and shovel, however. He saw a more certain harvest to be garnered with less exertion. With the trader's instinct, he was soon dealing with the miners, adding to his gains by buying and selling, and taking advantage of the trust and ignorance of the gold hunters in every way. The temptation to profit at the expense of honesty in weighing out gold was too strong for him, and while for some months his methods were unquestioned, there came a time when he felt obliged to quit the camp suddenly, and thus avoid the embarrassment and serious uncertainties of lynch law. From that day avarice was one of the controlling passions of his life, and its power stifled every humane feeling that should have found a home in his heart.

His next location was in the metropolis of the State, and there he was a dry goods merchant for years. Success attended his efforts, as it did in nearly every case in those early days, when a golden stream poured steadily from the mines, and the needs of the people were satisfied without regard to cost. His unvarying success in business and the steady growth of his wealth soon ceased to satisfy his ambition, and the field of politics secured attention.

Americans, as a rule, delight in holding office. In the early history of the country it was an honor to receive the votes of the people for a public position. There could be no more convincing evidence that the candidate occupied a high place in the esteem of his fellow citizens. Time was when the man deemed worthy of an office could not afford to solicit votes, or hope to win preferment by duplicity and corruption.

The new school has been formed by men like Lanford, who take their principles of business into the political field. With them it is a game in which no man's word is taken to bind him against his own pecuniary interest. Honesty and sincerity are unknown quantities, and double dealing and falsehood looked for and found on every side. Men have been taught to regard their vote as merchandise, to be sold outright to the highest bidder, or bartered for something which will bring money. Lanford, and those like him, have sown the dragon's teeth, and no man can say when this republic shall see their last fell harvest gathered.

Lanford reduced political science to one brief rule: "Find out how many votes you need, then go and get them, no matter how." There is no possibility of failure when this rule is carried out, and Lanford has never used any other. His office-seeking resulted as successfully as his other commercial enterprises, and if with little honor to himself, his financial interests were promoted with cumulative power. For two years he stood in the broad light shed upon a high State office, and made the most of its opportunities, and then more important plans caused him to lay aside for a time his thoughts of still higher place.

Lanford was not alone in his scheming, even in those days, and his associates naturally possessed many of the qualities which distinguished this most eminent man. With little native ability Lanford labored under some other disadvantages. Blessed with a tall and massive form and an iron constitution, he was slow in gait and speech, and his manner was as unattractive as his appearance. His heavy countenance bore a scowl habitually, his shifty eyes never glittered but were dull under heavy brows, seldom meeting the gaze of the one he spoke with. In his most studied attitude there was a suggestion of shrinking from an expected blow, that seemed to belie his reputation for resolution and bulldog courage. His face told the story of fear, perhaps of those whom he had wronged, as if his figure trembled under the lash which should have been raised above it. To those who most deserved his gratitude he could not be warm and sympathetic; to the world he seemed an icicle among men. He never had a familiar companion; not even a brute would ever follow him with affection. His policy always has been to buy up an old enemy rather than reward an old friend.

No man ever understood his own weakness better than Lanford, and his chosen lieutenants seldom lacked the prepossessing appearance and ingratiating manner which he would have given much to possess.

Among the many who joined hands willingly with this daring and unscrupu-

lous man were several who, like him, had laid the foundations of great fortunes since their arrival in California, and what they lacked in ready capital they made up in assurance and fertility of invention.

A scheme for a great corporation came into being through their association, and although it was to be an undertaking requiring perhaps a hundred millions for its construction, these plotters, with sublime self-reliance, plunged into the project when all their available assets did not amount to $125,000.

But there were methods in their madness in this bold stroke for millions. In the beginning it was proposed to induce the United States Government to furnish the means for construction and practically guarantee the success of the enterprise. With such aid there could be no doubt of ultimate success.

There is no desire on the part of the writer to undervalue the achievements of the plotters, and no necessity to belittle the grand results which their united efforts brought about. For eight long years the work went on, and Lanford was ever at the head. Even his rugged strength and health were tried by the labor which he was forced to endure. While it was his part to be upon the ground and see that all went well with the department assigned to him, his busy brain was wrestling with the difficulties far away, and his directions often enabled his partners to succeed where less courageous counsel would have been fatal.

The true history of the building up of the great corporation will never be written. There are secrets whose publication would banish sleep from the pillows of statesmen and capitalists, and perhaps awaken the long-slumbering vengeance of a defrauded people. Some are known in part to those who would be glad to tell them, but none save the solitary, heavy-browed Lanford carries the weight of all.

With the completion of the work the world rang with the glory of those who had planned and carried into execution the great enterprise, and the plotters drank to their own prosperity with well-earned satisfaction. Their work was not yet done, however. The road was in operation, its treasury receiving a steadily increasing flow of gold, far in excess of the amounts called for by the running expense, but there were problems yet to solve, grave promises to fulfill.

The government had exacted bonds whose conditions required the repayment of money advanced, the people had received solemn assurances of liberal rates on all traffic. Long before the officers of the road were called upon to face these obligations they had matured plans not to meet but to evade responsibility for them.

The government, through its legislators and officials, was induced to forego its claims, but whether specious arguments or pecuniary remembrances, judiciously placed, were most effective in this matter only the private records of the company would show.

The promises made to the people of California were disposed of with less

trouble. Slaves cannot dictate to masters, and the road speedily made its patrons slaves. It was absolute in its power. Merchants who wished to receive goods from the East were forced to pay the rates demanded. To those who would agree to ship or receive goods by no other agency, over land or water, the road offered a reduction in rates, and to make the fulfillment of this contract certain, it required the written agreement of the business man to exhibit his books at any time to the railroad officials. Those who refused to sign such an agreement found it impossible to compete in business with those who had purchased the favor of the railroad, and were obliged to retire from trade.

Business men did not wear, without complaining, the yoke placed upon their shoulders by Lanford and his partners, but their efforts to rid themselves of the burden availed them nothing. Steamship lines were subsidized and put in operation only to be promptly purchased, and every show of opposition to the monopoly met with an attack so savage that individual enterprise was paralyzed with alarm, and even concerted action speedily forced to acknowledge its inability to succeed.

But in the East there were other capitalists and railroad builders, and to them the people looked for aid. An opposition line of road across the plains and over the mountains would be a good investment, even if conducted fairly, and it would force Lanford to loosen his grasp upon the commerce of the State.

The matter was agitated, the public manifested its eagerness to help on such an enterprise, and it appeared to some of the more sanguine that it must succeed.

Lanford and his partners had not waited for this movement to become organized. They had looked far ahead, anticipated opposition and revolt and secretly prepared to meet it in the only effective way. The second line to the East should be built, but they would build it. They had secured already important concessions from State and Federal Governments, and profiting by the experience gained in their earlier enterprise, had guards at every avenue through which might come success or defeat.

They were so well fortified in every position of advantage that the railroad builders of the East declined to take hold of an opposing enterprise.

The second line to the East was completed, and on plans which enabled its originators to realize more enormous profits than they had dreamed of in their first success. Millions in money and millions of acres of the public domain were secured, and while the builders in their private meetings gloated over their gains, in public they posed as men who had labored long and faithfully for the good of the State, and without hope or possibility of reward.

As before, the promises made to the people were disregarded, and complaints, petitions and threats were met with stolid indifference. All traffic was taxed to the life limit, and every method of deceit and oppression discovered in the management of the first road adopted with improvements for the second.

The government fared no better than the people, for the railroad pleaded poverty and inability to meet its engagements, and dishonored every obligation entered into. Summoned before the courts its officials refused to show their books or answer questions, and trusted to the secret use of money to secure immunity from punishment.

Protected by the apathy or self-interest of Congressmen in its thefts from the national treasury, and holding in contempt the courts, which it believed it could purchase or intimidate, there is little wonder that in its stronghold, the State of California, the corporation became all powerful and utterly reckless of public sentiment. Its oppression of individuals and firms continued, with studied refinement of its inquisitorial methods; its clutch on would-be opposing lines of ships and steamers tightened, and the commerce of one of the greatest harbors in the world began to decay; its obligations to the government were repudiated, and all the machinery of the law defied in its refusal to pay taxes upon its property; its greed for gain increased from day to day, its cruelty knew no check.

Lanford was the head of this monster of monopoly. If every plan to drain public and private coffers into the vaults of the company were not his, to him alone was due the credit for the soulless policy which knew no human feeling.

Miles away from the line of the great road Lanford's agents found a peaceful valley, smiling with plenty and filled with humble yet happy homes. None who saw it thus for the first time could realize that it had once been a desolate sink hole, with no grateful vegetation and seemingly incapable of being reclaimed and tilled.

One after another strong-armed and patient-hearted men had gone into the slough and with their shovels made ditches and embankments, running the water in channels where it could reach the barren soil, and with infinite toil and application created gardens where once a desert reigned. Year by year the gardens grew, the huts in which the settlers lived took on more and more the appearance of homes, and the little valley seemed almost an Eden of peace and contentment.

Toward this spot, although far from its projected course, the company slowly reached out an iron arm, and the settlers, warned of its approach, dreamed that it was meant for their advantage, that it held gifts of value in its hand. The arm reached the valley, and, all at once, it laid a grasp of steel upon the homesteads.

The government had granted the corporation the land not otherwise appropriated along its lines, and here the settlers had not yet secured title, and accordingly were unable to defend themselves against the rapacity of the company. They could not believe that they would be driven from the fruitful land which they had made from a barren slough after years of patient labor, but they had not known this company long. The order for their removal was imperative, and when some of the farmers stood up boldly for their rights, they were shot down in cold blood by officers who knew the company would pay well for such fiendish service.

The wrong of the peaceful settlers of Mussel Slough, some buried on the land which they died to defend, others wandering in hopeless poverty from place to place, can never be redressed, but the terrible tragedy enacted there will never be forgotten, and there are hours when its ghastly remembrance rises and chills the blood of those who were responsible for it.

To secure terminal accommodations for his company Lanford found it necessary to use various plans. The people feared and hated him, and though they knew he would find a way to get what he wanted, they determined to make him pay a heavy price for the land required. The farm of Joseph Addison was one of the lots which Lanford had set his heart upon especially, and to one who with every show of insensibility had gone through a hundred experiences as well calculated to touch the heart and call forth pity, the agony he caused in carrying out his plans to gain possession of the grange was as little to him as the moaning of the wind in the forest, the rolling of the waves upon the sea shore.

At length came an opportunity for which Lanford had waited. The election of a high officer by the Legislature of the State was at hand, and he determined to win the prize. That he was openly accused of dishonesty and the abuse of power; that he was hated and despised by upright men; that he could not be elected to the humblest place on any party ticket by fair and unbought votes, he knew very well, but he knew also that his crimes had never been fastened upon him by the courts; that he was feared wherever he was known, and that his money could buy every legislator in the market and tempt and demoralize those who were more needy and weak than corrupt.

His preparations were made a secret but with precision and certainty. Two days before the election the candidate who believed himself to be Lanford's choice, and who had received assurance of all possible aid from the magnate, was amazed by a rumor that the great man himself was in the field. Accompanied by a friend the candidate hurried to Lanford's rooms, and was given an interview, his friend waiting in an ante-room. Lanford assured him the rumor was unfounded, that instead of being a candidate he was anxious to see his friend elected. The friend came away in smiling confidence, and while he was told that he had been deceived—visitors in the ante-room during the call understood the situation perfectly—he would not allow his faith in Lanford to waver again. Within forty-eight hours the election took place and Lanford was chosen by a safe majority, secured in a manner that can be understood fully by those only who have been allowed to work under the autocrat of the coast. Not many months afterward the friend, whom Lanford so cruelly betrayed, died of a broken heart.

As a member of the high branch of the Nation's Congress Lanford could not make a new name or reputation. His career was too well known, the circumstances of his election too generally understood to be ignored. His manner was too

cold and openly selfish to attract new acquaintances, and his ability to express himself well in debate was not equal to his wish to distinguish himself. What wealth could buy was his, but his honors were empty ones, for he knew that he was not respected by the able and incorruptible members.

Lanford's ambition was not yet satisfied. With his millions, his residences in city and country furnished with all that taste could suggest and money procure, still the figure-head of a great company, and honored with the highest office within the disposal of the people of his State, he felt that he occupied still a lowly niche in public esteem, and he thirsted for eminence. Whatever he might achieve on earth he knew he must accomplish with the aid of the gold for which he had plotted and toiled, sacrificed his honor and imperiled his soul. With the wealth of a Crœsus he might buy immortality. And while this thought was ever in his brain, there grew and strengthened with it such a desire to keep his money, to hold his enormous possessions to the last, that he could not overpower it. He felt that he must possess the world's praise, but he could not bring himself to pay the price.

Millionaires are not rare, and among them are many who seek for ways to do good with their wealth. Their benefactions are not often advertised before the world, but the unfortunate who have been assisted, the despairing who have been given hope remember them with gratitude in their prayers, and the light of joy reflected from their faces makes bright and warm the hearts of their benefactors. For such philanthropists no monuments or storied urns may rise to preserve the record of their good deeds, but they have given this no thought. It is the blessedness of giving, not the gratification of selfish desire for praise which actuates them.

Lanford could not, even if he would, appreciate such motives. His heart was cold and could not move with emotion. In his early years, while struggling with limited capital, a friend loaned him money to keep him from distress. Years after that friend's widow, poverty stricken and feeble, came to Lanford's door to ask for aid, and was coldly turned away, Lanford refusing to see her.

Such a man could not be generous. He had denied his fellow creatures justice all his life, and no thought of reparation ever crossed his mind. If he made a pretense of gifts to the deserving poor there was a reason for his action.

The brain that planned the extortions and robberies which had made a great corporation infamous, that laid the snares which caught the astute legislators of his State and held them firmly, was equal to the problem set before it. Distinction, praise and lasting honor should be his, and it should be purchased for a song—more, the act should be made a source of revenue.

From East to West, throughout the country, the newspapers suddenly flamed with praise of generous Lanford, and column after column was given to descriptions of the great benevolent project which he had decided upon. Others had

made regal bequests to charitable institutions, but his gift would overshadow all that wealthy donors before him had done. Others had endowed schools and colleges with lavish hand, but he would do more than any.

He would build an institution, furnish it, engage the services of learned professors for every department, endow it with a capital of millions, and give the whole to the State and people to whom he owed his greatness. It should be the grandest institution in the great country which its founder was proud to call his own.

In spite of such professions the great gift was never made. Lanford was named the "monarch philanthhopist of the nation" because of his announced plans, but while he gloried in the title bestowed upon him by those who knew but little of his real character, he broke his promise as unhesitatingly as he had broken promises a thousand times before.

As he defrauded the government in his conduct of corporation business, so did he defraud the State in his noble philanthropy. As he robbed and swindled the merchants of his own city in his traffic contracts, so did he rob and swindle the people who put faith in his promises for the institution. As every enterprise with which he was connected from his youth up was turned to his own pecuniary benefit, so did he turn this enterprise to his own personal profit. As he gained office by treachery, bribery and corruption, so did he purchase the title of philanthropist, and to all who know the man and his work the honor given him is vain and empty.

Had Lanford in truth been stricken with remorse and in his declining years decided to make some partial reparation to the people he had plundered, to give back some of the gold which he had wrung from unwilling commerce and suffering labor, he might have planned such a benefaction; but to be honest, to feel remorse, to desire to do a truly charitable act was impossible with his nature.

Lanford possessed a farm with an expanse of level land of no great worth. On the hillsides surrounding were ranches whose value was placed at higher figures and for good reasons.

This flat Lanford chose as the site of his charity, but before his decision was announced he had purchased, through his agents, all the land surrounding. He knew well that the planting of a great institution there would enhance values and in this he could regain some of the money he was obliged to expend.

The institution became a reality, but it was never given to the State. Its title is still vested in the man who founded it, and the institution is as much under his control as the affairs of his own household. Its employes are appointed by Lanford, and when called upon do his bidding. And it is not free, as was promised, but requires the payment of fees in excess of those exacted by less favored institutions.

In short, this is a great speculation, which may in time pay dollar for dollar to

to its builder and owner. His lands in the immediate neighborhood are sold in small lots at good prices, and with every sale the value of that still remaining unsold is enhanced. The salaries of the employes are not met completely by the receipts from patrons, but the amount to be made up is not so large that it cannot be considered well earned by those who receive it, when it is known that their chief occupation is to magnify before men the philanthropy of its builder.

Lanford hoped to make his re-election secure by the great gift he had made, or was about to make to the people of his State, but as the end of his term drew near he discovered that he stood no higher in public esteem than before. Another difficulty was the fact that one of his partners in his schemes had become jealous of his success and power, and proposed to defeat him.

Where he had hoped to find a smooth sea and fair winds, Lanford found opposing currents and a threatening storm that might bring shipwreck. Every means at his disposal was brought into use, all the connections of other days which could serve his purpose were revived, and many a new recruit was enrolled in his ranks, chosen from the young men just entering on the field of action, and all unaware of the blighting influence which any close acquaintance with Lanford brought.

At the crisis of the struggle Lanford sent thousands to the battlefield, and his agent used enough of the money to secure his master's election, and pocketed the remainder. Lanford's chief opponent, his former friend and partner, sent nearly as great a sum to oppose his election, but it was placed in the hands of a man who virtuously concluded to keep it for his own use rather than to expend it in bribery and it never reached the hands for which it was intended.

Lanford was victorious, but at a cost far greater than he anticipated. Aching with disappointment Lanford's former partner began to tell in public some of the secrets of the long-continued iniquitous partnership, and charged his associate openly with using from the funds of the partnership, the immense sum expended corruptly in his campaign. More he might have told, but his own connection with many of Lanford's nefarious acts made it difficult for him to prove his charge.

Twice elected to his eminent position, Langford allowed his ambition to soar still higher, and dreams of securing the first place in the government floated through his scheming brain. He thought he saw in the movement inaugurated by the farmers of the country an opportunity to place himself at the head of a growing and perhaps one day successful party. His professed espousal of the doctrines set forth required no mental reservation on his part; he was ready to take an advanced position in every issue if he could curry favor by the act. His name began to be repeated with favor in the councils of the party, in parts of the country where his career of corruption and oppression was not well known, and it is hard to say how far this wave of sentiment might have carried him had not an idiotic speech of one of his hirelings served to wreck the craft just fairly launched.

Prof. Zargon, one of his employes and an eager disciple of the great man who had given him the appointment, secured an opportunity to make an address on agriculture in one of the important cities of the State. The subject was his hobby, and in its discussion, he allowed his fancy to soar unrestrained by fact or discretion. In one of his flights of oratory he characterized the farmers of California as an ignorant and besotted class, who made no advancement in methods or results, and whose lack of prosperity was due to idleness, extravagance and drunkenness.

As reasonably might have been expected, the farmers in his audience resented the gratuitous insults and reported the speaker's abuse to the grange. At meetings of the order the language used was read and received with indignation, and in answer a resolution was adopted pronouncing the charge a cowardly and malicious falsehood, and characterizing the speaker as a hireling who deserved the contempt of honest men, creature as he was of one who had robbed the farmers of California for years, and drawing his salary from a fund which had been created by extortion.

This resolution was sent to the councils of the farmers throughout the country and its effect was instantaneous. The estimate placed upon the character of Lanford by the farmers of his State has been accepted as the true one by their brothers of the plow throughout the land, and the dream of political advancement at their hands has melted into thin air.

Is it the beginning of the end ? Is the ripple of indignation, caused by a thoughtless slur, to swell into a wave mighty enough to overcome all the power of this monarch of oppression ? Incidents of seemingly far less moment have put forces at work that overthrew great parties and buried individuals forever beneath the waters of oblivion.

Another proceeding increased the indignation of the masses. It was the successful effort to destroy a Grand Jury that was honestly endeavoring to indict Lanford and his minions. He proved powerful enough to cause the highest tribunal of the State to reverse one of its own decisions in the short space of six weeks. The Court first decided that the Grand Jury had the power to summon witnesses, and then in less than two months decided the same body illegal. Thus the people awoke to the fact that their liberties were in danger ; for history does not furnish another instance when criminals have been able to destroy a Grand Jury—one of the chief bulwarks of free men.

Chapter III.

ONE clear, bright spring morning Lanford and a few of his interested partisans stood on the plain of Alto Vallo, brought to the spot by the great man's purpose of selecting that day a site for his charity None among those who surrounded the princely giver dared to hin that on the hillside beyond a much more eligible place could be selected for the buildings, where the view could take in the bay in front and all the country roundabout. They may have appeared to believe they were called in consultation, but not one would have dared to state his choice until he had been given a cue by the imperator.

Suddenly a stranger appeared in their midst. His form was bent, his clothing poor, his countenance bore the marks of despairing sorrow, but while his words were uttered with the intensity of desperation, his language was well chosen and he stood self-possessed and firm, his burning eyes fixed upon the impassive face of Lanford. He spoke as if able to prove every charge he brought, and his arraignment of the man before him will be remembered long by all who heard him.

"At last we meet again," he said, and a momentary gleam of recognition and fear seemed to pass across Lanford's face as he heard the words. "The time has come when I can tell you what you are, and you and your friends must listen to me. They say you are here to carry out a scheme of benevolence, to begin a work which shall convince the world you are a philanthropist. Before you perform this generous act make your hands clean. Pay your debts to the government, to me and to the hundreds you have defrauded. Review your life. Think of the acts of treachery and deceit you have committed, the Judges you have bribed, the Legislatures you have corrupted. Think of the contempt you brought upon yourself when you refused to show your books in the United States Court, and thus acknowledged that you were guilty of the charges brought against you. Think of the friend you betrayed and ruined, and sent broken-hearted to the grave, while you took his place. Think of the business men you forced into bankruptcy, of the distress caused by your exactions from every patron of the

railroad. Think of the school children who have been deprived of their rights because you and yours refused to pay the taxes due the State and forced the schools to close. Think of Mussel Slough and its horrors, and the graves you and yours have made in that once happy settlement.

"Why God permits you to live I know not, and while you may be able to bribe the Judges of earth, it is a consolation to know that you cannot bribe the Judge of Heaven.

"You a philanthropist! As well class the dwellers at San Quentin among the pure and good. You have not the first element of generosity in your soul. You are despised by every good man who knows you, and you cannot know peace or happiness until you have changed. Until you make some attempt to right the wrongs you have inflicted, to pay the just claims against you, there will be no rest or security for you. The spirits of Ohen, O'lure, Awyer and Rooman, who are suffering the tortures of hell for serving you faithfully, haunt you night and day!"

The speaker vanished as suddenly and as mysteriously as he appeared, but for many minutes there was a restraint upon the little party which told that the words he had spoken carried more weight than the idle fancies of a madman, as Lanford pretended to regard them.

The story of the strange appearance on that spring morning is told sometimes by those who saw the man and listened to his words, and it is said that the bent figure still is seen occasionally, lone and uncanny, moving about the hills at twilight like some spirit of unrest.

It may be the wreck of Joseph Addison. It is years since that terrible morning when his brain gave way under its weight of sorrow, and he disappeared in the woods about his once happy home, but no trace of his return to that spot ever has been seen.

The house is now in ruins, by idle gossip made the home of unquiet spirits. Passers-by gaze towards it curiously, and "The Round House," as it is known, is never forgotten by those who look upon its crumbling walls and silent desolation. The daily papers speak of it at times by chance, and new reporters call upon their imagination for stories to suit its mystery. Never has its true story been told until now, and notwithstanding the detective force of the company has been used to discover the whereabouts of Addison, they have thus far failed. Few realize the vast extent and infamous acts of this force. It surpasses Russia in its thorough organization and its vindictiveness, and no man is safe in life or property when these tyrants seek revenge or annihilation. It is possible that many of the mysterious disappearances so prevalent in the State may be traced to the acts of these outlaws who obey with slavish fidelity every mandate of their rulers. Yet this is free America! We boast that there are no slaves within our

borders. God help the freeman who dares to assert his rights in opposition to these conspirators!

* * * * * * * * * *

There are friends who still remember Joseph Addison, and often call to mind the tragic events which drove him from the sight of men. Should some strange fate call him back to the scenes that knew him so well in the past, he will be welcomed warmly, and so much of rest and happiness as may be given to him by those whom once he generously aided.

Of him who brought such sorrow to the Addison home, whose greed and cruelty made that home a ruin, what more can be said? Earth may not know his humiliation and just punishment, but the time will come when the name which he would write with pride over the door of a great institution, to be regarded with honor by youth and manhood alike, will be a synonym for hypocrisy, and be uttered only with contempt.

THE OLD-TIME WAIL.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

[An Associated Press dispatch described the utterance of a Farmers' Alliance meeting in Kansas as consisting mostly of "the old time wail of distress."]

Still Dives hath no peace. Broken his slumber,
His feasts are troubled and his pleasures fail;
For still he hears from voices without number
The old-time wail.

They gather yet in field and town and city,
The people, discontented, bitter, pale;
And murmur of oppression, pain and pity,
The same old wail.

And weary Dives jaded in his pleasures,
Finding the endless clamor tiresome—stale,
Would gladly give a part of his wide treasures
To quiet that old wail.

Old? Yes, as old as Egypt. Sounding lowly
From naked millions in the desert hid
Starving and bleeding while they builded slowly
The Pharaoh's pyramid.

As old as Rome. That endless empire's minions
Raised ever and again the same dull cry,
And even Cæsar's eagle bent his pinions
While it disturbed the sky.

As old as the dark ages. The lean peasant,
Numerous, patient, still as time went by
Made his lord's pastimes something less than pleasant
With that unceasing cry.

It grew in volume down the crowding ages—
Unheeded still, and unappeased, it swelled,
And now it pleads in pain, and now it rages—
The answer still withheld.

A century ago it shrieked and clamored
Till trembled emperors and kings grew pale;
At gates of palaces it roared and hammered,
The same old wail.

It got no final answer, though its passion
Altered the face of Europe, monarchs slew;
But ere it sank to silence, in some fashion,
Others were wailing, too!

And now in broad America we hear it
From crowded streets, from boundless hill and vale,
Hear, Dives! Have ye not some cause to fear it?
This old-time wail?

Louder, my brothers! Let us wail no longer,
Like those past sufferers whose hearts did break;
We are a wiser race, a braver, stronger,
Let us not ask, but take.

So Dives shall have no distress soever,
No sound of anguished voice by land or sea;
The old-time wail shall stilled be forever
And Dives shall not be!

—*New Nation.*

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
MEN whom the LUST of office does not KILL;
Men whom the SPOILS of office CANNOT buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor,—Men who WILL NOT lie:
Men who can stand before a demagogue.
And damn his treacherous flattery without winking:
TALL men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds.
Their LOUD professions. and their LITTLE deeds.
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps.
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

Publications Issued by

CUBERY & CO., PRINTERS,

587 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FLORA FRANCISCANA—An attempt to classify and describe the Vascular Plants of Middle California, by EDWARD L. GREENE, Associate Professor of Botany in the University of California. The full price of the three parts is $2. Part IV in press.

PITTONIA—A Series of Papers Relating to Botany and Botanists. By Prof. EDWARD L. GREENE.

Volume I, - - - - - - - $2.50
Volume II, - - - - - - 2.50

PROBLEMS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—By BISHOP FOWLER. If you want to learn how to dispense with strikes read Fowler's "Problems of the Twentieth Century." The publisher's note reads as follows:

"There is a great conflict going on in this Republic between Labor and Capital. Thus far, those killed have been from the ranks of the poor laborer. Unless stopped, by removing the cause, the killing must spread to other levels of society. God pity us then!

"In the hope of preventing further bloodshed, the publisher has induced the distinguished author to permit him to put in permanent form this able discussion."

Price, - - - - - - - 15 cents.

REPORT OF THE WALLACE GRAND JURY—Containing Report of the Grand Jury of the City and County of San Francisco; also Judge Wallace's Charge and his Address on Receiving the Grand Jury's Report, and Letter of ex-Chief Justice John Currey. An official record of a daring attempt to destroy the liberties of the people.

Price, - - - - - - - 15 cents.

All the above publications sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price.

ADDRESS: CUBERY & CO., PRINTERS,

587 Mission Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Telephone 8-3-6.

CONTENTMENT.

—BY—

By Wm. E. F. KRAUSE.

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL ESSAYS IN THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

SAN FRANCISCO:

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO. PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS, 417 CLAY ST.

1885.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

CONTENTMENT.

—BY—

By Wm. E. F. KRAUSE.

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL ESSAYS IN THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

SAN FRANCISCO:
JOS. WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS, 417 CLAY STREET.
1885.

CONTENTMENT.

PREFACE.

The origin of this pamphlet is a vast parallel which I drew between the light, as during a clear night it is shed by the various planetary objects in space, and by the world-ether is carried to the earth; and the degree of sight, as at the time was left to me, of a cataract of receiving it.

It was indeed a delightful Indian summer night, in which the effulgent light of the larger planets, at the time visible, appearing in bold relief to the surrounding azure, together with a portion of the bevy of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, and the brilliant fixed stars, as interspersed over the entire canopy, suns of themselves, but appearing like rosettes from their enormous distances, to the Plejades, the center of our sun's and system's cradle—presented a sublime spectacle.

Assuredly, the glittering light of said assemblage, in its magnificent galaxy over a large expanse of the horizon, as embraced by one look, allowed of no comparison of any terrestrial view in sunlight.

But the latter comparison has to be made poetically, because the sight itself of any objects or object, collectively or singly, in the greater depth of space, or upon Earth, is but a sensual delight, and is prosaical because it is real.

Therefore, is it the vastness of the Universe, which the mind is elated at, when it compares the same with the little Earth, as an integral part of it, and which comparison, as the guidance of truth, enables man of finding the entrance to the World, within himself, as the modest abode of his contentment.

The constellations appeared to me, as a matter of course delusively, considering my defective eyesight, brighter than I had ever seen the same. Noticing even the difference in the color, as well as in the size, of the larger planets, as these are visible during a special time of the night, and at certain periods of the year only, besides knowing their several distances from the earth, as computed from the sun of our smaller solar system, I could not refrain, to the great detriment of my fascinating observations, from pondering upon my phenomenal blindness. Not being an oculist, or a specialist of the science of light, I began of paying an earnest attention to the two extremes of my condition, namely: that I could see without glasses of any kind, and almost as instantaneously as reason everywhere in its ethereal sphere travels through complete darkness; the physical light of the planets, all of which being millions of miles away from the earth, except the moon belonging to the earth; and next morning should find myself unable of reading the smaller print of a newspaper, except by the powerful aid of a three-lenses mining-glass. While so my mind was engrossed, a valuable thought passed through its alembic, that, even in total blindness, a man, provided he is at peace with himself, and is shielded against absolute want, can be reconciled to his calamity, and be content with what he cannot alter, and has to endure, as long as he steadfastly bears in mind that he is an integral part of the Universe.

Upon this solid basis I continued to argue the case with myself from a philosophical point of view, and rather quickly came to an anything but pessimistic conclusion, that a blind man, by being saved the trouble of seeing things, which he might just as well have not seen, is in due proportion to his loss of sight, reimbursed by nature with the available compensation that the entire world is shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

INTRODUCTORY.

The object of this pamphlet is to arrive at contentment by reflection upon the Universe, of which the existence of man forms an integral part.

The first step towards it is the constant remembrance of the immensity of the Universe, of which the Earth, as an integral part, is proving to man, by his existence upon it, *the necessity of contentment*.

The second step towards it is, inasmuch as life upon Earth, in plants, animals, and in man, exists within the precincts of their respective independent bodies during a certain period of time only, and then absolutely, untraceably, disappears from the body in death; man, by remembering the Universe, is directed towards realizing *contentment upon earth*.

And the third step towards the attainment to contentment is, the appreciation of the vitally important fact that the ability of man to think, reflect and reason, is available but from one consecutive moment towards another, and in an awake state only; and that, therefore, because of the pressure of time, of practically using his mind: *Time demands contentment*.

THE NECESSITY OF CONTENTMENT.

In my last pamphlet, No. 17, "The World in its Animated Nature," I based the synthetic organization of the world upon the motion of an invisible stuff, called "matter," in its entire volume throughout a boundless space, because said motion or force, upon which the law of gravity depends, could not be obtained unless matter was a stuff, and consequently is of a chemical nature. As such it necessarily is, and by virtue of its spaceless, therefore, incomparable quantity to the world in space, the parent stuff of the visible atoms, which are known to be chemical, and of which the world is made by the aforesaid motion of matter in its entire volume, called "the World-ether."

This is conjectured from the fact that the world is arranged in solar systems, consequently, that the atoms so obtained in space from the crystals of matter, are there deposited only, called "the cosmical nebulæ," from which a solar system is formed. In æons of time, its accumulated prepondering and solidified igneous mass throws off small parts of its outer bulk into space in portions more or less large, called planets, the by far most ponderous igneous mass or sun remaining, but not motionless, because, according to the laws of adhesion and cohesion, established for the Universe, an entire smaller solar system is drawn towards a larger one, as is ours towards that of Hercules in the Danaides, by the spaceless and timeless force of the World-ether.

By the same law are governed the fixed stars, which are suns of themselves, and comets in their regular paths around a sun, and all other objects in space. In our solar system Neptune was first thrown into space, then Uranus and the remainder of the planets, and through æons of time of cooling, eventually dissolve in water, and ultimately are absorbed by matter, from whence comes every visible atom, and hence it goes to forever be invisible, as *a stuff*.

With the triumph in physics, the gradually increasing development of the science of light, the mind is excusably carried away beyond facts, with which science has to deal only. The mind will attempt of knowing what it cannot but conjecture; for instance; what enables the cosmical nebulæ, as composed of the thrown-off, incomparably small particles of matter, and as indivisible atoms are gathered into masses, "molecules," which ultimately form an entire solar system, of becoming an igneous mass?

How could the mere motion of matter in space synthetically organize from said cosmical nebulæ, as necessarily collected in very remote parts of space only, an entire solar system, unless matter was chemical, and as such, is igneous?

That, however, in the progress of ignition, the water-stuff, as by far the greater, because finest part of an

atom, must predominate over the igneous and all other more or less heavier parts of stuff in the same, is easily conjectured, because water extinguishes fire; also, that the fire extinguisher is able of so doing. in which latter case it is the cosmical force of the world-ether, which possesses the capability of extinguishing and vice versa in the electric spark is it the producing cause of ignition.

As the earth and moon receive their light from the sun through the carrying capacity of the world-ether, so are explained all occurrences within the atmospheric air around this planet, by the cosmical force of the world-ether.

In regard to the position of the earth towards the sun, it for æons of time is much farther away from the sun than when first thrown off the sun into space, because Venus, and still later Mercury had been thrown after it, forcing the earth to farther recede into space, and enabling it at such a distance from the sun in the icy ether of matter of space of first cooling at the flattened poles, which accounts for the adaptability of the earth of there having first produced the egg-white of plants, upon which animal bodies develope.

Our earth even proves this systematic process by its fossil remains of animals, at present belonging to the tropics, as having been found in Greenland; also by a wintry chill of atmospheric air, slowly but steadly of late years advancing into the tropics, until in less than two millions of years, the earth, notwithstanding of being enclosed by far more water than land, shall be a frozen mass, similar to Mars, the only planet of which the glare of the sun allows something definitely of being known.

Of course, the one moon, which accompanies our earth, is excepted because it is only 217,000 miles from the earth.

As the southern hemisphere has got a much larger volume of water than the northern, botanical and then animal life, became earlier embodied at the south pole than at the north pole and vicinities, owing to there its heat being tempered by a much larger volume of water, surrounding a much smaller body of land.

CONTENTMENT UPON EARTH.

This tenor of the mind is realized by repudiation of every imaginable attempt at a knowledge of what for exists the world.

Not even conjectures are permissible, otherwise than to view the fact of man's existence upon earth from generation to generation, as having advanced upon the preceded ones, and is continuing to advance in more effective moral worth towards himself and fellowmen, until the earth shall have become so cold as to debar the race of man of temporary existence.

It definitely means that neither an exact science nor the idealism of metaphysics can solve this greatest of all problems of what for exists the world, because it is eternally concealed within each invisible crystal of matter of why is it a stuff, and as such is dead; yet when all the crystals are in motion, as eternally they are, said motion, consequent upon each crystal being a stuff, unseen organizes the world, as it is seen. Consequently, it also is the motor of the unseen life of man, as part of its own, within the body, as is the latter seen, or indeed within any other body, whether plant or animal, and duly subjects it to withdrawal from it in death, whether natural or unnatural.

For this palpable reason the entire world can be viewed only as if through a mirror, man being the spectator; take away the mirror, and everything is shrouded in complete darkness, and so remains unrecognizable, except the world within himself, which is brilliantly lit up by Faith, Hope and Charity, and requires no mirror to show him his duties in life, which, if well performed towards fellowmen, are always appreciated as to their intent, if not upon all occasions to his expectations, because of the absolute impossibility of every action being immediately serviceable to everybody.

At the same time common sense tells him that, as he is a world within himself, the outer world—the Universe, with the earth among, upon which his body exists—is not there for nothing. If man cannot com-

prehend what is incomprehensible, he is not the less intelligent, provided that the world's mystery *for* existence is cleared away by himself with the fact *of* its existence.

In order of sustaining such a view of life, it is paramountly necessary that man should add to the prosaical observations upon Earth the poetical reflections upon the Universe, so as to become reconciled to the encasement of his life and mind in a frail body, but at the same time to understand that his mental strength is not to be wasted upon Idealism, only to thereby cheer his daily labor.

Neither has man any alternative of thinking otherwise, because he finds upon earth not a single object of Nature, but what is an enigma to him regarding its indispensability of existence. It is there—that is all; consequently is well provided for to exist, in order of playing its part in the household of nature. Their harmony may be established by science, also the adaptedness of their grotesque forms to maintain the body as well as the intricate organism of the body; but why these interesting objects of nature at all exist, and represent Death over the blooming fields of the Earth, that is but entertaining to the man, who lives in the world within himself, and is content?

As indeed the plainest truth always is near at hand, but often is searched after in a wrong direction, so does the looking-glass prove a brighter light upon the necessity of contentment upon earth, than is shed by the most elaborate understanding of man.

From the cannibal as a member of the human race, to the pinnacle of civilization, the morally useful and unselfish man, it is contentment which in both extremes, is the consummation of their actions. To induce a cannibal of discriminating between the nourishment he has to partake of in order of maintaining his body, is, however, less difficult than to traduce the disinterested intent and action of a good man; and why? because the latter feels within his innermost being, what as yet is an undeveloped feeling in the former, that he is for his acts responsible to nobody

but himself, and which actions in civilization are amenable to the law of the land only.

It furthermore and conclusively proves that the worth of the human race, as exclusively endowed with self-consciousness, does not lie in their brains, but in their hearts; according to which every woman *can* be in her heart a lady, and every man in his a gentleman.

As to the charms of nature, man may abstract beauty from what he beholds, of especially botanical and zoological, even mineralogical, objects, but he never can comprehend the origin of the necessity for the ferocious instinct of animals, craving food for existence, at the expense of the living bodies of others, as well as the deceptive loveliness of many beautiful and odoriferous flowers, which, together with many herbs, shrubs, etc., also minerals, are poisonous—to one or more races of animals, and not to others.

Upon this swampy ground, swarming with flying insects, without which scavengers of vegetable decay, the entire zoology could not exist, man has to defend himself against it by the devices of his superior mind. Yet in his aborigine state, is inferior to it of viciousness in physical strength only. Pursuant of the law of nature for the human race first was planned an absolute despotism of collectively training human beings, until age after age, through thousands of years of historical lessons in the management of monarchies and republics abroad—George Washington arose and here planted the republic for a collective people, as unhindered by Europe, to individually advance their minds in Freedom, and to unitedly live harmoniously in the United States.

It also has to be borne in mind that the mingled traits of goodness and badness in man, in as much as these are different in every human being and cannot be tempered except by man himself, and also in consideration of the fact that the human race is by nature a social people, are the origin of the republican form of government, where at the present age among a grateful and educated people, man by the moral force of such a natural influence, easily comprehends his duties towards fellow men.

Since steam girdles the earth, and tosses all mankind to and fro, and armaments of war now are so destructive that powerful nations have to prefer arbitration by diplomacy—Republicanism is bound to make steady strides, and the civil law, as the guardian of liberty, be more universally respected, and the Union be revered as the sun of every man's contentment.

That the United States, as the great through-travel of the earth, receives the greatest share of immigration, is self-evident; and although California is geographically situated at the extreme end of the civilized world, yet is its equable and genial climate alone worth the amount of civilization in gold as far east from here as Greece included. It is the most trustworthy guarantee to California of a full settlement of the foothills and valleys, of the long coast and valuable rivers.

Although the population of California of late years shows a marked increase, yet in spite of the advantages above enumerated, is but gradually increasing, may, in an accessory way, be accounted for, namely, by homesickness.

Immigrants, arriving at an age in which the habits of industry, already contracted where they came from, have there taken a firm root, because it is not there, where stood the cradle of man, that he feels at home, but where he has labored during manhood.

Here it is proper to add that whoever understands America, will at once admit that the eternal legacy of George Washington signifies an indissoluble Union, composed of homes, additionally of any years' population of those who come here from foreign lands, able and willing, and law-abidingly to for themselves build up a home, live in it, be happy and content.

TIME DEMANDS CONTENTMENT.

As space and time are forms only of the intellect of man, and do not in reality exist in the objects of nature; whereas the latter visibly appear in space and time, so is the eternal organization of the world space-

lessly and timelessly indirectly in it at work of replacing with good material a bad one, so as to keep the world indestructible.

This incessant labor, therefore, is the characteristic of the world-ether within the world. The Universe at large, with our earth in detail, prove it. The mineral abrases, plants appear from tiny seeds, and the entire zoology is born. The germinating process within the seed of a plant, and the physiological and anatomical organization of all living animals prove that life is not a product, but is the cosmical motion of matter itself, in its absolute independence of the atoms with which said motion called the world ether, organizes the body.

By surrounding each atom, and by amassing a number of them in molecules, the world-ether not only forms but models the body, develops it, and eventually makes it appear upon the surface of the earth as a living object of nature *in* its respective independent individuality of form, whether botanical or zoological. These forms imperceptibly change in their adaptability for existence with the earth in its cooling-off process, which accounts for the gradually diminishing sizes of trees and strength of animals.

The most delicate process of organization, is the later developed self-consciousness of man. It is unlimited, like is the freedom of the will of man to act, but often is instantaneously lost in the vortex of time through interference of untoward circumstances.

This is proved by man being able at the instigation of an innate power of will — of retracing time. While he cannot see forward into the next minute and never can travel faster through life with his ambitious mind—than time, he however, can see backward almost into his cradle, and quickly gather upon that charming road, sweet flowers of experience, to now embellish his ambitious mind, while he is being tossed forward by time.

To illustrate the timelessness as well as the spacelessness of the power of reason, as suddenly instigated by the innate power of will to act—as indeed upon

every other occasion—Man is able, while conversing with another upon a totally different subject of transporting his mind scores of years of time into the past and thousands of miles away from the spot upon which he happens to be, without at all losing the coherency of his speech.

Upon the other hand, the most practically reasoning mind, animated by the power of a determined will, cannot of itself, produce a grain of sand without material, therefore, should it be applied to the concerns of life, and of which the body of man, on account of its excessive frailty demands at any time the principal share of attention.

As next to life the freedom of the will to act is its most valuable treasure, it becomes obvious that its province is not only to maintain the body of man because it contains his life, but by its influence upon the mind with its ability of self-conscious reasoning, is to attain to the greatest possible moral worth of man and his ethical advance towards purity of motives through self-culture. Thinking the truth and having an abundance of moments of time of reflection before uttering it, man cannot do more than to act upon it and be rewarded for it within his innermost being with happiness and vice versa with unhappiness in all circumstances of life.

Man so gains in the full freedom of his mind, in happy as well as most trying circumstances of his career, that ineffable bliss, which no words can adequately express, of contentment with his existence as upon a planet, which no matter of what diminutive dimensions is it, is nevertheless an integral part of the universe.

To resume that, the self-consciousness of man is not available in sleep proves that it is an organization of the world-ether, and is entirely unlike life, which, although it likewise is unavailable in sleep, still proves by the fact of life, as it is demonstrated by the breath, the pulse and the warmth of the body of man—the motionary action of the world-ether in a healthy, sick or dying one as well as that, its cosmical force is abso-

lutely independent of the living body until the latter is dead.

Indeed during sleep man has lost his personal identity, he is virtually dead, because he neither knows anything of himself—his ego, nor that he at all lives.

In the sleep of death it is the same want of personal identity, which then is lost permanently. During life as in death, life is immortal because vested in the world-ether, and not in the world as being but its attribute.

The availability of the mind of man to reason in an awake state only, and then but from one consecutive moment towards another, which curtails the use of the time of life, inclusively of an unavailable childhood, and an extremely old age, to scarcely half a century of a morally useful labor to civilization, demands this reasoning in order of proving the necessity of a practical application of the mind to the daily concerns of life. But while so at work, idealism must assist man to be happy. An idealism derived of truth, and what truth is more glaring than the immense number of visible constellations, which surround the earth at all distances in the unfathomable depth of space. Indeed without this living company to escort man to the gate of death, the mind could never maintain its serenity as an indispensable requisite of happiness.

Marriage is a safe guide towards contentment. Millions of men have come to an untimely end because of the want of the disinterested love of a devoted wife. Children and household cares prevent man from falling, and make him an important member of the commonwealth. Even when there are no children born or household cares made unnecessary, it is the loving wife who shields the husband.

Marriage is a palpable truth, it is honor to the dead, honor to the living and honor to posterity; it is morality personified and love glorified. Nothing should prevent it and nothing can, not even death, because it cannot separate two loving beings. As these are very rare occurences, marriage is not interfered with.

As we all have rested under the heart of a beloved mother, and when born, were, because of our helplessness, the first subjects of charity, so marriage leads to a life-long calm reflection upon the duties of charity towards others.

In selecting a bride, a gentleman may congratulate himself upon having correctly understood a lady in her rigid reserve and silence, that she loves him more, than she does her own life. She is, when a wife, a light so brilliant that through the darkest clouds of adversity, upon the stormy sea of life, her unfaltering love will surely guide him to the safe shores of a sweet home. And in the gondola of prosperity, in a calm upon the glassy surface of life's charming lake, in the pure, eternal atmosphere of love, such a married life is happiness personified, until the earth bows to the glorious orb, and home has to be reached to be content.

Character, the government of man of himself, governs by its impartial judgment of what is true and what is false in him, not alone his daily actions—but encourages him of cultivating himself in a life among the people, because he cannot possibly rely upon anybody else of better knowing him, than himself.

All unsolicited advice, and every hearsay, all laid-down maxims not suitable to the age in which man happens to be, and the meaning of the contents of anything that is written—would fleet through the alembic of the mind, and be forever lost in oblivion, if man did not possess the faculty of demanding of himself to reason upon it, and remember it as so much knowledge gained of what is good, and so much experience made of what has to be avoided as bad upon his own recognizance.

Knowledge, after all, is but the mould, as it is formed by the mind, and in which the power of will places the respective material, awaiting man to complete the action. But seldom he acts in concert with his will, and as a matter of course the resolution instantaneously weans. The reason is, he prefers of first making a number of different moulds, ere he in good earnest finishes an action with the first one, which

with so much vacillation is doubtful. It is the theory of "bad times," because man does not produce an immediately marketable action, to thereby do his share of making the times good.

Economy is the sincere friend of man through life. Not only the poor, but the rich, are constantly advised by it. With the former, this friend becomes often intimate already later in childhood; while with the latter, not always, but occasionally much later in life. Of course, the advice means indefatigable labor, well-performed during such business hours as do not exhaust the frame of either the mind or the body of man, because what is conducive to health facilitates contentment.

Economy, therefore, is not a Pedagogue that forbids pleasure, like does avarice, yet is the advice of economy always: To earn money and to save it!

Indeed, man must possess himself. A life among the people is the world in which he is expected of acting his part of a moral and progressive usefulness to mutual advantage. As it represents persons in all stations of life, he may from any Antaeus learn something of a morally useful and enlightening nature, without at all intruding upon their time and his own, as required, for action. In an active life among the people man learns to think, reflect, reason, and in conformity with law, to act for himself in freedom. Enjoying free speech, as is it complacently listened to by the forum of public opinion, this liberty teaches man more than anything else, of learning to know himself. In independence so appreciated, man is nowhere happier and contented than here, and especially in California, with a salubrious climate unsurpassed.

The World

In its Animated Nature.

—— BY ——

WILLIAM E. F. KRAUSE,

Author of several Essays in both the English and German Languages.

SAN FRANCISCO:
WINTERBURN & CO. BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
1882.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

INTRODUCTORY.

Judging from the vast arena of space which intervenes between one planet and another, in due comparison of the union of which arenas the untold millions of planets, and all other bodies in it of various, often very large sizes, which comprise the Universe of the World, appear but as so many trifling objects promiscuously scattered and mysteriously floating about in the immeasurable depth of space; it becomes, evident that the construction of the world signifies a relative use of one solar system towards another, and is caused by a cosmical force throughout space, organizing it according to immutable laws.

The knowledge of the code of these laws is partly gained by inductive methods, partly it is attained to by mathematical conclusions.

The force which organizes the world in space is called the *Worldether*, hithertofore known by the name of Lightether only because space would be dark without it, UNTIL IT WAS ASCERTAINED THAT IT POSSESSES ALL THE FUNCTIONS OF AN ORGANIZATOR OF THE WORLD, and is consequent upon the incessant motion within itself of an extremely fine, therefore absolutely elastic stuff, THROUGHOUT THE UNION OF SAID ARENAS OF SPACE, and the motion itself explained by the entire volume of this stuff, being unable of therein moving as a compact mass.

The nature of this universal or cosmical stuff is an extraordinarily delicate and easily moving fluid, which accounts for the stuff itself, not having got any individuality of its own by which it is accessible to the senses of man. It is called MATTER, and its invisible form, CRYSTAL, as in contradistinction of its kindred stuff, which emanates from it by exudation—but is taken off by the Worldether in certain remote parts of

space only, in order of affording the material for making the World. Said kindred stuff, so emanating from comparatively a few crystals, to those of a boundless space, IS CALLED THE WORLDSSTUFF, AND ITS VISIBLE FORM, ATOM. It is almost needless to add that the worldsstuff, of which the world is made only, cannot possibly have got any other origin but MATTER, because space, being boundless, does not admit of a vacuum, where IT (an absolutely independent stuff in space, NOT emanating from matter by separation), should be its own origin —an impossibility of itself, because it is like its parent stuff, "matter" dead; (viz.: as far as is concerned the chemical nature only and NOT the direct first cause of the *latter*.) At the same time is it certain that without the chemical nature of matter, as indicative of fermentation, there could neither be any direct exudation and subsequent emanation of atoms by separation (respectively the world) nor a direct agitation of each crystal of matter, from within itself, or of its being in due consequence of it—the origin of the first motion in space, because their UNITED MOTIONS in their TIMELESSNESS throughout a BOUNDLESS space—ARE THE FORCE CALLED THE WORD-ETHER, WHICH IS THE ORGANIZATOR OF THE WORLD.

Then, again, in such an hallucination, of a fictitious place called a vacuum, a force would always require a stuff, in order of being one, which of course includes every abstract force, as absolutely unable of directly causing a massive world without the indirect chemical stuff of matter.

It would be a fallacy of a massive world appearing in space with its first cause being directly in its stuff atoms, instead of indirectly and timelessly in each crystal of matter throughout a boundless space.

THE

WORLD IN ITS ANIMATED NATURE.

FIRST PART.

Matter Throughout a Boundless Space.

Of the first cause of the deadly chemical germ within every one of the crystals of matter throughout a boundless space, from which develops the substance of the stuff of matter, nothing can be even conjectured, far less known, because it is Eternal Life! The latter idealism forms a gulf between itself and death, within every solitary and invisible stuffly crystal throughout a boundless space, which cannot be bridged by man. However, is it certain that a dead stuff, cannot possibly give itself an existence, which matter has got, because it is absolutely demanded by the law of gravitation for the world which is there. Besides only by space being uninterruptedly filled in by matter, is the pressure accounted for. (Which is the law of gravitation)—upon the heavy objects of the world, in their individual position, as found isolated from one another by millions of miles within the depth of space. "Astronomy teaches these distances of the planets of a solar system from their governing sun to an appalling degree; whereas, no idea can be formed of the vastness of the quantity of crystals of matter throughout a boundless space, as required for holding the world in it."

To all appearances do stand in due proportion of it, the untold millions of planets and all other bodies in space, as does a ripple upon Lake Tahoe to the ocean, which surrounds the Earth.

Here it may seem incomprehensible, that a visible stuff—the world—should emanate from an invisible one, but this is natural, if only the littleness of the world is mathematically compared with the volume of matter of space in its boundlessness. Indeed does the unindividuality of the crystals fully account for the individuality of the atoms of the worldsstuff, (of which the World is made by the Worldether, and in certain remote parts of space only,) if the vast quantity of crystals of matter, as abounding throughout a boundless space, is properly contrasted with the insignificant world of untold millions of planets, etcetera, other, often very large bodies in it, for instance comets, fixed stars, (suns of themselves,) and suns. Therefore is it of the utmost importance to comprehend that it does not make the slightest, in fact any difference, how inconceivably small, consequently invisible be the forms, called the crystals of matter, because its contents, nevertheless, are stuff, which, as such, is subject to exudation, as consequent upon the chemical nature of the stuff within the crystal of matter. Besides, only, by it being on account of the fluid nature of the stuff, which its form and all the crystals contain of an alike quantity: ABSOLUTELY ELASTIC BODIES—is explained, their readiness of giving way to, and making room for—the world—whilst, and WHEREVER in space the Worldether is eternally organizing it with the atoms of the whirled off exudation.

In the construction of the world, the moment the exudation is being whirled off in space by the Worldether, wherever required, and there appears, as if strewn from a Panacopia, in such subdivided densely, stuffly, elementary particles, that their form: the atom, which contains the same, presents no pores, into which not even the imaginary form (crystal) of the fluid Worldether can penetrate—the latter, simultaneously of time, fills in the room which it, the atom, has vacated.

The Worldether, surrounding and pressing it equally from all sides, transmits it towards the next atom, amasses a number of them in groupes, which are called molecules, and with these is forming small and large bodies—in short, is causing the world, as is it, but is timely and imperceptibly changing within every form upon untold millions of planets in boundless space, etcetera, all other bodies comprising the Universe of the World.

As far as our smaller solar system has been discerned, this process is known of having continued towards the cosmical nebulæ which were there, in its center, gathered by the mutual action of two gravitating forces; one of which, adhering to said cosmical nebulæ (from which it has developed), and the other to the centrum of the Plejades, to which it belongs.

By the science of light is incontestibly proved that the incessantly agitated crystals are necessarily so closely together that they leave but so much room between one another, as their touching each other permits. The inference is that, if one crystal (imagined to be the central point of incomputably many crystals) gets in motion, from within its inner fermenting, therefore agitated state, then, 1st all the remainder crystals lengthways follow, viz.: in the wake of the motion of each ray of light, and so necessitate by their inconceivable sum total of timeless reiterations of touches throughout a boundless space. 2d, an athwart motion of each ray of light in all directions of space. (The nature of the light produced as is it by the shock of touch of two crystals, is accounted for by the stuff of matter containing chemical properties.)

It has to be remembered that the stuff of matter is in the exudation upon the crusts of all the crystals of a boundless space, of the same nature as is it in the comparatively few atoms, constituting the thrown off exudation in certain remote parts of space only respectively and ultimately: the world, but of comparatively to the atoms, an infinitesimal degree of density.

In recapitulation is the manner and celerity of the transmission of light, which the Worldether emits in transversal and longitudinal waves, as well as the warmth of its rays—fully accounted for by its diffusing itself from one point of space IN ALL DIRECTIONS, whereas the law of force is based in opposition of it: viz., upon the number of squares of distances. Therefore is every point in space, as being occupied by a fermenting—therefore agitated and consequently moving light-emitting crystal at the same time:

A CENTRAL POINT OF FORCE, and their united forces, the origin of the eternally maintained, called the kinetic energy of the force of the Worldether—as based upon the stuff of matter.

Here a most important conclusion is arrived at, viz., that the Worldether necessarily obtains its outside impetus, called THE POTENTIAL ENERGY OF ITS FORCE (because it is not a motory one, like the Kinetic), from those OPEN places which form on both outsides of the spot (on account of the round shape of the crystals), where simultaneously of time : two insidely agitated crystals touch one another in their vertical descent and instantaneously perpendicular ascent.

But it has to be explained, what means THIS ROOM, where two crystals meet, enabling each other of descending and ascending?

It is easily said that it is space, and of course so is it, because a vacuum—equivalent of a nothing—is NEVER an alternative of something; besides, a nothing has nowhere an existence, whereas said room has got one, and can have it in space only, for the simple reason that space is boundless.

Therefore, it being required in space, its requisition pertains to the thorough development of the full energy of the cosmical force of the Worldether.

It being mathematically demanded, by the round shape of the crystals (because a round body possesses the utmost possible extent of room, with due reference to the size of its surface), is sufficient encouragement for venturing upon an additional idea, viz: that it is filled in by SOMETHING INFINITESSI-

MALLY SMALLER AND INCONCEIVABLY LIGHTER THAN ARE EVEN THE CRYSTALS THEMSELVES IN THEIR INVISIBLENESS, AS WELL AS ACTUAL WEIGHT OF STUFF, which means "by an EXHALATION of the exudation upon the crusts of the crystals, which necessarily being a chemical vapor only, tends towards assisting the outside, respectively the potential energy of the force of the Worldether in order of STEADYING the energy of the kinetic—the principal one—in its onward course throughout a boundless space and in all directions, simultaneously, of time. Consequently may said exhalation be viewed as the regulator of the entire cosmical force of the Worldether, enabling the latter of passing through all the arenas of space which intervene between one planet and another, etcetera, any other body in it, and of there exercising its organizing functions (by directly passing through their respective atmospheric circles) upon the surface of the same, as it originally does form their bodies in space, from within the first nebulæ of a solar system.

SECOND PART.

The Kindred Stuff of Matter, Called the Worldstuff.

The shock occasioned by two crystals meeting and immediately separating, as demanded by their state of inner agitation, through fermentation, explains the rise of stuff towards the crusts of the crystals, as well as the forced loosening of the superfluous exudation, which although timelessly accumulating UPON THE CRUSTS OF ALL THE CRYSTALS THROUGHOUT A BOUNDLESS SPACE, attains to excessiveness of weight only, upon those lines of their motion which are leading towards the centre of a solar system, and there only to such a weight over the crystals that it is absolutely required of being taken off by the Worldether, in order of not alone affording the material for making the world, but of freeing the Worldether of a serious impediment to its celerity of

speed throughout a boundless space, WHILST IT IS ORGANIZING THE WORLD. Anterior of the exudation being taken off the crystals in remote parts of space only, IT IS AT ANY TIME AND EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT IT EXCESSIVELY DENSER, than is the remainder stuff of the unindividual crystal. Whereas its quantity, as forced from within the chemical germ of the crystal towards its crust, is inconceivably less in proportion to the individual size of the stuffly crystal, the unindividuality of the latter simply applying to the size of its form, but not to its contents of stuff.

Again, that the exudation is there only, excessively denser, consequently far too heavy for the crystal to bear, where it is actually taken off in space, in order of being made of: THE WORLD by the Worldether—than where it appears upon all of them, viz: throughout the vast remainder of space—is self-evident from the fact that, otherwise the exudation COULD NOT AT ALL BE TAKEN OFF by the Worldether, on account of its above mentioned incomparably small quantity—to the remainder contents of stuff of each crystal there. Why it is there only excessively denser, may be conjectured as follows: The length of the line of the motion of matter towards a solar center, being a wavelike, consequently an undulatory one, on account of the absolute elasticity of matter—the Worldether there has got a varying effect of force upon the exudation of those crystals, of which it is whirled off.

The degrees of effect account for there being more than one specialty of atom.

It has been asserted that there are sixty-six in number, but it is doubted, because all of which necessarily are reducible towards the original stuff of matter. Indeed the atoms are but inordinate densities, therefore, represent but different appearances of their densities, and not intrinsic differences of qualities of the chemical stuff of matter.

The weights and shapes of these individual atoms have been accurately examined, as far as it is allowed by the pres-

ent Loupe—showing the difference of their densities; for instance, if an atom of water stuff has got the weight of 1, then nitrogen has 14, oxygen 16, phosphor 31, chlor. 35–5, arsen 75, and quicksilver 200 of units of weight.

With regard to the shapes of the atoms of the Worldstuff, these are mostly round, which is accounted for by the Worldether, as being the finer stuff of the two, pressing the same from all sides, whilst surrounding them, the moment they are whirled off upon the OFTEN mentioned remote lines of motion in space, only, which are leading towards a solar centre.

Their round shapes are observable in most of the planets, as well as in the extreme details of such accessible objects of nature upon the earth, as is, for instance, the Protoplasm (Spherosira volvox) and its deceivingly hollow divisions, because the exhalation of the exudation upon the crusts of the invisible crystals surrounding the respective atoms, ADDITIONALLY, prevents the inspection of said divisions. Also crystallography points towards the divers shapes, at least by the molecules, if it cannot so do by the single crystals, because the latter are not vsible.

The aforesaid explanation of the disseverable relationship of the crystal towards its exudation is the only rational conjecture of the Woldsstuff (of which the world is made)—WHERE IT COMES FROM. It likewise explains that the atoms have got and can have no force of their own, BECAUSE OF their isolated position from those crystals, of which once they were integral parts of stuff, and which now makes the atoms of the Worldsstuff absolutely dependent upon the Worldether, because the cosmical motive power is in the crystals of matter only.

THIRD PART.

The Formidable Force of the Worldether.

The full energy of the force of the Worldether is tested upon earth by thunder, lightning, cyclones, earthquakes, but is in no phenomenon of nature, more tremendously displayed, than by the electric spark, in which it actually becomes visible, in consequence of its many perpendicular motions. Indeed can its force attain to such an aggregate of perpendicular motions within a space of time of barely 1.152.000 part of a second, that its duly concentrated force is able of melting metals, and of setting igneous substances on fire.

FOURTH PART.

The Subtle Force of the Worldether.

With due reference of the psychological result, attained to by the Worldether in all animal beings: the atoms of the Worldsstuff (as being by their intrinsic nature precisely the same stuff, as are the crystals themselves, namely: originally nothing else, but more or less compact densities of the same,) are anterior of their becoming atoms by separation from the crystals, necessarily divisable by it, whereas the law of force, which at the same time promotes the transmission of light throughout space, is inversely based in opposition to its own power of action: namely, upon the number of squares of distances. Thereby is laid the foundation of the delicate process during the organization of the form of an animal of any race:

"1st. Of the animation (erroneously called life,) which is effected by the utmost possible celerious reciprocal action of the Worldether between the atoms, with which the body is organized and—itself.

"2d. Of the timely continued activity of the Worldether within such an animated form, after birth, towards a gradual

development of the intellect of an animal being, upon the circle of its mysteriously adapted longevity of existence here until the zenith of time—forty years in the human race—is reached, when an equally gradual diminution of mental vigor but not of brightness, is observed, until it is lost in natural death.

The intellect of animal beings reaches the widest expansion of its set limits of keenness, for the peculiarly prerogatived individuals of their respective races, in order of daily maintaining their animated (living) bodies IN THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF MAN (a consciousness of himself—his "ego"): the grand and exclusive privilege of the human race, beyond which the functions of the Worldether gently subside and give way towards a semi-unconscious state of a dreamy feeling, which is called "The Foreboding of the Heart." Upon its revery: an absent minded roaming and steering without a compass among untold millions of planets, of the appearance of which his own enigmatically little body is analogous, depend all his ethic thoughts, and although these are not an absolute truth, yet are they an admissible because accessible one of life in its impersonal eternal point of view, because there would be no sense whatsoever of the human race being endowed with esthetic feelings if it was otherwise.

Therefore it is during his personal existence the right hand of justice which enfolds with charity the human race as of one origin in its gambols upon earth. Notwithstanding that of itself it is an idleness, yet is an indulgence in it by no means a waste of time. Beholding the accessible although at any time but part of the universe of the world, IS THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION. No human being can exempt himself from an involuntary contemplation upon it. From the grand sight do emanate all metaphysical longings, as are the ethical feeling, the inspiration of poetry, music, the fine arts, and above all the daily practical and morally worthy use of all the exact sciences, filially of cosmogony—in short, the advance of every age towards a purer, an absolutely moral worth of man, as it

developes itself from the foreboding of the heart, is turned to account by a direct usefulness towards fellow men (as for the time being), and stands indelibly engrafted upon the indestructible rock of ages.

However, the extraordinary subserviency of the foreboding of the heart to a possibly momentary cessation of the animation of a frail boding (setting aside the availability of said feeling in an awake state only, and then but from moment to moment, and surrounded, as is each one of these, by the one past and the other to come, both as dark as sleep or death), together with a due consideration of the ontogeny, and a preise classification of the human race in zoology forms a whirlpool of thoughts WITHIN THE STARLIT DEPTHS OF SPACE, which is bound of engulfing the reason of man, the moment he, beholding his body as containing his ethic thoughts, should attempt an absolutely truthful answer, either physically or metaphysically, of the leading philosophical question of any age, viz.: what for he and the world at large, at all have got an existence. The inexplicable subserviency of the Foreboding of the Heart to a gross body, so peculiarly constituted that it is momentarily subject to a natural Death in any state of Health (and at any time from the cradle to the grave), is further aggravated by the mystery FOR the forms—not OF the forms of all the objects of nature, inorganic as well as organic, which the Worldether sets up.

In particular by the manifoldness of the species of Botany and the multiplicity of races of animal beings, the innumerable individual objects of which, are independently inhabiting their respective forms.

Above all that, the animal beings maintain their animated bodies, not alone upon certain species of botany, but prey upon the individuals of other animal races, some even extending that horrid avidity towards the members of their own race, *vide*, the cannibals of the human race. By this premise of truth is proved that the selfconsciousness of man is practically confined to the reflection upon the timely objects of nature only, as are conveyed towards his mind by his

senses in order of maintaining his animated body and of defending it in a wild nature.

Said objects forming the basis of thoughts—the time which a thought requires of clearly developing itself in the mind, has been ascertained: "The time given, is 1-25 part of a second for the conception of an object of nature, and 1-28 part of a second for a set will to make use of such a conception—in all 0.076 seconds. At first it seems undoubted that, the intelligence of the human race is, as an abstract force, inherent in the Worldsstuff—of which the body of man is organized, consequently his brain—in other words, that a stuffly mass could think !

But this egregious error arises of man confounding the Worldsstuff with matter, the crystals of which by their inconceivably celerous motion: the Worldether within the brain of any animated being, forces in particular "Man" to think and reflect upon the objects of nature, which he beholds, because he has got the exclusive privilege of selfconsciously so doing.

FIFTH PART.

Life in its Eternal Sense.

As to the etymological definition of the word "Life," when made use of in a general sense of whatever bodies of the universe, inclusively of all detailed objects of nature upon earth, inorganic as well as organic, as are represented by the world, it is a *misnomer*. What is! represents Death and not Life, *because*, otherwise, the world in its animated nature would be no mystery; and as to man, his ethic thoughts being reduced to a naught, he would be no better off than his body, subject to decay and subsequent transfer of its stuff to the earth, because there is not a worn-out stuff atom possibly lost in space.

By this fraction, the Earth, amidst the World's untold—millions of Planets within the unfathomable depth of space,

is proved that all the existing organic objects demonstrate by their animated bodily nature, as possessed of in forms belonging to their respective races (animals), as developed upon the basis of plants of their respective (species), and these again upon the adaptability of respective inorganic stuffs, that although "Life" is the indirect origin of the World, yet is its directly animated nature by no means "Life," but an incipient Death of stuffly elements, imperceptibly and timelessly wrought into the timely nature of the world by the cosmical force of the Worldether.

With reference to man, he has had his existence in the form of his race, anterior of the two ice times, which is over 100,000 years, as computed from geological periods; whereas the more directly reliable paleontologist insists upon 250,-000 years.

However, the main point at issue is, that his timeless life will remain with his race in the form abandoned by one and occupied by another individual through as many timely existences to come as is the form retainable by the vitality of the plant-bearing earth, anterior of its altogether cooling off amidst this smaller solar system, in æons of time and subsequent transfer of its indestructible stuff to the larger solar system—that of Hercules, in the Danaides, as the nearest of —in the unfathomable depth of space, until our solar system shall have been reanimated upon its suitable planets with plants, animals, and with man, in æons of time.

The average size of the form of man is, like it, of all other organic objects of nature upon earth, governed by the degree of heat, as is it allowed by the sun of this smaller solar system, at a distance of 88—some astronomers aver 93 millions —of miles, and all other plant-bearing and otherwise suitable planets in proportion.

Therefore is the shrinkage of the average size of the forms of all individually organic as well as inorganic objects of nature accounted for by the gradual cooling off of this or any other solar system, in æons of time.

SIXTH PART.

The World in its Appearance.

When man observes Planets at the enormous distance of 787 starwidths, equivalent of a depth of space of 65,875 Billions of miles, and besides knows that their light requires 12,200 years, in order of reaching the earth, because it advances but six feet at the time on its way towards it, although it speeds at the rate of 178,500 miles a second—his mind reflects less upon the magnificent spectacle before him, as being of itself a mere sensual delight, than upon the origin of light, because by its aid is disclosed, what at any time the eye so rapturously beholds, "BUT OF A PART OF THE UNIVERSE OF THE WORLD." Being convinced that the cosmical force which conveys light throughout a boundless space, is causing with superior functions of its own—the entire Universe of the World—he rests assured that, notwithstanding of the World, expressing by its appearance in space a decided necessity for its existence—it thereby does not absolutely truthfully express "WHAT PORTENDS IT?"

The impossibility of clearing the mystery by the appearance of the World is accounted for by space and time, in which its objects exist, not being a realty, which is in return to be found in the same, but an idealism only—a mere form of the intellect of man for his conceptions, of what the senses subjectively convey towards the mind from the World of appearance, and which want of a realty (of space and time) makes an objective view impossible, because the World is in its entity the expression of Freedom.

Therefore is an attempt of building with such diametrically opposed positive and negative views as are a subjective realty and an objective idealism—the one a physically, meaningless fact, and the other a metaphysically, incomprehensible myth —a solid triangle of a monistic Philosophy, which should not admit of any doubt as to the first cause of the merely

animated, stuffly World being directly traceable in its varied objects:

"A FRUITLESS TASK."

The reason is, that Eternal Life, which necessarily is the indirect first cause of the deadly nature of the stuff of the world, cannot possibly be at the same time DIRECTLY traceable in the visible stuff atoms of which it, the World, is made, but lives within the invisible crystals of matter throughout a boundless space, the motion of which, from within each crystal of the entire volume, in their united, timeless force of action, "THE WORLDETHER" is organizing it, and within which invisible crystals Eternal Life is absolutely untraceable.

By the simple fact that the abstract thoughts of man, are developed later during the existence of his animated body, and exist only whilst the latter is animated, therefore are subordinate to its animation, besides are clearly definable in an awake state and a normally healthful psychical condition only, is proved that the Trio "ETERNAL LIFE, MATTER AND ITS MOTION" are blended in one and the same time--and spaceless action "THE WORLDETHER" for the indirect organization of the World, as it directly exists in time and space.

CONCLUSION.

As the science of light is the most important, because it is and so necessarily is the basis of all scientific studies, filialy of cosmogony, its daily increasing researches dearly long for an improved apparatus of polarization of the astrophotometer and especially of the spectroscope. In exact proportion that an ever limited physical science: the study of HOW the World is synthetically organized in space INCREASES, does a metayhysical yearning after an impossibly--to be arrived at--absolute truth, of WHY the World exists, DECREASE --and man is safely guided from one dark age towards another--by himself, respectively his inborn, intellectual light of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THE

Man OF THE World.

By W. E. F. KRAUSE.

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN INTERESTS IN BORNEO," "THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES ABROAD," "THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE," "BIANCA," "HISTORY OF THE GERMAN-FRENCH WAR OF 1870," "THE CHARMS OF LIFE," ETC. ETC.

San Francisco:
JOS. WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,
No. 417 Clay Street, between Sansome and Battery.
1878.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
CALIFORNIA SECTION

THE

Man of the World.

By W. E. F. KRAUSE.

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN INTERESTS IN BORNEO," "THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES ABROAD," "THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE," "BIANCA," "HISTORY OF THE GERMAN-FRENCH WAR OF 1870," "THE CHARMS OF LIFE," ETC. ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO.
JOS. WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS.
1878.

PREFACE.

As a sequel to my late pamphlet, "The Charms of Life," I have selected "The Man of the World." The theme, as well as the object of the latter, being analogous to the former, portend to institute a diligent research after the origin of happiness, for man to possess and realize the same throughout life.

The present essay is therefore to be classified among the psycho-physiological studies, which distinguish itselves over all other scientific pursuits by the signal advantages, which the student derives from researches of so vital an importance. Involuntarily he is indeed forcibly reminded of the subtle and extremely difficult task before him, by the sagacious inscription upon the temple of Delphi, that, "for man to know himself" is the sum total of all knowledge attainable in any age. Man, as so taught the most serviceable wisdom by the remotest part, readily conceives that, to gain a knowledge of himself is, to become capable of leading a sensible life, at the same time inferring from the terseness and solemnness of the admonition, that a profound application of sense to every so morally intended, benevolently motived, properly executed and wisely placed action in life, necessarily includes the possession of happiness, because the latter constitutes the object of man's knowledge of himself, but for the purpose of realizing happiness for him. As a logical sequence to the aforesaid truth, good sense and happiness, as coexistent with each other, are conjointly traced towards their common origin within the conscience of man, when in an unperturbed state.

This latter state, as signifying man's enjoyment of the tranquillity of his soul, in which the intellectual being now

already exists within the realm of eternity, had been reached by he having become capacitated for an expansion of his reason into its higher or abnormal state: the independent or intellectual sphere. He was aided towards it by his "fantasie," which enabled him to reach the ethical ground within the realm of said sphere, where he commenced to realize his spiritual existence as entirely distinct from his physical life in nature.

Upon its sacred ground he first felt his dependance upon that spiritually inscrutable power which holds in abeyance all existence, and is worshiped by the name of God as translated into forty-two languages. It was there where he learned to silently revere within the sanctum of his breast his omniscient power by allowing naught but pure thoughts to pass through the alembic of his mind and to piously defile before his omnipresent eye.

From the illimitable realm of ethical ground these flights of uncontrollable imaginings by which heaven so charitably affiliates man's life upon earth, drew for his soul the strength of faith and hope, which created within him that *living* feeling best denominated an *ineffable bliss*, which in the exquisiteness of its state of indescribable felicity as so henceforth pervading the entire human being, constituted the charitable grace for the repose of his conscience, as indispensably necessary for sustaining the healthful life of the soul upon earth. Fantasy, the genial carrier of said bliss, at the same time proved the spiritual state of his soul to be altogether an intelligence or a separate existence of man, which in its psychological growth as cultivated by an increasing purity of thought, not only appears to be, but is, entirely independent of nature, therefore infinite because untraceable, and eternal because inexhaustible.

So enabled to realize happiness in life, man patiently submits to the conditions of his existence during the present by effectually utilizing time, and proves himself to be a man

of the world, not alone by the usefulness of his moral actions, as beneficial to himself and serviceable to fellow-men, as well as denoting his good sense, but by his honorable social conduct.

In that, alone, the world finds the guarantee for man's character, and estimates by, the sincerity of his sympathy with the welfare of his fellow-men, as ascertained by his assistance in a life among the people, intent upon elevating from kindred to kindred one another to the moral standard of social equality. At the same time, a respect-commanding conduct being always indicative of the possession of man's own happiness, as in a measure subservient to the happiness of others, permanently secures to him the gentility of his standing in society.

Besides, happiness is fully realized by man's honorable intentions only, as the laureled study of life, ending with the knowledge of himself.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

PHYSIOLOGY.

The spiritual life of man, as allied to his physical existence, appears as a receptacle for perpetual inspirations ostensibly derived from nature by the simultaneous aid of the senses. Indistinct at first, as are these inspirations vacant as is the stare of eye into space, they are apparently powerless, together with the senses, which as yet have scarcely aroused the audible pulsations of the heart, synonymous of a desire. Until these inspirations shall have strengthened into fixed thoughts, and until the senses shall have become acute and able to create a distinct desire in the heart, the harmony which exists between the two forces, is not then observed, as the mind is in an embryo, semi-lethargic state, on the par with that of a child's. This interval is of great importance to man for two reasons:

First.—It completely lays bare the intrinsic nature of the entity of man's soul, by the extraordinary suddenness and ungovernable waywardness with which the inspirations imperceptibly and unaccountably emancipate themselves and are capable of absenting themselves from, the entire precincts of nature, consequently from the very presence of life of the individual man as in nature, not even to make mention of the universal stellar system which they *en route* must pass, in order to get out of nature, leaving behind the mind in complete inertness and the heart in callousness, as so resting inanimated by the senses, truly akin to a stupor. Imperceptably undergoing a metamorphosis, they appear as "Fantasie," which, decorrelated from nature, as is its inde-

pendent spiritual force, secretly and mysteriously reaches and delights to revel within, the illimitable realm of a mystic beyond, until completely exhausted and absolutely lost.

Second.—The singular instantaneousness, however so excessively fleet, as if it were to outstrip time, with which said "Fantasie," with its kindred flights of imagination, not unlike the light of the sun to the earth as shed by his rays, can and does return, and yields up its metamorphosis to the mind, but this time in an entirely new or third state of advancement, is the other incontrovertible proof of the entity of man's soul. It is of an inestimable worth to man, and best denominated: an ineffable bliss, which as in reality not of this world, although, nevertheless a truth, not-withstanding that it cannot be defined but is felt only, again corroborates the fact of the entity of man's soul.

It is indeed not unlike an inward sun of unparalleled brilliancy, rivaling the material orb upon the heavens, by intelligibly lighting life far beyond the narrow precincts of a lonely grave.

This bliss, infused as it is into the soul, henceforth animates every fixed thought throughout life. Partially composed of the sweetest longings and surmises in regard to the future after death, but more intrinsically and powerfully so of man's feelings of happiness, now directly concerning him, it enables the civilized man to satisfactorily reflect upon the purpose of, and the necessity for his terrestrial existence as well as of every other curious life in nature as the carrier of necessarily eternal ideas.

Indeed wondrously pervading the soul, reconciling the heart and pacifying the mind, it is the solid link which combines eternal with sublunary life. Strengthening reason with faith and transmitting itself to the heart to have hope, by calming and gladdening it, that it may be able to restrain the senses, in order to gently modify its desires, this ineffable bliss is as a reality and not a fiction, as the most cherished

fact of life, and not an objective belief, the only proof man has got of a subjective truth of the immortality of his soul. Beyond which, it is the grand eloquent demonstration of the evidence of the existence of a great originating and governing intelligence, which harmoniously to its wise laws, death shuts out to man from knowing the illimitable extent of its inscrutable power.

With this firm and elating conviction, which particularly and conspicuously characterizes the man of the world, the life of the civilized man begins. It is the focus of all the brilliant scintillations composing the effulgent light of his intelligence from within the dark and contracted domain of reason, as made synthetic with the singular outward world only.

PSYCHOLOGY.

The aforesaid inspirations, as having passed through the alembic of the mind, physiologically in their embryological advance, possessed of, as now they are intellectual strength, producing the spiritual light which guids reason on its way through terrestrial life, are so enabled to gather into fixed thoughts and have a psychological power.

Bliss-pervaded as is this power, henceforth agitating not alone the soul and the entire mind, but the human being in general, it is constantly asserted by the manner in which an object is conceived, either without or with the aid of the senses, enabling the mind to concentrate its fixed thoughts into "ideas," which, not unlike the ripe seeds of flowers, transported, by the storms, through the air from beyond the seas, not merely creating the flora upon an island, but creative of the varied charming hues, as well as redolence, establishing and enhancing the lovelines and utility of every flower, germinate in an healthful state of both body and mind, to duly blossom into intentions and to gradually mature into

motives. At this important point, the "motives," summoning "intelligence," with its faithful aid, "discretion" to be protected by them against the violent blasts of a blind impetuous "will," until the fruit, the coming action to the world, should be ripe and luscious, nutritious to man, because the purpose of, and necessity for his life and marketable to civilization because serviceable to fellow-men, are the true test of man's fully developed sense (also important to science in a psychological point of view) as well as of the degree of strength to which his reason has attained (in a physiological point of view), while their beneficent and disinterested goodness form the distinguished characteristic of the "man of the world."

So observed, the ungoverned will of man, the to-be-dreaded force of the sensuous being, is the core of all the misery, which man deplores of in life, for which he is responsible, in contradistinction to the one for which he is not responsible.

With regard to the former, the ungoverned will of man is the cyclone, which the man of the world has learned, similar to a mariner's study of meteorology, to anticipate and guard against with the most vigilant discretion, until its elementary "fury" has past and abated into a less-to-be-dreaded "determination" and the gentler breeze of "reflection," which, when wafted by energy and made bright by the light of common sense, enables man to reach the harbor of contentment in safety, and in due time for his moral actions to become serviceable to fellow-men and to realize happiness for him.

As to man's misery for which he is not responsible—calamities invading the paths of life from outside the government of man, for instance; the death of beloved ones, etc. etc.—these are duly forfeited by a calm and dispassionate reason to "time," which, not unlike the seething lava thrown out from the fiery cauldron of an active volcano, is cooling off and forming huge columns of basalt, gradually molds the same

into sad reminiscences, which, although forever painful to the feeling heart and unobliterable from the mind, are useful as a building material to the tower of this faith, with its shrine of hope kept brilliantly lighted day and night amidst every affliction by his fortitude, besides being serviceable as a very sharp assaying test to his reason, to prove that it is limited by death, therefore assigned to the erudite study of a tangible nature only. It is, therefore, the discretion of man in life, which his intelligence avails itself of, which is not only the assisting saving power from the fierceness of an hasty will, *destructive to the motives for his moral actions*, but it is eminently contributive towards substantiating man's character because it vitally affects it, directing his wisdom, because it is tested by it and perfecting truth, because it confronts it with the knowledge of himself from within the sanctum of his conscience, where without the presence of these three genii, his happiness would be forever at stake.

KOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Discretion is therefore the foremost assistant characteristic of the man of the world. It is the guide of his intelligence, which in return guards and befriends it. It is the pendulum, affixed to the great clockwork of man's duties, regulating his daily personal intercourse with fellow-men, from whose union, as republicanized by universal free and competent education, now more than ever imperative since forced to by the rapidly accumulating inventions of steam, the echo of the clock's sound, the sonorous voice of humanity, the palladium of civilization against callous barbarism, shall reverberate through the world from age to age.

Its field of vision is among the people, because there alone it has full scope to exercise its vigilant eye, and detect the snares of temptation, which seduction, in the employ of vice,

dexterously lays daily to entrap the inexperienced, the unwary of society, for the set purpose of ruining them completely. On the other hand, it there attains to its full discriminating power, as an indispensable guide of man's intelligence, in the placing of his moral actions.

As society is fastened from one end to the other but by little rivets, so man is obliged to be constantly on the alert and use discretion, because people do not always act as they should, at least not as others expect them to act, accountable for only by everybody having his defects either in mind or heart. Here it may appear paradoxical that frankness should be considered the rarest virtue of society, yet the study of life proves this gem in the tiara of the character of man to be real. Frankness, as the child of truth, representing man to his fellow-men as he is, namely, as he knows himself to be, can no more than a child be false towards any one. In fact to be frank a man must have studied long and earnestly, both himself and society. Discretion therefore aided him in becoming frank as it taught him 'to rest assured that frankness is the most destructive weapon, which an intelligent man has the privilege of wielding against bad people, their malice and envy. Man learning in society that the walls have ears, and all bad actions come to light, is forced to look to himself, that when alone he is competent of conducting himself as if all the world were present. So frankness representing man to the world as an example similar to a father's good example towards his children, is intimately connected with public weal. So sure as it does not require any premeditated study to do good, because man follows the impulse of his heart, having learned that to hesitate and to doubt is to be lost, viz: the good he intended to do is lost, so is the example of a person, who is frank, always pleasing often even prepossessing, therefore surely beneficial to others. Indeed frankness may be compared to a stately tree, casting an umbrageous shade, while itself, it grows exposed to the burning rays of the vertical

sun, yet so only brings forth palatable fruits, its proffered gift to man and other grateful denizens in the garden of life. Conjointly, frankness and discretion are indirectly instrumental even to merit, and its subsequent reward of a good name, which is the sweet cherub, inhabiting the soul of man, gracing his conscience and is happiness personified, while the reputation of which, is the coat of arms with which civilization rewards the gentleman for his gracious deportment in society.

As the reputation of man necessarily depends upon the will of others, so man has to learn in a life among the people to find the way to their hearts, because of the necessity of controlling the volubility of their tongues. Nothing aids more towards success in this respect, than friends, because, really all the good in this life depends more or less upon others, therefore, nothing is more dangerous to man's good name than his flightiness, because the world totally disregard such a man, sternly requiring that man should know how to govern himself. As to the slanderer, he always hears himself worse spoken of, and the very portals of public esteem which the vile calumniator intends to close against his victim, are often and not unfrequently forever closed against himself. This is especially the case where the reputation of great men is concerned; these do not expect to be at once understood by everybody and appreciated accordingly, but fascinate the world by the nimbus, which surrounds their genius with a halo and draws into its genial atmosphere the fantasie of others. So it may be said that frankness and discretion are related to every virtue forming the character of man, because these give the signal for man to act, and to act sensibly.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

Every civilized man remains throughout life a student at the great university of nature, founded and richly endowed

by a personally unknown benefactor. He graduates but with death. The prominent orator in the *aula* of the institution is "Labor," attentively listened to by every civilized man throughout the world and daily, because there is no recess but sleep, and vacation, none. Every branch of knowledge being represented by numerous and able advocates of labor, Religion is taught that, to labor is to please God and the ancient classics are resorted to as teaching Europe that to labor is necessity, how to labor power, and when to labor, honor, and the modern classics, as taught in America that, to labor is health, how to labor wealth, and when to labor happiness.

The man of the world has made the latter branch in the modern classics his specialty, without ignoring the two former. He is wise by living to be happy, labors and is happy. He exists from within himself to the charming world outside, which enables him to avoid vexation as detrimental to his happiness, becauses it impairs his health. The man of the world in his mode of living is moderate; he conforms to the laws of nature while availing himself of the strides civilization has made in behalf of refinement for the greater comfort of man, knowing by experience that in a sick body can never dwell a happy mind. He is wise by being moderate and sensible by disarming pain, saving time and expense.

He conceives health as beauty, morality and truth, and in this manner aids himself by feeling a disgust at sickness, which does more towards directing him to be careful in regard to his health than any other precaution taken against indisposition. As in an æsthetic point of view every impetus to will can be modeled and perfected, because every art is nothing but an earnest display of an intelligent action consequent upon the will to act, so is the art to cultivate life, the most important of all intellectual improvements, because it necessitates the cultivation of health, which is the life of life. Besides, what else is beauty? But the spirit which glorifies the person, and what else is health? But beauty in functions

therefore no man can long remain in perfect health without becoming a better man. Therefore both body and soul are dependent for their health upon an early and constantly active participation in the affairs of man. Each *decenium* for itself. Man in the various *decenia* of life has to thoroughly appreciate and gradually develop their peculiar privileges. The fresh and vigorous unconsciousness of youth shall not possess the deliberate moderation of man, nor the latter, the calm retrospect of old age. Too much hesitancy soon lays a young man upon a bed of sickness, and too little of it generally the others. A kind nature provided every *decenium* with blossoms, which bear the luscious fruit of happiness. Nobody need assert that our age offers a pitiable example to the contrary, when the question is broached as to the effect of our intellectual advance upon the vigor of the body, making it appear as if with an advance in refinement, health were assailed and the effeminacy of the generation brought about. Indeed there can be no greater fallacy, for science has reopened so many resources which rejuvenate and animate the body, that these readily suffice to counteract any injurious effect which the health of man has received in consequence of mental or physical inadvertance.

As to wealth the answer to the question how to labor, it is the result of a combination of a timely and correct application of common sense, in the placing of persevered-in, well-performed labor, and of fortuitous circumstances, which although at best but ingeniously surmised, however, denote a vast experience of detail, concerning the affairs of commonwealth, and often of knowledge of political economy at large. Itself accumulated coin, money is the reward by which civilization acknowledges well-performed and serviceable labor which forms the endless chain of progress. The lawful access to it being free, its amount is optional to the highest bidders in the world's auction-mart of labor.

Nature, by affording the raw material to labor, for civilization to pay for it, and through wise laws of entailment as

enforced by the senses, never emancipating any man from labor, teaches civilization to have similar laws of entailment; in other words, to teach man to rely upon himself, and man to inform his children that wealth, like an avalanche of snow, commencing with the first flake, begins with the first dollar, which, when understood how it is honestly earned, secures it permanently. Its advantage, then, is very great. It proves beyond a doubt that man has learned to sympathize with his fellow-men, because he has lived among 100 per cent. of the people, and can say of himself with proper dignity that he is a human being, because he has become humane. To be humane is to make others happy. By being serviceable to fellow-men, man perpetuates progress, and, by being good himself and doing good to others and by alleviating distress, he *is* humane. He then comprehends America, the glorious institutions of which as a sacred offering of filial piety towards God, are sworn to the practice of humanity, and imperishable accordingly. Its practice is verified by conceiving that inasmuch as man can never fathom why and for what he lives, there consequently does not exist a human being in the wide world who is unimportant; on the contrary, is deemed capable by civilization of becoming an Antæus, unconquerable by his passions and invincible as long as he ardently loves life. Civilization, therefore, never despairs of redeeming the most recluse and forlorn cannibal to the folds of its standard of humanity, and having absolute dominion over nature, its progress includes above all the study of the usefulness of man, while its general knowledge of nature as pertaining to science and securely resting upon the ground of induction and technic, makes the wealth of man appear as the means by which to carry out further intelligent ideas, or in a full sense of its importance to materially aid progress in the placing of the product of man's useful actions.

THE POWER OF THE INVENTIONS OF STEAM.

Conjointly with wealth, steam not only aids, but hurries progres into its fastest strides. Its whistle henceforth keeps mortal man wide awake in his duty to humanize his fellowmen by universal, free and competent education, and not alone admonishes civilization by what it has wrought already within this century of its invention, but peremptorily demands of it to zealously perform that duty throughout the world and as quickly as possible, because the inventions of steam unmercifully attack ignorance. Being fast, very fast, it shows no mercy to time either. It wants time to not allow itself any longer to be imposed upon to the detriment of progress by either designing autocrats, who are the cause of the neglect of the education of mankind at large or the millions of individually sluggish men, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, throughout the world, who are wasting time altogether. Indeed, steam finds out and confronts man in his stronghold, civilization. It interrogates him hourly, and sternly gives him to understand that it insists upon conquering knowledge for humanity's sake. Knowing nothing of the past, anterior to this century, it declares war upon ignorance of the day and all future. It respects no armistice of good intentions to see about it and amend the *cultus* from any nation as justly considering same as so many idle subterfuges for exoneration of man's cruel practice of inhumanity; nor, on the other hand, does steam care at all, *how* man in his new state of enlightenment *does better* his condition, especially in a material point of view, or is better off in general; or, again, what a muddle man may make of himself in his new *al pari* position among fellow-men (*vide* the man, who honest in his way, never in his life before was possessed of notable sums of money, being suddenly called upon to invest a fortune).

All the aforesaid questions do not concern steam, but man, who, then, an enlightened being in civilization, sees his wis-

dom put to a strong test, like any other educated man, to prove his intelligence to the world. Indeed, and very fortunately for him, he is forced to learn to adapt himself to the new circumstances, henceforth surrounding him, while his thanks are due to the daily increasing inventions of steam as the secret power, which befriended him through its medium, education, which made it optional to his moral courage to elevate himself above his fate or destiny.

Like the warm Gulf Stream, girdling the oceans of the world by hydrographic laws to a certainty predicting to the mariner the fair wind of strong and regularly westerly breezes, so are the consequences of the inventions of steam henceforth upon the chart of progress, that current which girdles civilization and by its instrumentality of knowledge to the laws of humanity, saves man from the devastating storms, which, unawares throughout life, beset him upon the high ocean of life, who is friendless because ignorant.

Steam is the greatest force ever brought to bear upon the practice of humanity throughout the world. It wants man in future ages to exclusively use, if possible, his mind instead of his fingers. Steam points everywhere to its incomparably superior strength, while it ridicules and awes man's physically faint grasp. By dispensing with manual labor, wherever it is at all possible, the student of political economy must comprehend, what it aims at and why it is so determined to have appreciated its unrivaled power. Steam wants to make a man out of every man: a thinking, reflecting, enlightened being, and if possible an inventor.

Apropos as an inventor, it is surely not lukewarm. It represents one of the professors in the *aula* of the university of nature, who is inordinately severe and peremptorily demands of the student to learn his lessons by heart whether or not. And all the time new lessons, far more difficult than is the doctrine of Pythagoras in mathematics. Foremost of all the flying machine, and here the stern

representative of steam, ably and eloquently points in all directions to bats and birds, to flying fishes and myriads of insects, which hourly for ages past, have put to shame their zoological brother man, comparatively, indolently, perambulating the earth without making a full use of his brain. Steam therefore eagerly suggests to propel a flying machine from *within its own weight*, of about 600 pounds, inclusive of one man, as in imitation of, and, an æsthetic improvement upon nature, of course cumbersome at first like the flight of the unwieldly grebe, until swifter, like the dragon-fly, or the bee. It rejects the idea of balloons, as being at the mercy of the storms, which the smallest bird is not, when flying low above the ground, therefore is strictly practical by carefully avoiding the telegraph wires in its horizontal aerial wanderings, besides being humane by not jeopardizing the life of man in useless heights. Steam next to electricity, which holds the planet orbs in ether, knows of no obstacles, and as to the capitalist, who is yet shy of the great speculator, it will pacify him by laying before him incontestable proofs of the practicability of the invention, demonstrating to the world at large the full use man can make of his sound brain.

In a contrary direction, steam has already been instrumental to the invention of enough destructive missiles to level to the ground every fortress of ignorance (*vide* the Russians in Constantinople the very century of its invention), and carrying civilization's practice of humanity upon steamers and railroads (*vide* the first Shah of Persia since the days of Cyrus, 2400 years ago, traveling through Europe a few years ago); still it is by no means as yet fully and cheerfully obeyed. Indeed, the nations of the earth ought to know by this time that it will never cease to throw its tremendous power into the scale of justice, until the last man shall in comparatively few ages to the past, appear upon civilization's ground of independence, where, in strict accordance with the principles of humanity, which are the executive hands of justice, his knowledge is the beauty, his

goodness the redolence, and his usefulness to civilization the charming flower itself, which shall adorn man's happiness throughout life. From this allegory it may be seen that the knowledge and goodness of man are both subservient to his usefulness, in order to arrive at his own happiness in life; consequently, that wealth supersedes power, and happiness honor, the former in a humane and the latter in a moral point of view. America so conceived it already over one hundred years ago, and casting aside the inhuman and petty doctrines of a power to coerce and an honor paid for by rank in order to civilize, and seeing nothing in the old catalogue of history to admire, began itself to write its own diary of life.

The modern classics of America are therefore a permanent improvement upon the nearly obsolete classics of Europe.

Health greets free against involuntary labor, wealth supersedes a useless power and happiness a superficial honor. So man is improved upon nature as found upon the green sward of the earth, equal in anatomy, independent as to action and free as the eagle in the liberty of his person. He casts his eyes towards the throng of brilliant constellations, then modestly looks at himself, and from himself quickly into himself, and there he finds his God, as representing the art of improvement attained to its perfection, and is indescribably happy. He is content, and content he calmly and cheerfully resumes his labors. Directly he pleases God by doing his will that man shall incessantly labor in order to sustain life as expressed of to him by nature's systematic admonition of hunger, thirst and sleep, and indirectly, by conforming to civilization, composed of the combined moral actions of man to secure the latter's happiness. As happiness is the object of man's life, and a sentiment the abode of which is the heart, and as the usefulness of man is the object of civilization demanding the exercise of his intelligence, so is the cultivation of the heart as attained to, and consequent upon the applied cultivation of the mind, when fully expanded by goodness: the soul's cognizance of the blissful feeling con-

stituting the sentiment of happiness, and is the realization of life.

In conclusion upon the chapter of wealth, when it is possessed of by men of enterprise and character, as then so materially aiding progress in all directions, augmenting the comforts of a home, and representing the indispensably needful means for the endowment of charitable institutions, there is another wealth, which makes every American rich to whom the right to vote is legitimately granted, according to the national laws of the United States, in contradistinction to the world outside, and that is that he is richer than 1,000,000,000 of people, who are this very day not even possessed of proper political liberty, and he is only then deserving of that wealth, when he is grateful by being tolerant, and sensible, by openly and freely avowing his gratitude which he owes to this free country.

The American therefore thanks civilization not alone by conducting himself within the pale of the laws of the land which he is privileged in assisting to maintain, but by honoring his own vote to its full extent, viz: by admitting, that, had he instead the honor of being elected to the same given office, it remains to be seen, whether himself would prove a better man in the same place.

The United States as a nation can be properly appreciated only by contrast with the world outside, where millions of people possessed of the wealth of life, as given to them by a loving God, would thank him on their knees if they had an opportunity afforded to them *of changing places* with the poorest of the poor, or the malcontents of the ungrateful here.

Apropos of poverty. When it consists in ill health, it expresses the word, whereas, when it is observed to either signify want of liberty or a damaged reputation, reflexing a man's bad conscience, then indeed it represents a state of true wretchedness. As to a state of mans' impecuniousness, it

has become a byword, intentionally hiding a determined wish on the part of a person, not to part with, or not to expend money on a given occasion, which the world is bound to respect as man's right, without daring to question the assertion as to a gentleman's politeness, or a friend's liberality or a stranger's truthfullness, all business affairs of course excepted; or, again, it expresses in civilized countries, especially America in persons, young and able, a decided want of energy and perseverance, and in middle-aged persons when in good health, two rarely excusable mistakes, if not glaring faults; first, of an indiscreet trust in others, without regard to accidents, or of a change in the fortunes of especially business acquaintances; or second, of imprudence of not having saved but anyhow expended, though may be not exactly wasted, the *surplus* from previous earnings, in equal disregard for the possibility of accidents, incident upon and often numerous in married life.

Poverty, when viewed by civilization as want of money, an inability to get it by borrowing it without proper collaterals, is as an impetus to the perseverance of man to earn it and as an assistant in the defence of the necessity of honest labor, a powerful aid of progress. Again, when poverty appears to an educated and young gentleman, who is fondly guided by his parents, as a calamity, the man of the world comes to his assistance by assuring him of the certainty of his success in all his undertakings, so long as his heart remains filled with gratitude towards the same, and his mind is swayed by the ambition to please and comfort them. Whereas, in a case of the following description, when poverty should be viewed by a young gentleman, with or without the fond guidance of parents, as fit to vent his spleen upon, in itself a perfectly useless time-wasting demonstration of the folly of anger, it augurs badly for his morals, and both the poet as well as the man of the world are chagrined at it, but endeavor to come to his assistance. The poet, by viewing it for him as a wise dispensation of Providence, a guardian angel,

rarely enough fully appreciated, who, of course, and although unseen by man in his wanderings through the labyrinth of life, gently holds him by the hand and guides him away from the edge of the fearful precipice of his as yet dormant passions, which, were these suddenly aroused by plentiful money, and in consequence of it, allowed unbridled to rule over him for want of proper experience of the world, although fully exonerated by the spring of his youth, would inevitably precipitate him into the yawning abyss of a sensuous life, there to sadly perish upon the gigantic boulders of a manifold seduction. While the man of the world gladly entered upon an animated discussion with the young gentleman in regard to the necessity of having money, especially at this age of progress, an entirely new epoch of which was dating from the gold and silver discoveries in California and Nevada, but managed to especially captivate him by pointing out to him his inherent wealth of youth, health and talent, which, as a capital to start with in the absence of any other, when backed by a duly principled energy, was bound to realize, in proper time the necessary means for him to govern a business. Once accustomed to its legitimate routine, his reputation as a reliable business man would then introduce him into the best society, where a still greater wealth at least might await him, viz: of becoming acquainted with his future beloved wife. Here the routine gentleman finely noticing a certain restlessness and disquietude in his young friend, but being very much attached to him, because he happened to be not only extremely well-bred and accomplished but very handsome, begged of him to bear in mind, that when he loved and should be doomed to not seeing his fondest hopes consummated by marriage, that he better continue for a long while to platonically cherish that ever delicious feeling within the sanctum of his heart, rather than sacrilege it by peevishly conducting a comparatively strange lady to the feelings of his heart, to the hymeneal altar and to render her supremely unhappy, who sooner or later would be sure to detect it, especially if the inmate of his heart were still

among the living. The man of the world here solemnly concluded that, from the fact that the lady condescended to marry him, loved, therefore confided in him, and to his remorse would visibly pine away, and assuredly so, if possessed of an angelic, truly feminine gentleness of disposttion. Here the conversation becoming general, ended by the man of the world remarking that, to experience such gentleness of disposition in a lady, afforded to a gentleman the most exquisite and incomparable delight known to civilization, and as the heavenly prerogative of the fair sex was done by society but a very meagre homage to, in conferring upon her the rank of an amiable lady. Indeed, in such an ethereal being the physiologist worships the grandest gift from God to man. Comparing society in the United States with the one upon the continent of Europe, the man of the world at once notices an altogether more uniform respect shown, a constant politeness tendered, perhaps less deferential, but far more pleasing, because more natural, and an unlimited generosity here invariably proffered to the lady, and accounts for this truly genteel character of the American very readily upon the ground of the consequences of the free institutions of this country.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

Indeed, all questions, not only appertaining, but relative to, the effect which the institutions of the United States exercise and produce upon the greater happiness of the voting and truly grateful citizen here, as realizing the purpose for which they were inaugurated, in comparison with Europe, afford as a study of human nature in a moral, social and internationally political point of view, the greatest delight to the man of the world. To eagerly solve these questions, viz: to individually, morally and socially profit by, as well as to observe how the humane principles of America

spread over the world, are his religion, because by himself faithfully acting upon the same at home he adds his mite toward instructing the world, how man should directly appear now before his God, instead of before man first, as was the practice of ancients.

The American greatly appreciates this freedom of his mind because he has learned in a daily life among the people to comprehend what no teachings exclusively could have done for him; that he can place a far greater reliance upon God and himself than upon anybody else, in order to find out and know what is right or wrong, and especially what is good or bad. It, therefore, explains to him the many dissenting forms in vogue of a theoretical worship to the glory of the Most High, to realize religion, from the Kulpas of the Hindoo to the Bible, because the theory or litany alone does by no means sufficiently honor God, but the practice of moral actions personally performed by man in a daily life among the people as the nearest tangible will of God for the former to obey. The same refers to the monarchical principles of government, which likewise as tutorage only for man to act religiously by being autocratically forced to in Asia, and constitutionally superintended in most countries of Europe, to live law abidingly, are incompatible with this age, where humanity reigns and the born American appears in the United States educated upon the tapis of civilized life, and should so appear all over the world; in other words, is supposed to know how to conduct himself religiously. The American, prompted by the naturally-inherent obedience of his own soul toward God in contradistinction to an artificial guidance towards that obedience by other men, stands forth under the canopy of heaven not only the free and independent human being who by the grace of God is his own master, but the civilized man, who, meek in his heart and sensitive as to the humble position assigned to him as of a race of beings in nature, in spite of his superior intelligence over all other animated creations in it, does not arrogate to him-

self the task of prying into the secrets of an inscrutable God. He proves his obedience to His commands by practically confining himself to the full utilization of the fleet instant of terrestrial life as given to him, and exercises strong common-sense by being so meek and modest. One look toward the stellar system suffices to at any time satisfy him upon the great point at issue in all religions, that God is merciful, and surely requires no more of man than that he does all he, to the best of his ability, understands to do, to please him. So the love of God, taking the place of fear, draws out the full strength of the mind of man to worship him by worthiness of action in the pursuit of civilized life, as conceived of by him with the aid of his intelligence.

Accustomed to harboring no thoughts, before he acts, which in themselves are not a communion with God, he selects his labor, which he is best adapted for by personal inclination to proficiently perform, and being at liberty, in a free country to invest the proceeds of its remuneration, he judiciously does so and becomes the architect of his own fortune. So aware of the impossiblity of pleasing God by prayer alone, on account of the insufficiency of the reality of its intent, aggravated as is that insufficiency by the expense of time, which at this age is particularly equivalent to money, man likewise learns in republican life, where out of respect to God, he finds no mortal superior, how to avoid all other mistakes upon the same ground of expense of time. Indeed, a dearly bought experience, duly paid for with sometimes all his money or discomfort, or ill health, or loss of friendship, through the loss of his good name, has taught him the severe lesson which he now comprehends and could not have been taught to comprehend that to act sensibly by relying upon God and himself while pursuing his labors in harmonious union with fellow-men, is altogether the most profitable mode of living, amassing in the sum total of a desirable existence, as identified and fully appreciated by the man of the world.

To him it is happiness personified, it is prosperity realizing the good name of man, as well as his comfort. It is the grand aim of the human soul, which God assists man to reach, to whom and man only the motives of the latter are known, which in their purity constitute his moral strength to act religiously.

The continuancy of these moral actions from all combined is progress. The American, as citizen, views his share of duty towards it as sensibly accupying his mind, unhindered as is its sway over a vastly rich country by any lawful impediments of the European type—in other words, he makes money, because the peculiar nature of this expectation of an acknowledgment of his labor by civilization, together with its force of absolute necessity to have said labors rewarded by money, to receive, and legitimately possess it, draws out his energy the most. It may be also viewed as altogether a correct appreciation made of the times we live in, which civilization has precisely marked by impecuniosity being the demarkation line of, where barbarism begins. To make money, is therefore a wholesome stimulant for the mind which civilization in silent league of an holy alliance with nature and with time, insists upon administering for the good of man, who is often known as very apt to shrink together as an enlightened being and flag in his personal duty towards its progress. It so prevents him from wasting his life in innumerable egregious follies, for which the whimsical sense of the civilized man at large throughout the world is yet famous, as very generally carrying him to the verge of barbarism by exposing him to poverty and troubles, which stealthly and always lie in the wake of hallucinations and absurdities.

While so best preventing man from sinking within himself, civilization effectually frees its progress from stagnation and certainly attains to this end in the most dexterous manner known.

The American, therefore, while going ahead of the times, and making money, lives well, and when he has made it,

expends its surplus rather upon his wife, children, friends, charitable institutions and fine arts and sciences, then is as unconcerned as the European who allows himself to be forced to maintain the strength of systems, which it was here found out over a hundred years ago, but assists a few hundren thousands in their access to wealth and knowledge, at the expense of the ignorance of hundreds of millions of fellow-men, and their misery through ages.

Thanks to this knowledge, which has fully characterized the American citizen, not only by proving himself to be thoroughly practical, because intelligent and grateful to this country, because law abiding, kind and good to fellowman, because sincere and unflinchingly a Websterean union man, because tolerant, therefore humane and happy withal, because knowing that there is no greater pleasure than to be industrious and to do good, but the effect of the moral influence of the nation is so great, that its example is felt all over the world and encourages the progress of humanity everywhere. Constantly augumenting their own advance in civilization, the U. S. indeed rank first among the civilized nations of the earth, as practising humanity upon the broadest basis of republican institutions, and follow foremost to the roll of time, which leads towards an eternal life. Upon the doctrine that man is there at home where he labors and is there indigenous, not where his cradle stood, but where he added his mite of usefulness towards progress during his manhood, America welcomes the stranger upon her shores, and with the aid of this expansion as duly regulated by the laws of the United States, having above all in care the moral elevation of the nation, consolidates her principles of humanity. She is careful, more than ever since steam girdles the world in carrying out her glorious principles of humanity, by harmonizing and assimilating society with the constant aid of universal education, because it is the elevation of man, upon the moral or civilized standard of social equality, which renders the great republic religious, because, dutiful towards God in her principles of justice towards man and superior

to Europe in her strides towards general progress in honor and appreciation of life.

The Union resting safely from within upon its own patriotic foundation as duly amassed not in great cities only, but everywhere, and forever guaranteed by the children of each generation of both Americans and foreigners, who, when men, as Americans upon the manor born are as so many sovereign beings, who care not of knowing anything at all of an historical rancor of cliques and clans of State and Church of anti-American origin, therefore remain unconcerned as to any frantic at best unavailable efforts, by which benighted foreigners, in their pardonable ignorance of the workings of free institutions, might try the unholy experiment of infringing upon the Declaration of Independence. As in daily life a wise man can learn of any one, so is that part of the history of the past which is not suitable to the present age of progress, as suddenly entirely changed by the rapidly accumulating inventions of steam, necessitating by forcing universal education, because steam competes with the uneducated man in employment, not altogether thrown away upon the present, for the reason that it brings into a higher relief the contrast of the times. By this contrast the nations of the earth perceive that the true religion of life henceforth to be acted upon is the humanization of mankind as so planned by education, arousing the exquisite feeling of tolerance, which, as the child of charity embraces the forlorn, the abjectly poor and even the criminal upon the face of the earth, as in duty bound towards God. That duty to perform incumbent upon nations is to practice philanthropy, that none are omitted by organizing benevolence, that the living are benifitted and the dead honored, whose bequests of human benefactions are the flowers that bloom afresh to their memory and adorn their good name.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

As under God is understood not only the origin of what is and has life of matter in Nature, but what the intelligence of man, which has life and is not matter in Nature, conceives that origin to be, prescribed as is the extent of man's intelligence to ascertain more in this life than the apparant truth, in regard to it, so are explained the many forms of religion upon the ideal ground that nothing is impossible to God. This, therefore, accounts for man believing in the possibility, or more readily the probability, or even the embodiment in a special human form: of a *revelation* of His commands to man through the instrumentality of the latter's extraordinarily intellectual consequently divine inspirations. Conspicuously accessible but to a few of the human race only, and at great intervals of time; therefore partially commensurate to the secret in which the purpose of all Life of nature is shrouded, especially as to the necessity for the existence of all that is inimitable, awe-inspiring, visible and invisible in it, from the Stellar system of the Universe, of which our own globe, with all upon it, is but an insignificant part, to the molicule of the Earth; the end, however, so to be attained to, by any such revelation, remains exactly the same, viz: to convey to the mind of man in some form or another, *the purpose of God's will*, and that is: that man be directed towards the rosepath of his happiness now, and to surely find it by the powerful aid of his own intelligence.

Viewed in this light two handicraft structures, the great Pyramid of Egypt, and the Capitol at Washington, shall not merely serve a temporal use, as made of the same; the former as a sepulchre and the latter as a central executive mansion for the honored men of the nation to assemble in and regulate the laws of the United States, which shall guide the people towards happiness, or again by their indestructible embodiment in scientific order of huge cosmical quantities, astonish the world, although in itselves representing man's

most extensive thoughts, thorough information and far reaching design—but the mind of man shall conceive the *object* for these structures as imperishable, which is to aid in carrying out the will of God by the moral use which is to be made of that *object* for the purpose of permanently and signally benefitting the human race.

This object, in the case of the Pyramid, the late John Taylor, of London, has brought to a new light, and but nineteen year ago—as serving astronomical science to a truly inestimable extent (as per details at foot.) From the fact that, but nineteen years have elapsed since this startling truth was revealed, an important deduction is made, viz: that the presumed creation of mankind, as given 1656 years previously to the erection of the Pyramid, 4048 years ago, by Melchisedek, King of Salem, is not logical and entirely fallacious, because impossible from the circumstance, that a people able to construct a building upon such masterly, minutely scientific principles so as to serve and in the most conspicuous manner, the civilization of this day, could not possibly have attained to such a proficiency of varied culture in, but 1656 years after the creation of the spiecies of man.

Again, that this age is not farther advanced than to be obliged to learn from so remote a past, is more readily accounted for, from the fact that the debris of people left upon the plains of Shinar by a flood, devasting that portion of the globe, and 179 years later than Melchisedek had necessarily to relapse into barbarism, cut off as they were from every communication with Hindostan and China, as subsequently proved by Vasco da Gama, 380 years ago, and by Fernando Magellan, 357 years ago, to have been unaffected by said elementary commotion, therefore had not extended to a deluge.

Indeed, they required several thousand years to augment in population as proved by the sparcity of inhabitants this day, of Africa, Oceanica, Europe and America, as compared

with Asia before the civilization of this date could have been attained to as entirely at variance with, and superior to Hindostan and China. Setting aside the invasion of the Huns into Europe, especially of the Tartars into Hungary, upon which latter origin the Magyar to-day is proud, European and American civilization is comparatively new, independent and distinct from that of the ancients. This is the more remarkable as commotions like a flood occasioned by planets extraordinarily yet legitimately to the laws of nature pertaining to the government of the universe nearing the sun of our solar system, and by the unusual force of electricity engendered, affecting and devastating the Earth in given portions of the globe, are not spoken of in the Kulpas of the Hindoos, nor mentioned by Tauists of China, consequently, never retarded the progress of those nations, aggregating over 600 million people. That it so has been overreached in efficiency by America and Europe is accounted for by man exercising his greatest ingenuity under extreme difficulties, in short, when leading the intelligent life of hard work. Viewed in this light, the pyramid may also be accepted as an incentive to man, what he, a second Melchisedek, *can* achieve, when his reasoning faculties are fully drawn out, and he master of the situation by the intelligence of his own well directed and sensibly placed efforts, as proving for the time being to be superior to others, yet in their use shall and must be subordinate to the happines of all, in order to realize their intent for the permanent welfare of mankind, while the electric light of the practice of humanity, which is shed forth from the capitol at Washington, henceforth illuminates the dark and gloomy night of the practice of inhumanity, wherever found and deplored of. It is the assistant light to that of the great orb's, which reaches the good and the evil, is ever merciful and genial, teaching man that God having graced the reasoning faculties of the human race with his equal love, man shall not dare to be inhumane towards one another.

Therefore, the Pyramid of Egypt and the Capitol at Washington appear as two emanations of divine inspirations, made

tangible for great purposes, embodied symbols as to God's intent that man shall devote his intelligence, to his happiness first in this life, and not only find it within himself, but principally content himself with it until natural death. Furthermore, by cheerfully and usefully performing his labors in harmony with fellow-men, he then becomes deservant of the grace of life extended to him from now to hereafter. So mite by mite the individual worthiness of man in civilization builds up his own terrestrial happiness, unitedly with others to amass progress, in order to consolidate civilization, until, age by age the Pyramid of eternal happiness is reared, which upon earth resting upon the broad acres of morality, towers into happiness beyond.

When further, it is borne in mind that the spot of 13½ acres at the base, upon which the great Pyramid stands erected, was precisely selected as by astronomical investigation, then unaccompanied by innumerable minor facilities, which now would be rendered towards the accomplishment of such a stupendous task, by far-off geographical explorations, in the middle of all the dry inhabitable land surface of the world, as but a few years ago corroborated to be a scientific fact by Prof. Henry Mitchell, U. S. Survey (Suez Canal expedition), the mind of man readily conceives the purpose for its erection to have a moral intent, both in a practically scientific as well as in an allegorical point of view.

It is, indeed, similar to the indestructible pyramid of morality embodied in the Capitol at Washington, as representing the periphery of humane principles as embracing mankind in its cycle—by investigation of man's rights and duties. From its sacred centre it presents civilized society, and nearest the United States, as founded upon personal liberty, governed by a code of moral laws, maintained by order, elevated by industrions habits, and expanded by education to universality. Based upon justice, the republican form of government personifies the humane principles within the sphere of morality, by trusting the legitimate vote to fel-

low-men, which, as an encouragement and as a guide, proves to the world not alone the possibility, but the practicability of permanent republican institutions. So the American lives law-abidingly by conviction of what is right, necessary and orderly, is just because humane by appreciation of his freedom, and remains independent in the choice of his friends, as congenial to his inclinations, as rendered careful by knowledge of the world which he is taught in a life among the people, where to seek the heart is to find the good, because it moralizes therefore, refines and enobles, while unitedly the American nation contributes the most towards a pyramidal elevation of society, to the moral standard of social harmony throughout the world.

Indeed, these principles are established according to the obvious will of God, as in full appreciation of the reason for the existence of the distinction of the reasoning faculties in the human race, over all other animated forms of creation as well as in defence of the rights of man as dictated by the justice of God, and obeyed in by man at the Capitol of Washington.

So at present, America's light of the progress of humanity, is carried by telegraph, and upon steamers and ships, reaching everywhere; while allied with the inventions of steam, which force all nations to educate their people, she assists in leveling to the ground without cruelty, the power of inhumane systems, unjustly deemed necessary for civilization under innumerable pleas of excuses to absorb the sweat of the brow of man on their account, at the same time, effectually checking the anarchist who frustrates an indispensably peaceful progress towards the enlightenment of the people, especially in overpopulated countries, preparatory to permanent republicanism, by recklessly destroying the *tender* growth of universal education, through abrogating the time necessary for the legitimate and lawful maturity of it, and in consequence, a proper appreciation of its institutions in a thoroughly humane point of view.

The interest here alluded to in previous pages which during the last nineteen years, has been anew attached to the Great Pyramid, dates from the discoveries, which the late John Taylor, of London, made at it, viz: how fraught with mathematical and physical meaning is the peculiar angle, at which are built the sides of it, and also that it memorializes a very remarkable standard of length. It has been likewise ascertained that scientifically it is founded on the best possible feature of reference to nature ever thought of by man, as being a most convenient fraction thereof, for it is exactly the one ten-millionth of the earth's semi-axis of rotation. Extremely interesting has been the discovery of a time measure which gives a method of chronology, capable of fixing the date of the Pyramid to exceeding exactness, viz: It is stated that 4048 years ago the pole star Draconis, was three degrees and forty-two minutes from the pole of the sky, and, therefore, looked down the entrance passage when at its lowest culmination. When the pole star was so looking down the entrance passage, Tauri, the chief star in the Pleiades was crossing the local terrestrial meridian, at a point high up in the sky near the equator, and simultaneously with the celestial meridian of the vernal equinox. Modern astronomy teaches that, these phenomena could only have occurred about 4048 year ago, and this, too, if viewed at midnight on the twenty-first of September as representing the day of the autumnal equinox.

Now the Pleiades are found by all mankind, at the present time, to come to the meridian at midnight later in the year. The difference between that date, or the seventeenth of November and the date of crossing, as above mentioned, or twenty-first September, is seen to be fifty-seven days. A proportion is, therefore, easily constructed. As is the number of days in the year to fifty-seven so will the whole precessional period be to the age of the Pyramid, or as 365 and a fraction to 57, so 25,827 to 4,040 very nearly. So that over 4,040 years have elapsed since it was reared.

With this knowledge received, the interest taken in the great Pyramid by the entire civilized world as to its presenting important resources for more knowledge conspicuously manifested itself four years ago, when the astronomical computations of the observations of the transit of Venus according to Les Mondes, resulted in an exact *equivalent to a set of figures,* INDICATED *by the great Pyramid.* The final sum given for the solar parallax was 8 seconds and 879 thousandths, as communicated by M. Puiseux of observations made at the Isle of St. Paul in the Indian Ocean, and partly at Pekin, the capital of China. So that any probable errors will not touch the second fractional figure 7.

The above problem was first discovered by Wm. M. Flinders Petrie but eleven years ago, and was represented at the Pyramid over 4,000 years ago by its chief line of measure or its central vertical height, when multiplied by the numbers which its shape typifies, to wit: 10 raised to the 9th power. In other words 5,819 English inches multiplied by 1,000,000,000 = 91,840,000 miles nearly.

Besides this information so extremely useful to science, the great Pyramid teaches the nature of the orbit of the earth around the sun, the exact proportion of the period of that revolution to the rotation of the earth on its axis; the length, also, of that axis of rotation 500,500,000 inches; its expressiveness as a governing symbol for the size and delegated possession of the earth; and typifies the mass of the whole globe, as well as the weight and specific gravity of its solid contents.

But not alone astronomers and metrologists, but meteorologists are more than ever realizing the importance of the fact that the laws of temperature and barometric pressure of our atmosphere, its rain, wind and weather are fully investigated only, by looking more continually to the physical changes going on, not in the earth about us, but in the immensely distant, yet physically potent sun. The first, however, of the physical

teachings of the primeval Great Pyramid is to point from its elevated summit, 480 feet perpendicular highth, to the sun, and to show that that grand luminary, the essence of all organic life on this globe, is the most important physical power for man to look to or depend on, and understand. In America, Mr. Henry Draper has already brought to light that the sun possesses the elements of oxigen and nitrogen, as proved by spectral analysis. By comparison of the sunlight spectrum with the one of electric spark in common atmosphere, probably, sulphur phosphor chlor. and other elements which are not metallic, will be discovered.

With a view to astronomical investigations in general, it has been ascertained that a very peculiar relation exists between the sun's mean distance, the size of the earth, the number of days in the year, and the proportion of the Great Pyramid; the length of a base side of which latter being such that, when divided by the number of days in a year, viz.: 365.242, the result is to develope not only a convenient measuring rod, but one with the inestimable recommendation of being exactly the ten millionth of the straight distance from the earth's center to either pole, or of the semi-axis of the earth's diurnal rotation in the course of its annual revolution around the sun. Here it may be stated that quite lately a great scientific triumph has been achieved by making fluid permanent gases, viz.: oxigen, nitrogen, water stuff-gas, which proves that all matter is dependent upon temperature and general oppressive conditions, in order to appear in a compact fluid or gasious nature.

THE STORMY YEAR OF 1880.

To the choronoligist, the great pyramid is of intense interest. The memorials of a system of weights and measures are stated to deserve great consideration, because they have proved to reach great epochs in human history. So far,

at least, grand events have occurred where its inch-year periods—have indicated marked changes. The 1881-2 inch period, the length of the grand gallery is on the eve of termination. About synchronously with it, astronomers have computed that we are to have a planetary combination *as to three of the largest planets* connected with our solar system. In 1880 these planets reach the *nearest point* of their several orbits to the Sun, at precisely *the same time in* the year. As this event has not occurred before for 2,300 years, so meteorological authority predicts, that most extraordinary and violent atmospheric and magnetic changes will attend the usual planetary conjunction, from which it becomes at once evident *that the commerce of all nations, especially the land commerce by being so in time enabled with the aid of signal stations to prepare as much as possible against* losses, owes an incalculable debt of gratitude to the world renowned assistant towards reliable information for the astronomer, the meteorogist and the chronologist of the present day: the great Pyramid. Where upon earth, 2300 years ago, devastations took place, similar to the flood upon the plains of Shinar, 3869 years ago, strange to say, all information is wanting, although a time 1748 years later than the flood. Astronomical study may, however, yet compute enough of exactitude to facts respecting such planetary conjunctions, which then must have occurred, so as to be able to trace points of great importance, for instance, the time of the formation of the Caribbean Sea, which gives to-day to the Occident its wasp like shape, or in how far earthquakes in countries not subject to them for want of active vulcanoes are accelerated by such electricty, piercing the fissures of the earth and commingling with its gaseous and combustible ingredients.

A precise study of the Ephemeris of planets, the culmination of the Pole star, the group of plejades and of the variaole nebulae, together with constant meteorological observations may therefore lead to premising the particular portions of the Globe *where*, and the precise time *when* these expected

disturbances upon earth are to happen, enabling the people to take care of themselves. The inestimable advantages of signal stations at Washington and elsewhere become at once apparant, as well as every facility extented by observatories to meteorological and astronomical science.

Besides the total eclipse of the sun, which traverses the United States on July 29th next, and near Denver, Colorado, by the belt of totality, a very interesting phenomenon will be visible in all its phases, exactly upon our Pacific slope, on May the 6th, viz.: Mercury passing before the sun. Of the 183, possibly 185 planets discovered, the nearest approach during this year, which has so far been ascertained, as observed in Germany is by Polyhymnia, which is distant from the Earth $_{0}88$, and in opposition on August 30th, in 11° S. declination, by Atalanta, which is distant from the Earth $_{0}98$ in opposition on October 28th, in 37° N. declination; and by Felicitas, which is distant from the Earth $_{0}92$, in opposition on November 11th, in 30° N. declination.

As, according to R. A. Proctor there are 20,000,000 stars within range of the telescope and 6,000 visible to the unfortified eye; the study of the aforementioned group of Plejades comprising 52 in number becomes noticable as the central point of over 3,000 fixed stars and around which all the visible stars are supposed to rotate inclusive perhaps of the milky way.

When it is further conceived, that all those planets inclusive of our Earth, which directly belong to our solar system, rotate round our sun and it is well known, that our sun, with all his suit in train slowly moves towards another very distant and infinitely larger sun than ours, already visible from here and appearing as a bright star in the Danaides, named Hercules—man may indeed feel elated at, and proud of the grace of his life, extended to him by an inscrutable power, because his soul *can* comprehend the infinite; and being nothing whatever external, cannot lose herself during life's transfer

in death, as now the complete independence of her spiritual life from nature, proves her already eternal.

The aforesaid movements of our sun towards the still greater sun *Hercules* have lately been beautifully illustrated by Flammarin upon his chart, which vividly describes the direction of the movements of 1,428 stars belonging to our solar system, in order to as much as possible arrive at the true distance from the great sun Hercules. Upon this chart some of the groups of stars have conjoint movements, allowing it to be taken for granted that they are physically connected.

The cheerful utilization of the fleet instant of Life with a due regard taken of what science warns man of, and facilitates his guarding against, needs not only to be ever interrupted, but makes apparent the positiveness of the certainty of the existence of a predominating intelligence, maintaining the immutable laws by which all transferable matter of nature is guided from Life through Death, to life again. As these laws are partially fathomed, by man's genius, the latter constitutes an independent and superior force in the Life of nature, and is akin to that necessarily predominant intelligence, in the untraceable extent of which, is vested the maintenance of the fact of creation. With reference to all scientific discoveries, it becomes obvious that these are all more all less indirectly consequent upon the study of the sun as being the essence of all organic Life upon the earth which we inhabit, and which study the great Pyramid facilitates the most.

The sum total of the result of these new discoveres to the direct advantage of man, is that he is enabled to prepare himself against emergencies consequent upon the execution of the laws of nature, and to conceive an extraordinary occurrence of the kind to be as natural as the ordinary occurrence of natural death. Floods and earthquakes, wherever they may occur, come, therefore, within the pale of "retarding consequences" to civilization, similar to epidemics and large wars, destroying minor numbers of general beings and property.

CONTENTMENT.

Wealthy he as Crœsus never was
Dhulip Singh or Rajah of the class,
Does no needs beyond his wants possess,
And, like a Yucca craves access
To great riches for himself alone.
For such circumference doesn't care
Nor its proportionate height to share,
When calm his mind, can't pleasure find
If good his heart, in vanity's kind,
From fame to glory's dizzying height!
'Though fellowmen he'll recognize
Regards full justly nature's prize,
Though Life—is without morals but in sight.
Admitting savages may have
Good their part, like it the raven knave
Which lives 'cause undoubtedly it shall:
That it preys and stealthily conceals,
Is prone propensity, yet feels
Shriek and shadow herald forth the deed.
Like the human race in times repos'd:
Cannibals, then knights, with visor clos'd
Man from man absorb'd what was the might
Of an equal class, endow'd with right
To one another's independence.
The intent of life then no concern
Of beings, 'rang'd aside the fern,
A curious race with minds to soar
No more than reason did conceive
Why necessary: matter to receive
A soul, beyond a death to be.
Or of beyond what from now beyond
To unveil what a God is fond
Of keeping secret, though nightly points

To stars; their system's joints
To ages daily, born of moments.
To Life as happiness sublime,
Controling hope, to not from time
Abridge what is divine.
To the worm as pointing to a Lord,
The sun to Him, reason needn't ford
The pond, so-named Eternity.
'Cause a Death of atoms is transfer
Of life of matter, mind to refer
To a beyond, as sure, yet needs no space.
To resume such autocrats, like bats
In twilight, vied in chase and chats
And viciousness with one another,
Alluring victims, hov'ring o'er them,
Destroying Life, the costliest gem,
In the handsome garb of nature,
And lived a tyrant now, the Universe
Would he attack to trace this verse,
Refuge found with God within me.
How different now! the human race,
Republican, their minds to chase
Vice—and Life to date, not from time
But from its sweet harmonious chime
Of useful, kind, unselfish deeds.
By conceiving which: to realize,
Vouchsafed heaven now, the prize
Of Life upon the rock of ages.
Had man to wait for death to free
His conscience from guilt—or flee
From Life! he could not have been born;
But at his birth belongs to it:
To nature's God! his eye, to-wit:
It's mind not bearing a resentment,
The heart expands which gives contentment.

Oakland Sunny Side House, April 17, 1878.

6
7
8
9
10
11
6
7
8
9